THE

Y. M. C. A. PRAISE BOOK:

A COLLECTION OF NEW AND OLD HYMNS AND TUNES ARRANGED FOR

MALE VOICES.

ESPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR THE USE OF

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS,

AND

MALE VOICE CHURCH CHOIRS.

EDITED BY

W. F. SUDDS.

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THE

Y. M. C. A. PRAISE BOOK.

LORD, WE COME BEFORE THEE NOW.

SUPPLICATION. 7s. W. F. SUDDS.

mp

1. Lord, we come be - fore Thee now, At Thy feet we hum - bly bow;

cr

Oh, do not our suit dis - dain; Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain? A - MEN.

1

mp 1 Lord, we come before Thee now,
At Thy feet we humbly bow;
cr Oh, do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?

mf 2 Lord, on Thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.

3 In Thine own appointed way
Now we seek Thee, here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go
Till a blessing Thou bestow.

4 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in Thee. AMEN.

William Hammond, 1745.

2

mf 1 To Thy temple I repair;
Lord, I love to worship there,
When within the veil I meet
Christ before the mercy-seat.

2 While Thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips; unloose my tongue,
That my joyful soul may bless
Thee, the Lord my Righteousness.

3 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend;
Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

4 From Thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn;
And at evening let me say,
I have walked with God to-day. AMEN.

James Montgomery, 1825.

3 WHEN, STREAMING FROM THE EASTERN SKIES.

IONE. L. M. 6 lines. W. F. SUDDS.

mf

When, streaming from the eastern skies, The morning light salutes mine eyes,

cr.

O sun of righteousness di - vine, On me with beams of mer - cy shine;

mf *cr.* *f*

Oh, chase the clouds of guilt a-way, And turn the darkness in - to day. A-MEN.

Constant Devotion.

p 2 When to heaven's great and glorious King
My morning sacrifice I bring,
dim And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,
Ask mercy in my Saviour's name,
cr Then, Jesus, sprinkle with Thy blood,
And be my advocate with God.
p 3 When each day's scenes and labours close,
dim And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, Saviour, while I rest;
cr And as each morning sun shall rise,
f O lead me onward to the skies.
p 4 And at my life's last setting sun,
dim My conflicts o'er, my labours done,
cr Jesus, Thine heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed;
f And from death's gloom my spirit raise,
ff *To see Thy face and sing Thy praise.*

AMEN.

W. Shrubsole.

4 *Grace in Service.*

mf 1 Great God! this sacred day of Thine
Demands the soul's collected powers;
With joy we now to thee resign
These solemn, consecrated hours;
Oh, may our souls, adoring, own
The grace that calls us to Thy throne.

2 Hence, ye vain cares and trifles, fly!
Where God resides appear no more;
Omniscient God, Thy piercing eye
Can every secret thought explore;
Oh, may Thy grace our hearts refine,
And fix our thoughts on things divine.

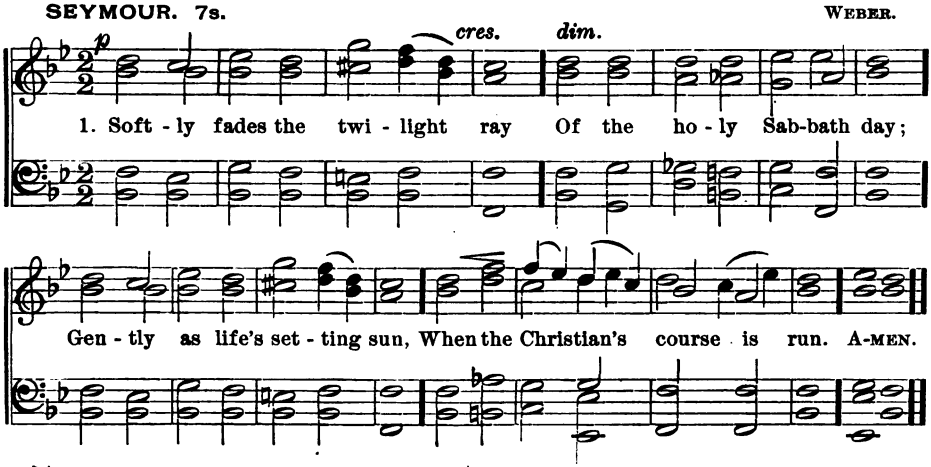
3 Thy Spirit's powerful aid impart;
Oh, may Thy word, with life divine,
Engage the ear and warm the heart;
Then shall the day indeed be Thine;
Then shall our souls, adoring, own
The grace which calls us to Thy throne.

AMEN.

A. Stein.

SOFTLY FADES THE TWILIGHT RAY.

SEYMOUR. 7s. WEBER.



5 *Sabbath Evening.*

p 1 Softly fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day;
Gently as life's setting sun,
When the Christian's course is run.

2 Night her solemn mantle spreads
O'er the earth, as daylight fades;
All things tell of calm repose
At the holy Sabbath's close.

3 Peace is on the world abroad;
'T is the holy peace of God —
Symbol of the peace within
When the spirit rests from sin.

4 Still the Spirit lingers near,
Where the evening worshipper
cr Seeks communion with the skies,
Pressing onward to the prize.

5 Saviour, may our Sabbaths be
Days of peace and joy in thee,
cr Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

AMEN.

S. F. SMITH.

6 *The Holy Spirit.*

1 Light of life, seraphic Fire,
Love divine, Thyself impart;
Every *fainting soul inspire;*
Enter every drooping heart; —

2 Every mournful sinner cheer;
Scatter all our guilty gloom;
Father! in Thy grace appear,
To Thy human temples come.

3 Come, in this accepted hour,
Bring Thy heavenly kingdom in,
Fill us with Thy glorious power,
Set us free from all our sin.

4 Nothing more can we require,
We will covet nothing less;
Be Thou all our heart's desire,
All our joy, and all our peace.

AMEN.

C. WESLEY.

7 *Hymn at Parting.*

mf 1 Thou, from whom we never part,
Thou, whose love is everywhere,
Thou, who seest every heart,
dim Listen to our evening prayer.

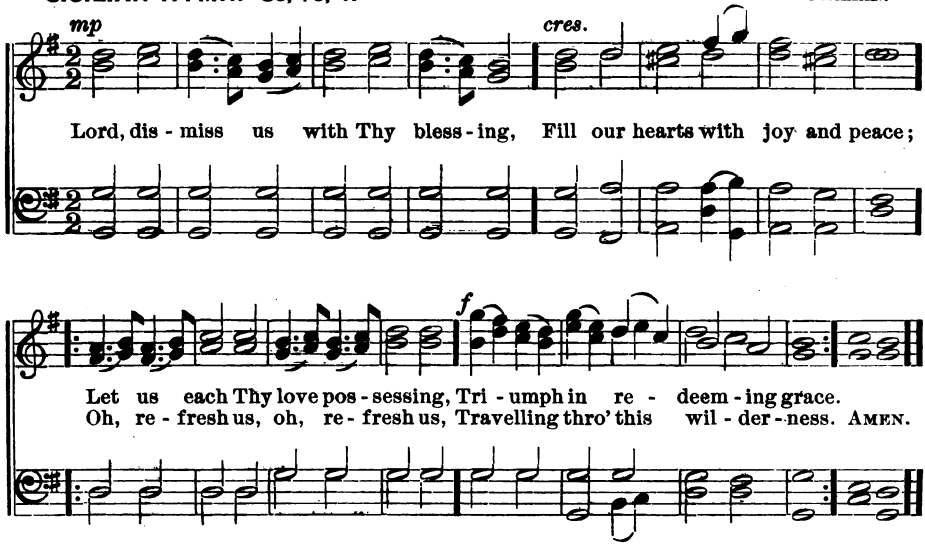
2 Father, fill our hearts with love,
Love unfailing, full and free;
Love that no alarm can move,
Love that ever rests on Thee.

3 Heavenly Father! through the night
Keep us safe from every ill;
cr Cheerful as the morning light,
May we wake to do Thy will.

AMEN.

LORD, DISMISS US WITH THY BLESSING.

SICILIAN HYMN. 8s, 7s, 4. ITALIAN.



8

mp 1 Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
cr Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace.
‖ : O refresh us, : ‖
f Travelling thro' this wilderness.

f 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For Thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
‖ : Ever faithful : ‖
To the truth may we be found.

f 3 So, whene'er the signal 's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
‖ : May we ever : ‖
Reign with Christ in endless day!
AMEN.

Walter Shirley, 1779.

9

mf 1 Guide me, O Thou great Jevovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
cr Hold me with Thy powerful hand;
‖ : Bread of heaven! : ‖
Feed me now and evermore.

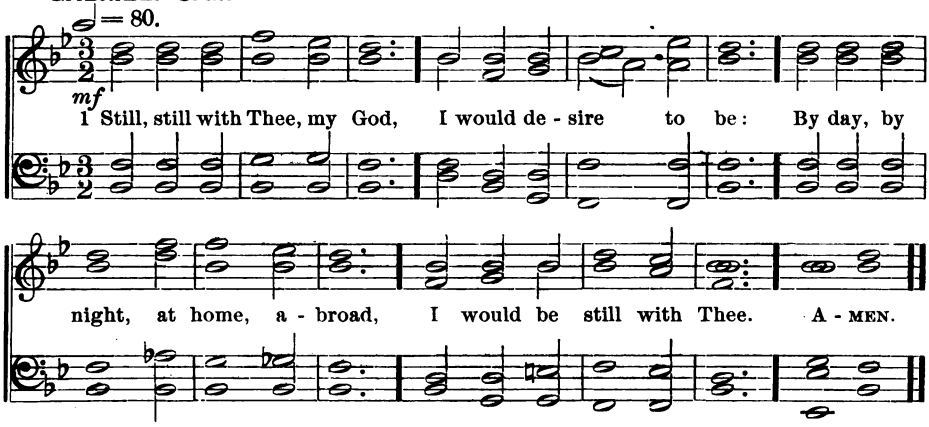
f 2 Open now the crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
‖ : Strong deliverer! : ‖
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
‖ : Songs of praises : ‖
I will ever give to Thee. AMEN.

William Williams, 1772.

STILL, STILL WITH THEE, MY GOD.

GABRIEL. S. M.



10 *"Still with Thee."*

mf 1 Still, still with Thee, my God,
I would desire to be:
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with Thee.

2 With Thee when dawn comes in,
And calls me back to care,
Each day returning to begin
dim With Thee, my God, in prayer.

p 3 With Thee when day is done,
And evening calms the mind;
cr The setting, as the rising sun
With Thee my heart would find.

mf 4 With Thee, in Thee, by faith
Abiding I would be;
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with Thee.

AMEN.

J. D. Burns.

11 *"Closing hour."*

mf 1 Lord, at this closing hour,
Establish every heart
Upon Thy word of truth and power,
To keep us when we part.

mp 2 Peace to our brethren give;
Fill all our hearts with love;
In faith and patience may we live,
p And seek our rest above.

mf 3 Through changes, bright or drear,
We would Thy will pursue;
cr And toil to spread Thy kingdom here,
f Till we its glory view.

f 4 To God, the only wise,
In every age adored,
Let glory from the church arise
Through Jesus Christ our Lord!

AMEN.

E. T. Fitch.

12 *At dismission.*

mf 1 Once more, before we part,
Oh, bless the Saviour's name!
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.

2 Lord, in Thy grace we came,
That blessing still impart;
We met in Jesus' sacred name,
In Jesus' name we part.

3 Still on Thy holy word
Help us to feed and grow,
Still to go on to know the Lord,
And practice what we know.

4 Now, Lord, before we part,
Help us to bless Thy name:
cr Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same. AMEN.

J. Hart.

SOFTLY NOW THE LIGHT OF DAY.

HOLLEY 7s. GEO. HEWS.

p *dim.*

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way.

cr. *dim.*

Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would commune with Thee. A- MEN.

13

p 1 Softly now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away.
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with Thee.

2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

mp 3 Soon, for me, the light of day
p Shall for ever pass away;
cr Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee:

mp 4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then, from Thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

AMEN.

14 *Separation.*

mf 1 For a season called to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever present Friend.

2 Jesus! hear our humble prayer,
Tender Shepherd of Thy sheep!
Let Thy mercy and Thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

3 Then if Thou Thy help afford,
Joyful songs to Thee shall rise,
And our souls shall praise the Lord,
Who regards our humble cries.

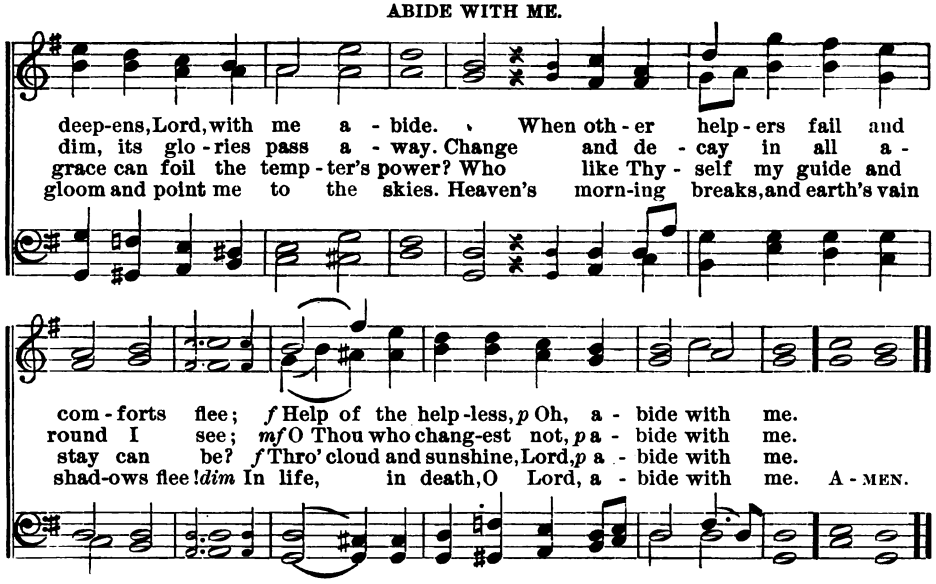
J. Newton.

15 ABIDE WITH ME.

NEW EVENTIDE. H. F. LYTE. W. F. SUDDS.

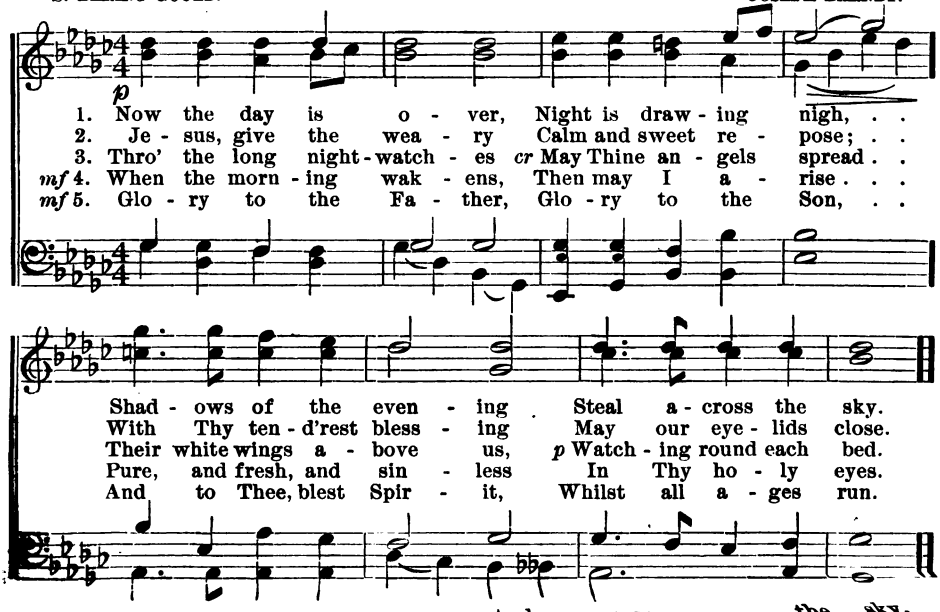
mf 1. A - bide with me! fast falls the ev - en - tide, *p* The dark - ness
mp 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; *p* Earth's joys grow
f 3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour; *cr* What but Thy
mp 4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; *cr* Shine thro' the

ABIDE WITH ME.



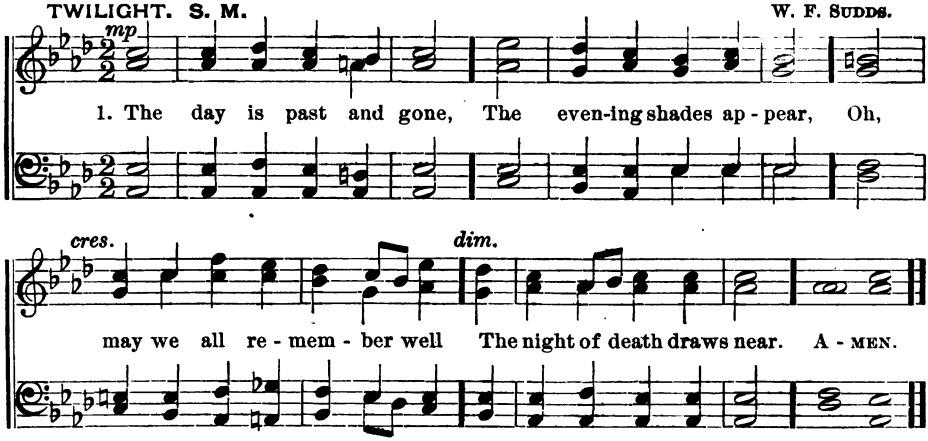
16 NOW THE DAY IS OVER.

S. BARING GOULD. JOSEPH BARNBY.



THE DAY IS PAST AND GONE.

TWILIGHT. S. M. W. F. SUDDS.



17 *Home Hymn.*

mf 1 The day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear ;
cr Oh, may we all remember well
dim The night of death draws near !

p 2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest ;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we here possessed.

mp 3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
cr Secure from all our fears ;
mf May angels guard us while we sleep,
dim Till morning light appears.

mf 4 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
Oh, may we in Thy bosom rest,
The bosom of Thy love. AMEN.

J. Leland.

18 *Sabbath Ended.*

m 1 The day of praise is done ;
The evening shadows fall ;
Yet pass not from us with the sun,
True Light that lightenest all !

2 Around Thy throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

3 Too faint our anthems here ;
Too soon of praise we tire ;
cr But oh, the strains how full and clear
Of that eternal choir !

mf 4 Shine Thou within us, then,
A day that knows no end,
Till songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.

AMEN.

A. Steele.

19 *Evening.*

mf 1 The swift declining day,
cr How fast its moments fly,
While evening's broad and gloomy shade
Gains on the western sky.

2 Ye mortals, mark its pace,
And use the hours of light ;
And know, its Maker can command
At once eternal night.

mf 3 Give glory to the Lord,
Who rules the whirling sphere ;
Submissive at His footstool bow,
And seek salvation there.

4 Then shall new lustre break
Through death's impending gloom,
And lead you to unchanging light,
In your celestial home. AMEN.

P. Doddridge.

HOLY FATHER, HEAR MY CRY.

BLUMENTHAL. 7s D. H. BONAR. J. BLUMENTHAL.

mf

1. Ho - ly Fa-ther, hear my cry, Ho - ly Saviour, bend Thine ear; Ho-ly Spir-it,

come Thou nigh, Father, Sa-viour, Spir-it, hear! Father, save me from my sin, Saviour, I Thy

mercy crave, Gracious Spirit, make me clean, Fa-ther, Son, and Spir-it, save. AMEN.

20

mf 1 Holy Father, hear my cry,
Holy Saviour, bend Thine ear;
Holy Spirit, come Thou nigh,
Father, Saviour, Spirit, hear!
Father, save me from my sin,
cr Saviour, I thy mercy crave,
Gracious Spirit, make me clean,
Father, Son, and Spirit, save.

mf 2 Father, let me taste Thy love,
dim Saviour, fill my soul with peace;
cr Spirit, come my heart to move:
Father, Son, and Spirit, bless!
mf Father, Son, and Spirit — Thou
cr One Jehovah, shed abroad
All Thy grace within me now;
Be my Father and my God! AMEN.

21 "*Holy, holy, holy.*

mf 1 Holy, holy, holy Lord [earth,
God of Hosts! when heaven and
Out of darkness, at Thy word
Issued into glorious birth,
All Thy works before Thee stood,
And Thine eye beheld them good,
While they sung with sweet accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

2 Holy, holy, holy! Thee,
One Jehovah evermore,
Father, Son, and Spirit! we,
Dust and ashes, would adore:
Lightly by the world esteemed,
From that world by Thee redeemed,
Sing we here with glad accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

3 Holy, holy, holy! all [sing
Heaven's triumphant choir shall
While the ransomed nations fall
At the footstool of their King:
Then shall saints and seraphim,
cr Harps and voices, swell the hymn,
f Blending in sublime accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord! AMEN.

James Montgomery.

THUS FAR THE LORD HAS LED ME ON.

HEBRON. L. M. **MASON.**

mf

1. Thus far the Lord has led me on; Thus far His power pro - longs my days;

And ev-ery evening shall make known Some fresh memorial of His grace, A - MEN.

22

1 Thus far the Lord has led me on;
Thus far His power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of His grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home,
But He forgives my follies past,
cr And gives me strength for days to come.

p 3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

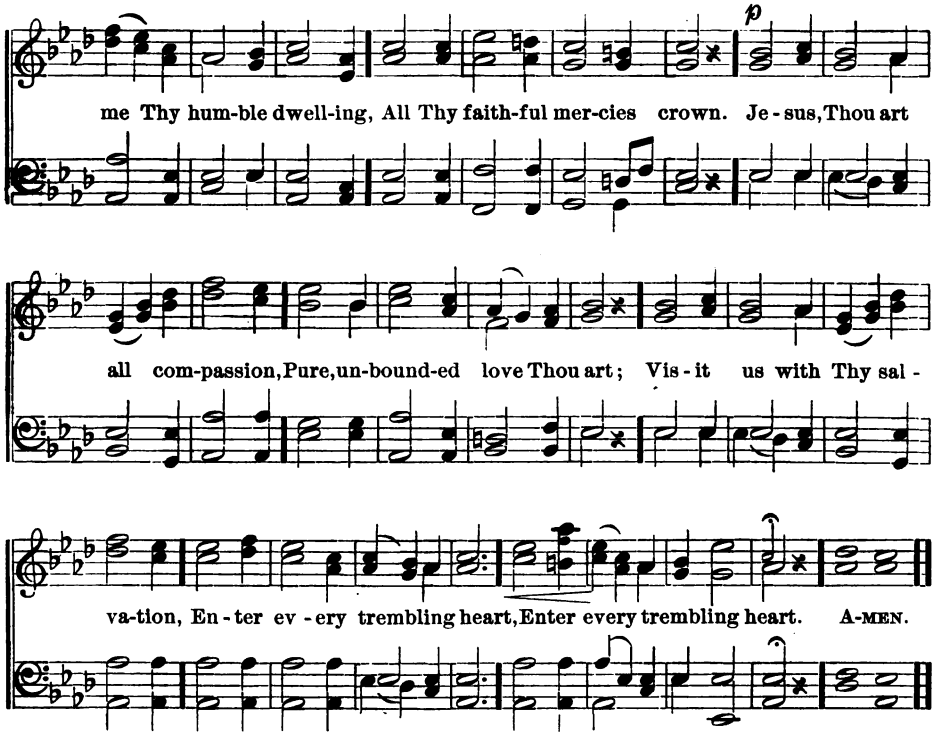
4 Thus when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
cr And wait Thy voice to break my tomb,
f With sweet salvation in the sound.
AMEN.

LOVE DIVINE, ALL LOVE EXCELLING.

FLOTOW. 8s. 7s. D. Arr. from FLOTOW for this work.

mp

1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cell - ing, Joy of Heaven, to earth come down. Fix in



23

mp 1 Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of Heaven, to earth come down;
Fix in me Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.

p Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

p 2 Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find Thy promised rest;

cr Take away the love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be,—
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set *our hearts at liberty.*

mf 3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.

cr Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing;
Glory in Thy perfect love.

mf 4 Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be:
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee.

cr Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place:
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,

f Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

AMEN

HOW GENTLE GOD'S COMMANDS.

DENNIS. S. M. NAGELL

p

How gen - tle God's commands! How kind His pre - cepts are! Come, cast your bur - dens on the Lord, And trust His con - stant care. A - MEN.

24 *"He careth."*

p 1 How gentle God's commands!
How kind His precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust His constant care.

p 2 Beneath His watchful eye
His saints securely dwell,
cr That hand which bears creation up
Shall guard His children well.

mf 3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
cr Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

mf 4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day:
I'll drop my burden at His feet.
f And bear a song away. AMEN.

P. Doddridge.

25 *Psalm* 137.

1 I love Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.

2 I love Thy church, O God;
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

6 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
cr The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven. AMEN.

Timothy Dwight, 1800.

26

1 While my Redeemer's near,
mp My Shepherd, and my Guide,
I bid farewell to every fear;
My wants are all supplied.

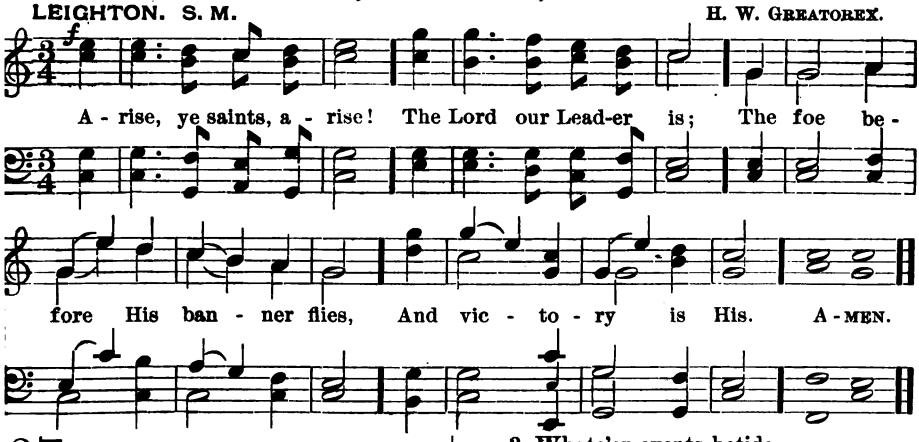
2 To ever-fragrant meads,
cr Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
dim And guards my sweet repose.

3 Dear Shepherd, if I stray,
mf My wandering feet restore;
And guard me with Thy watchful eye
And let me rove no more. AMEN

Anne Steele, 1760.

ARISE, YE SAINTS, ARISE.

LEIGHTON. S. M. H. W. GREATOREX.



27 *Psalm* 60.

Arise, ye saints, arise!
The Lord our Leader is;
The foe before His banner flies,
And victory is His.

f 2 We soon shall see the day
When all our toils shall cease;
When we shall cast our arms away,
dim And dwell in endless peace.

3 This hope supports us here;
It makes our burdens light;
'T will serve our drooping hearts to cheer,
Till faith shall end in sight.

4 Till, of the prize possessed,
We hear of war no more;
And ever with our Leader rest,
On yonder peaceful shore. AMEN.

T. Kelly.

28 *Psalm* 31.

f 1 My spirit on Thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline;
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For Thou art love divine.

2 In Thee I place my trust;
dim On Thee I calmly rest:
f I know Thee good, I know Thee just,
And count Thy choice the best.

3 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform;
Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me,—
Secure of having Thee in all,
Of having all in Thee. AMEN.

H. F. Lyte.

29 *Psalm* 29.

mf 1 My eyes and my desire
Are ever to the Lord;
I love to plead His promises,
dim And rest upon His word.

2 When shall the sovereign grace
Of my forgiving God
Restore me from those dangerous ways
My wandering feet have trod?

3 Oh, keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame!
For I have placed my only trust
In my Redeemer's name.

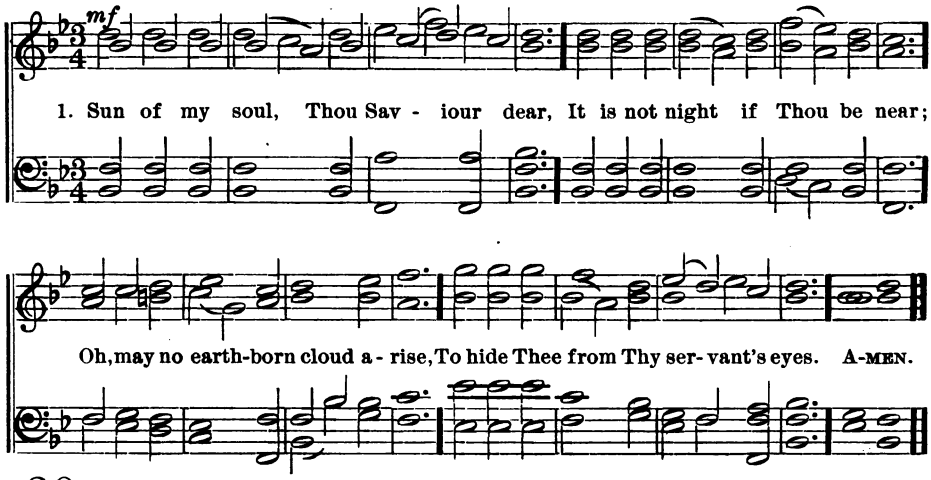
4 With humble faith I wait
To see Thy face again;
Of Israel it shall ne'er be said,
He sought the Lord in vain.

AMEN.

I. Watts.

SUN OF MY SOUL.

HURSLEY. S.M. GERMAN.



30

mf 1 Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

p 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My weary eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

mf 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
p Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

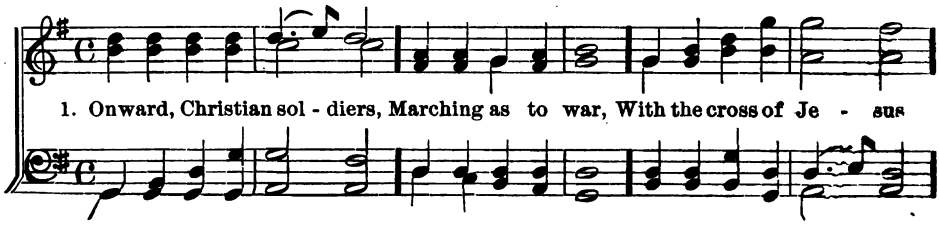
mf 4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurn'd to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

mf 5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
p Like infant slumbers, pure and light.

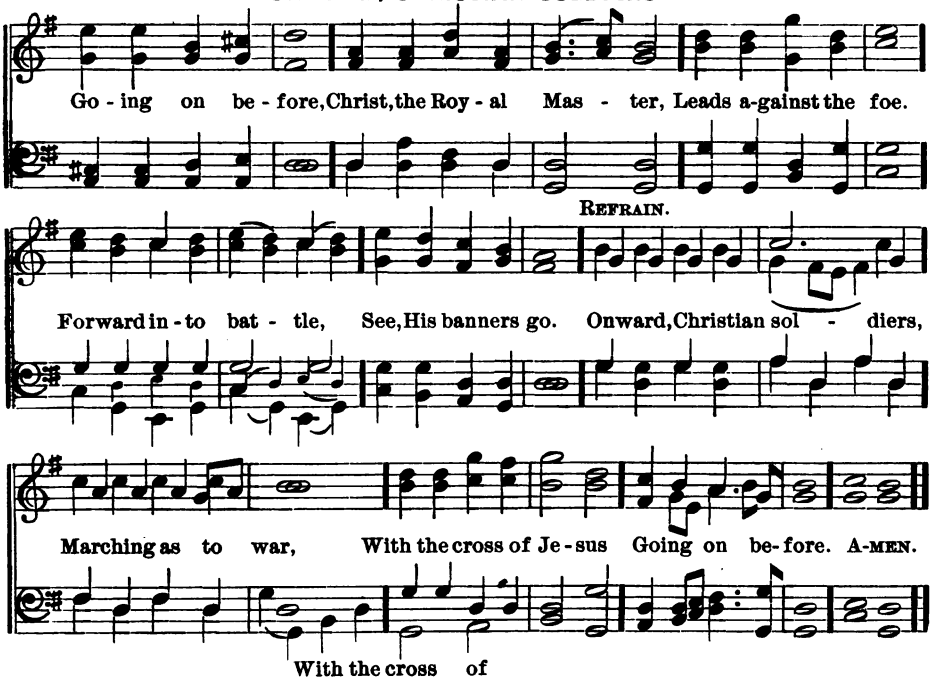
cr 6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere thro' the world our way we take;
f Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.
AMEN.

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

ST. GERTRUDE. 6s. 5s. D. A. S. SULLIVAN.



ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.



31

1 Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.
Christ, the royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See, His banners go.
Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.

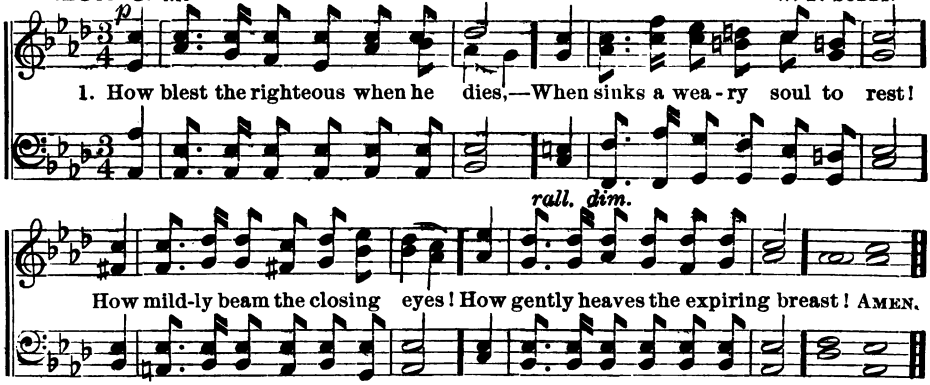
f 2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory.
Hell's foundations quiver
At the *shout of praise*;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.
Onward, *etc.*

3 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.
Onward, *etc.*

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Onward, etc. AMEN.

32 HOW BLEST THE RIGHTEOUS WHEN HE DIES.

REST. S. M. W. F. SUDDS.



2 So fades a summer-cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,—
A calm which life nor death destroys;
And naught disturbs that peace profound,
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

4 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
cr Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
dim "How blest the righteous when he dies!" AMEN.

A. L. Barbauld.

33 *Heaven alone unfading.*

mp 1 How vain is all beneath the skies!
How transient every earthly bliss!
How slender all the fondest ties
That bind us to a world like this!

2 The evening cloud, the morning dew,
The withering grass, the fading flower,
cr Of earthly hopes are emblems true,—
dim The glory of a passing hour.

3 But, though earth's fairest blossoms die,
And all beneath the skies is vain,
cr There is a land whose confines lie
Beyond the reach of care and pain.

mf 4 Then let the hope of joys to come
Dispel our cares and chase our fears:
If God be ours, we're traveling home,
dim Though passing through a vale of tears. AMEN.

D. E. Ford.

34 *Psalm* 17.

mp 1 What sinners value I resign;
Lord! t'is enough that Thou art mine;
cr I shall behold Thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

2 This life's a dream — an empty show;
f But the bright world, to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake, and find me there?

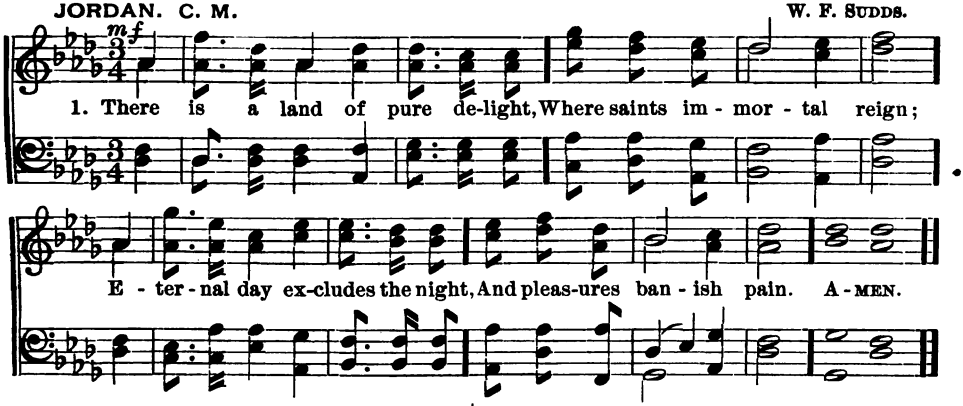
3 Oh, glorious hour! oh, blest abode!
I shall be near, and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

p 4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
f Then burst the chains, with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise! AMEN.

I. Watts.

35 THERE IS A LAND OF PURE DELIGHT.

JORDAN. C. M. W. F. SUDDS.



2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Bright fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green;
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross the narrow sea;
And linger, trembling on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 Oh, conld we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With faith's illumined eyes:

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore. AMEN.

36 *Heaven.*

mp 1 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than he went through before;
cr ||: And he that in God's kingdom comes:||
Must enter by this door.

2 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blesséd face to see;
||: For if Thy work on earth be sweet,:||
What must Thy glory be!

mp 3 Then I shall end my sad complaints,
p And weary, sinful days,
cr ||: And join with the triumphant saints:||
To sing Jehovah's praise.

mf 4 My knowledge of that life is small;
The eye of faith is dim;
f ||: But 't is enough that Christ knows all,:||
And I shall be with Him! AMEN.

37

m 1 How long shall earth's alluring toys
Detain our hearts and eyes,
Regardless of immortal joys,
And strangers to the skies?

2 These transient scenes will soon decay,
dim They fade upon the sight;
cr And quickly will their brightest day
dim Be lost in endless night.

mf 3 Their brightest day, alas! how vain!
p With conscious sighs we own;
p While clouds of sorrow, care, and pain
dim O'ershade the smiling noon.

mf 4 Oh, could our thoughts and wishes fly
Above these gloomy shades,
f To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
Which sorrow ne'er invades!
AMEN.

JOY TO THE WORLD! THE LORD IS COME.

ANTIOCH. C. M. Arranged.

Joy to the world! the Lord is come: Let earth re-ceive her King;

Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room, And heav'n and na - ture sing, And
And heav'n and na-ture

heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing. A-MEN.
sing, And heav'n and na-ture sing,

38 *"The Lord reigneth."*

f 1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come:
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

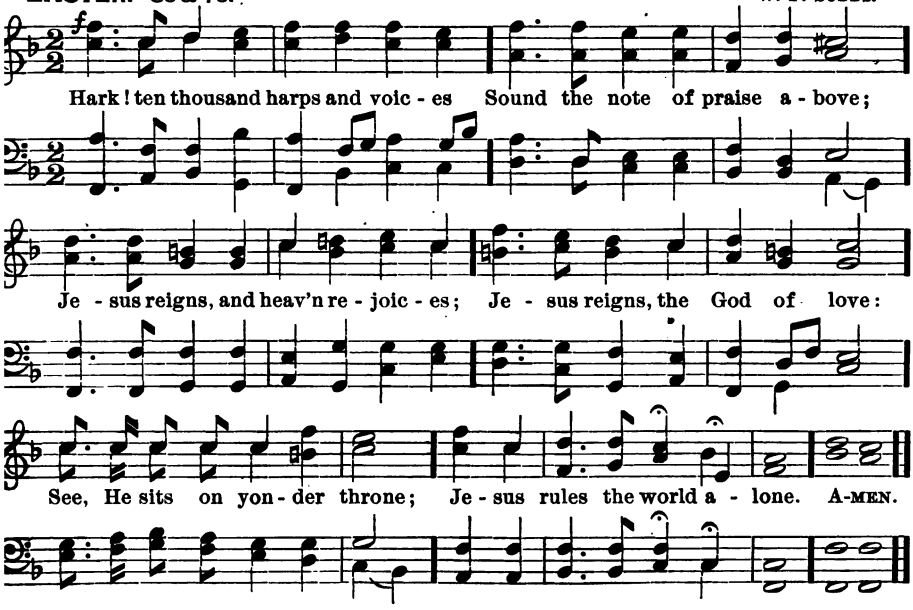
2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns:
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love. AMEN.

HARK! TEN THOUSAND HARPS AND VOICES.

EASTER. 8s & 7s. **W. F. SUDDS.**



39 *"Jesus reigns."*

f 1 Hark! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above;
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
Jesus reigns, the God of love:
See, He sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone.

2 King of glory! reign for ever—
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing, from Thy love, shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine own;—
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face.

3 Saviour! hasten Thine appearing;
Bring, oh, bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
p Heaven and earth shall pass away;—
ff Then, with golden harps we'll sing,—
"Glory, glory to our King!" AMEN.

T. Kelly.

40 *The return to heaven.*

f 1 Jesus comes, His conflict over,—
Comes to claim His great reward;
Angels round the Victor hover,
Crowding to behold their Lord;
Haste, ye saints! your tribute bring.
Crown Him, everlasting King.

2 Yonder throne, for Him erected,
Now becomes the Victor's seat;
dim Lo, the Man on earth rejected!
Angels worship at His feet:
f Haste, ye saints! your tribute bring,
cr Crown Him, everlasting King.

f 3 Day and night they cry before Him,
"Holy, holy, holy Lord!"
All the powers of heaven adore Him,—
All obey His sovereign word;
Haste, ye saints! your tribute bring,
Crown Him, everlasting King. AMEN.

T. Kelly.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE!

BETHANY. 6s & 4s. L. MASON.

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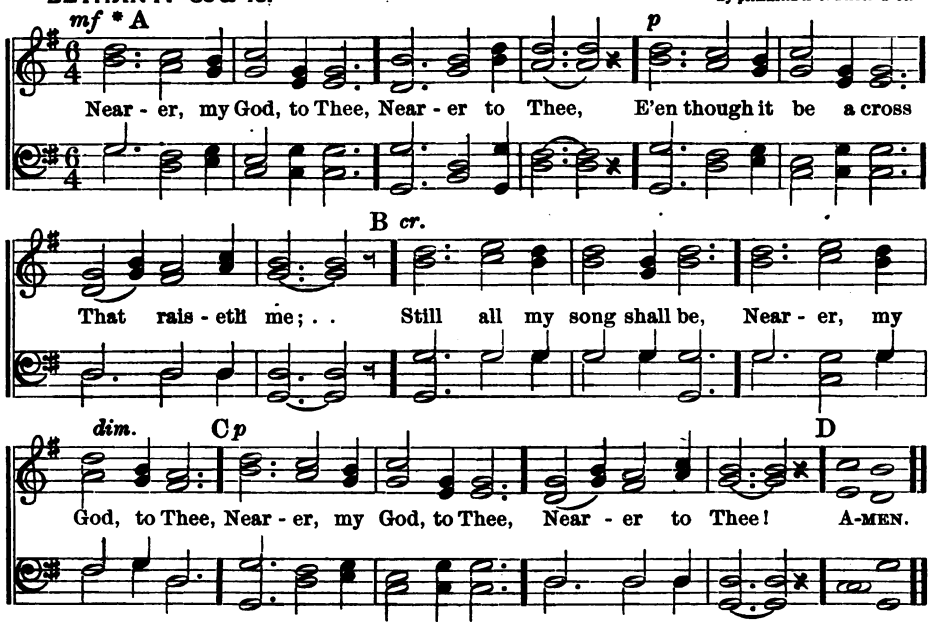


41

mf 1 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee,
p E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
cr Still all my song shall be,
dim Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

p 2 Though like a wanderer,
Weary and lone,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone;
cr Yet in my dreams I'd be
dim Nearer, my God, to Thee,
p Nearer to Thee!

mf 3 There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
cr Angels to beckon me
dim Nearer, my God, to Thee,
p Nearer to Thee!

mf 4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Altars I'll raise;
cr So by my woes to be
dim Nearer, my God, to Thee,
p Nearer to Thee!

f 5 Or, if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be
dim Nearer, my God, to Thee,
p Nearer to Thee! AMEN

*2nd Tenors should be very prominent from A to B, and from C to D.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE!

SECOND TUNE. W. F. Sudds.

mf

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee, E'en though it be a cross,

mp *cr.*

That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,

dim. *pp*

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! A - men.

42 *"Heaven is home."*

p 1 I'm but a stranger here, —
Heaven is my home;
Earth is a desert drear, —
Heaven is my home;
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand,
Heaven is my Fatherland,
m. Heaven is my home.

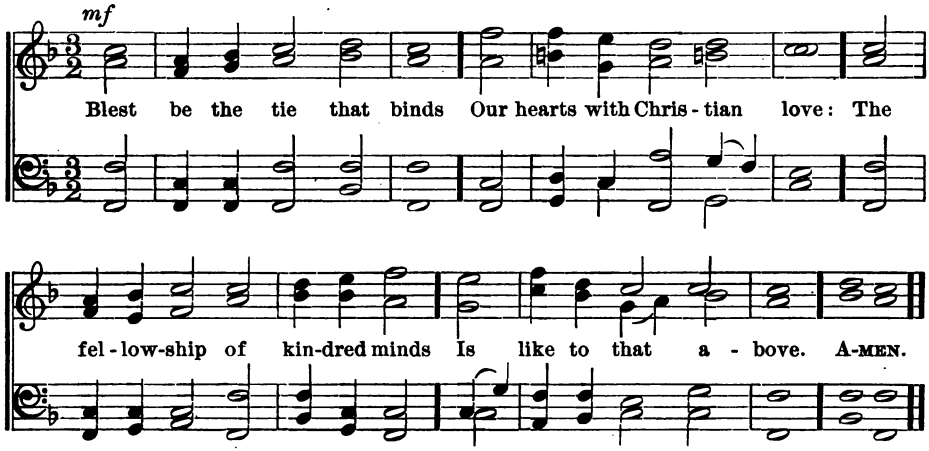
2 What though the tempests rage?
m. Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home;
cr And time's wild, wintry blast
Soon will be overpast,
I shall reach home at last, —
dim. Heaven is my home.

3 Therefore I murmur not, —
Heaven is my home;
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home;
And I shall surely stand
cr There, at my Lord's right hand;
Heaven is my Fatherland,
dim. Heaven is my home. Amen.

T. R. Taylor.

BLEST BE THE TIE THAT BINDS.

BOYLSTON. S. M. LOWELL MASON.



43 *"Christian Love."*

mf 1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love:
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
dim. Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
cr But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

f 5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

p 6 *From sorrow,* toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free,
f And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity. AMEN.

J. Fawcett.

44 *Christ's Presence.*

mf 1 Jesus, we look to Thee,
Thy promised presence claim;
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in Thy name.

2 Not in the name of pride
Or selfishness we meet;
From nature's paths we turn aside,
And worldly thoughts forget.

3 We meet the grace to take,
Which Thou hast freely given;
We meet on earth for Thy dear sake,
That we may meet in heaven.

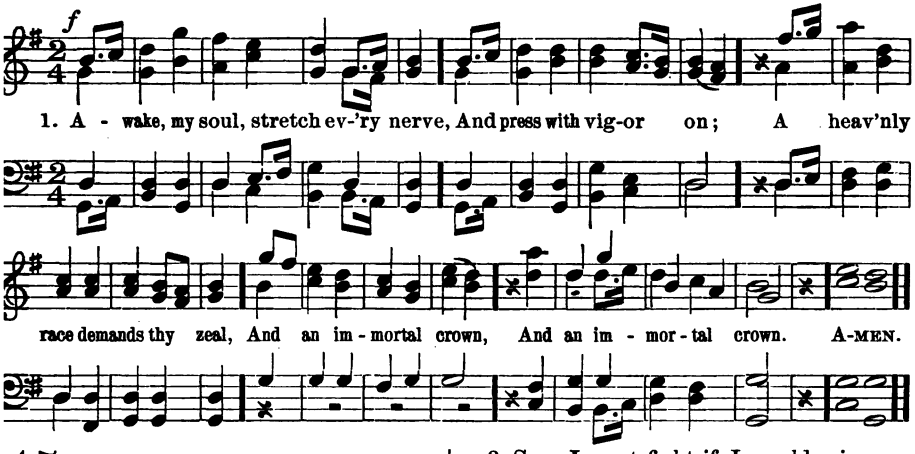
4 Present we know Thou art,
But, oh, Thyself reveal!
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart
Thy mighty comfort feel.

5 Oh, may Thy quickening voice
The death of sin remove;
And bid our inmost souls rejoice,
In hope of perfect love. AMEN.

C. Wesley.

AWAKE, MY SOUL, STRETCH EVERY NERVE.

CHRISTMAS. C. M. HANDEL.



45

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'T is God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'T is His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye;

4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast, [gems
When victors' wreaths and monarchs'
Shall blend in common dust.

5 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun; [feet
And, crowned with victory, at Thy
m I'll lay my honors down. AMEN.

Philip Doddridge, 1775.

46

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?

2 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

3 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain
Supported by Thy word.

4 When the illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine. AMEN.

Isaac Watts, 1709. *alt.*

47

f 1 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend His cause;
Maintain the honor of His word,
The glory of His cross.

2 Jesus, my God! I know His name,
His name is all my trust;
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

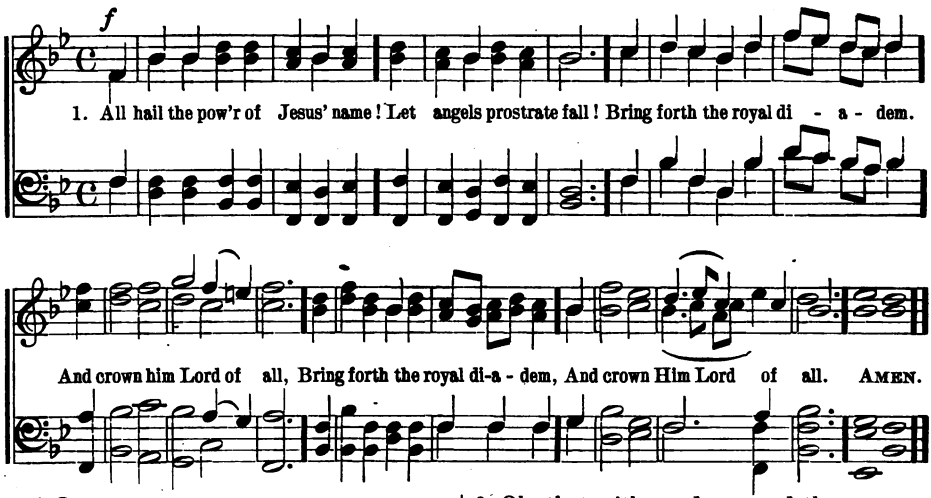
3 Firm as His throne His promise stands,
And He can well secure
What I've committed to His hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will He own my worthless name
Before His Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place. AMEN.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME!

CORONATION. C. M. OLIVER HOLDEN.



48 *"Lord of all."*

1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall;
Hail Him, who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

6 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all. AMEN.

E. Perronet.

49 *Rev.* 5. 13.

f 1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

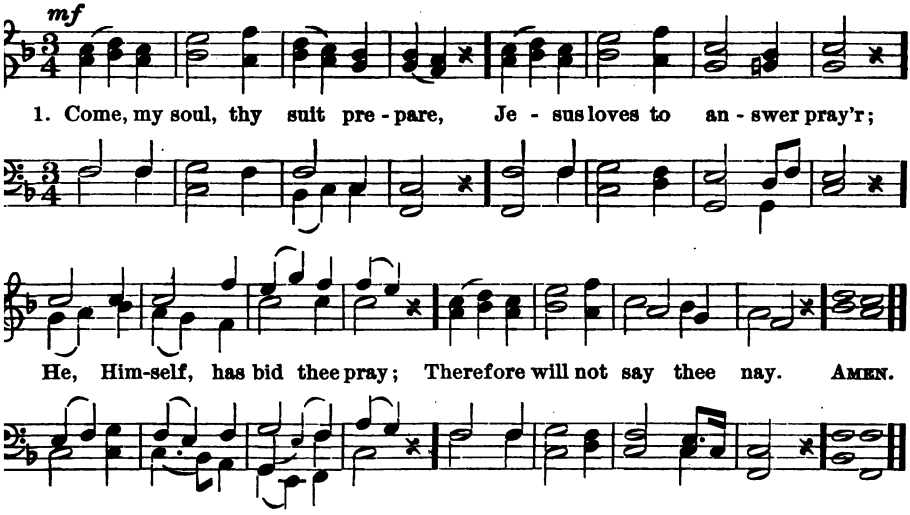
m 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus."
cr "Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
dim "For He was slain for us."

f 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever Thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise.
AMEN.

COME, MY SOUL, THY SUIT PREPARE.

DALLAS. 7s. CHERUBINI.



50

f 1 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He, Himself, has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

f 2 Thou art coming to a King, —
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

im 3 With my burden I begin:
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

f 5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

mf 6 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
dim Let me die Thy people's death.
AMEN.

51 *God everywhere.*

mf 1 They who seek the throne of grace
Find that throne in every place;
If we live a life of prayer,
God is present everywhere.

mp 2 In our sickness and our health,
In our want, or in our wealth,
cr If we look to God in prayer,
God is present everywhere.

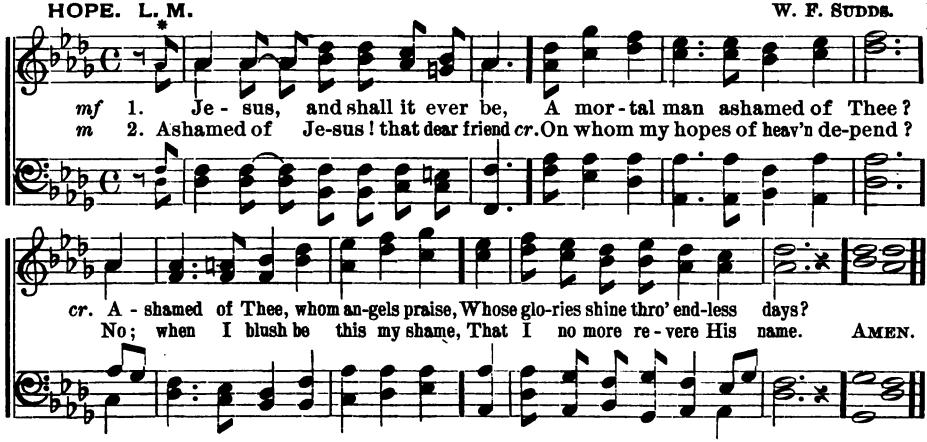
dim 3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the foes of life prevail,
cr 'T is the time for earnest prayer;
God is present everywhere.

f 4 Then, my soul, in every strait,
To Thy Father come, and wait;
He will answer every prayer:
God is present everywhere. AMEN.
ADDN.

52 JESUS, AND SHALL IT EVER BE?

HOPE. L. M. *

W. F. SUDDS.



m×2 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend
cr On whom my hopes of heaven depend,
No; when I blush be this my shame,
dim That I no more revere His name.

m×3 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I 've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

× 4 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
cr And oh, may this my glory be,
f That Christ is not ashamed of me!

AMEN.

Joseph Grigg, 1765; *alt.* by Benj. Francis, 1787.

53

f 1 Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on;
cr March to the gates of endless joy,
Where thy great Captain-Saviour's gone.

f 2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when He rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign, [wait.
And glittering robes for conquerors

4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious leader's praise.

AMEN.

Isaac Watts. 1709.

54

mf 1 So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess,
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

f 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God,
When His salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

× 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth. and love,
Our inward piety approve.

× 4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on His word.

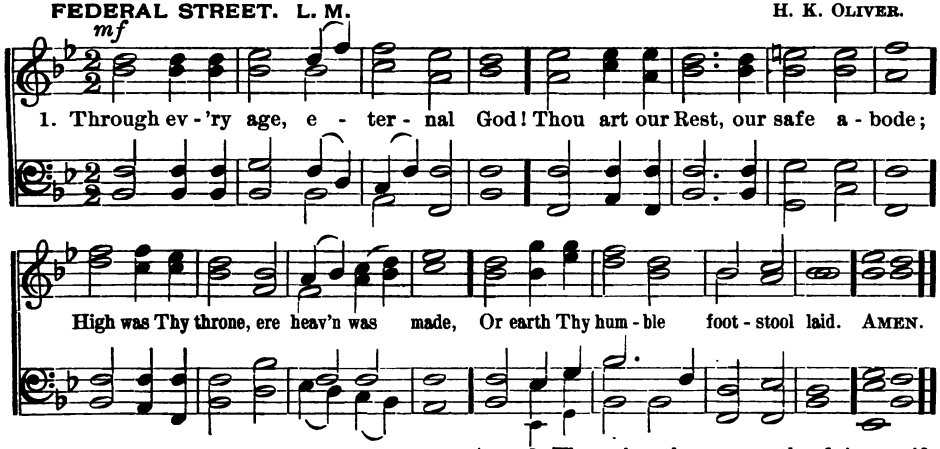
AMEN.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

* *The small note, at beginning of* above tune should be used only for those stanzas marked thus: ×

THROUGH EVERY AGE, ETERNAL GOD.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M. H. K. OLIVER.



55 *Psalm* 90.

mf Through every age, eternal God!
Thou art our Rest, our safe Abode;
High was Thy Throne, ere heaven was made,
Or earth Thy humble footstool laid.

2 Long hadst Thou reigned, ere time began,
Or dust was fashioned into man;
And long Thy kingdom shall endure,
When earth and time shall be no more.

p 3 Death, like an overflowing stream,
cr Sweeps us away; our life's a dream;
p An empty tale; a morning flower,
dim Cut down, and withered in an hour.

m 4 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man,
And kindly lengthen out our span,
cr Till Thine own grace, so rich, so free,
Fit us to die and dwell with Thee.

AMEN.

Isaac Watts.

56 *"His beloved sleep."*

m 1 Why should we start, and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are!
cr *Death is the gate of* endless joy,
dim *And yet we dread to* enter there.

m 2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife
cr Fright our approaching souls away;
dim We still shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

mf 3 Oh, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

p 4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on His breast I lean my head,
dim And breathe my life out sweetly there!

AMEN.

Isaac Watts.

57

f 1 Sovereign of worlds, display Thy power;
Be this Thy Zion's favored hour:
Oh, bid the morning star arise;
Oh, point the heathen to the skies,

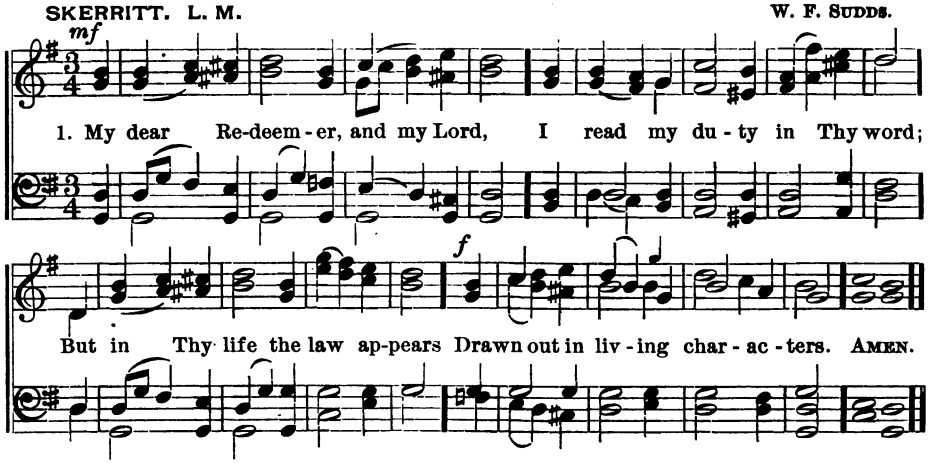
2 Set up Thy throne where Satan reigns,
In western wilds and eastern plains;
Far let the gospel's sound be known;
Make Thou the universe Thine own.

3 Speak, and the world shall hear Thy voice;
Speak, and the desert shall rejoice;
Dispel the gloom of heathen night;
Bid every nation hail the light. AMEN.

B. H. Draper, 1858.

58 MY DEAR REDEEMER, AND MY LORD.

SKERRITT. L. M. W. F. SUDDS.



mf 2 Such was Thy truth and such Thy zeal,
Such deference to Thy Father's will,
Such love and meekness so divine,
f I would transcribe and make them mine.

mf 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of Thy prayer;
The desert Thy temptations knew,
f Thy conflict, and Thy victory, too.

4 Be Thou my pattern; make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here:
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
dim Among the followers of the Lamb.
AMEN.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

59

mf 1 How beauteous were the marks divine
That in Thy meekness used to shine,
That lit Thy lonely pathway trod
In wondrous love, O Son of God!

p 3 Oh, who like Thee so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before?
So meek, so lowly, yet so high,
So glorious in humility?

mf 4 E'en death, which sets the prisoner free,
Was pang and scoff and scorn to Thee;
Yet love through all Thy torture glowed,
And mercy with Thy life-blood flowed.

5 Oh, in Thy light be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe!
And give me ever on the road
To trace Thy footsteps, Son of God!
AMEN.

Arthur C. Coxe, 1838, *ab.*

60

mf 1 How sweetly flowed the gospel sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place!

2 From heaven He came, of heaven He spoke,
To heaven He led His followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night He broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

p 3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home;
dim Come, all ye weary ones, and rest;"
cr Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey Thee, love Thee, and be blest.
AMEN.

Sir John Bowring, 1825.

WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS.

HAMBURG. L. M. GERMAN.

mf

1. When I sur-vey the won - drous cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died,

My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride. AMEN.

61 "*The wondrous Cross.*"

mf 1 When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord! that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most
I sacrifice them to His blood.

p 3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
cr Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

p 4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er His body on the tree;
Then I am dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

mf 5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
f Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.
AMEN.

Isaac Watts.

62 "*For me.*"

mf 1 Jesus, whom angel hosts adore,
Became a man of griefs for me;
In love, though rich, becoming poor,
That I through Him enriched might be.

p 2 Though Lord of all, above, below,
He went to Olivet for me:
There drank my cup of wrath and woe,
When bleeding in Gethsemane.

3 The ever-blesséd Son of God
Went up to Calvary for me;
There paid my debt, there bore my load,
In His own body on the tree.

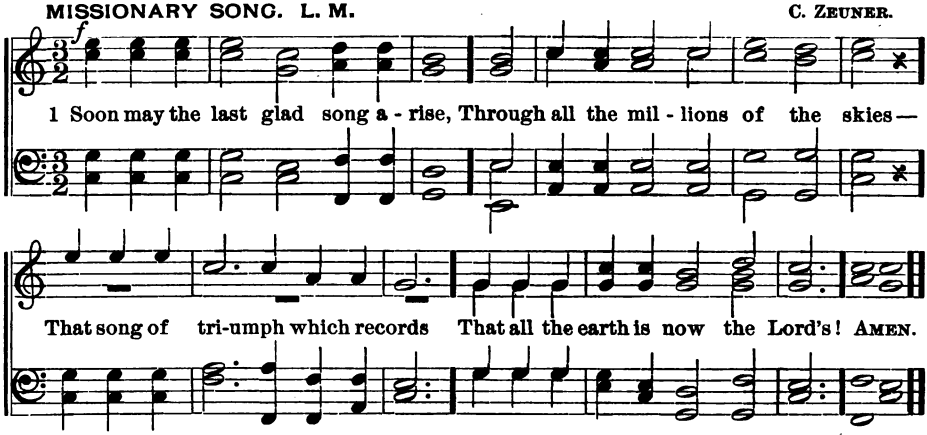
4 Jesus, whose dwelling is the skies,
dim Went down into the grave for me;
cr There overcame my enemies,
f There won the glorious victory.

f 5 'T is finished all: the vail is rent,
The welcome sure, the access free:—
Now then, we leave our banishment,
O Father, to return to Thee. AMEN.

H. Bonar.

SOON MAY THE LAST GLAD SONG ARISE.

MISSIONARY SONG. L. M. C. ZEUNER.



63 *The last song.*

f 1 Soon may the last glad song arise
Through all the millions of the skies—
That song of triumph which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's!

2 Let thrones and powers and kingdoms be
Obedient, mighty God, to Thee!
And, over land and stream and main,
Wave Thou the sceptre of Thy reign!

3 Oh, let that glorious anthem swell,
Let host to host the triumph tell,
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns!

AMEN.

Mrs. Voke.

64 *Missionary Convocation.*

1 Assembled at Thy great command,
Before Thy face, dread King, we stand;
The voice that marshaled every star,
Has called Thy people from afar.

2 We meet, through distant lands to spread
The truth for which the martyrs bled;
Along the line, to either pole,
The thunder of Thy praise to roll.

3 Our prayers assist, accept our praise,
Our hopes revive, our courage raise;
Our counsels aid, to each impart
The single eye, the faithful heart.

4 Forth with Thy chosen heralds come,
Recall the wandering spirits home;
From Zion's mount send forth the sound,
To spread the spacious earth around.

AMEN.

W. B. Collyer.

65

p 1 Asleep in Jesus! blesséd sleep!
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturb'd repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! Oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its painful sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
cr Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour
dim That manifests the Saviour's power.

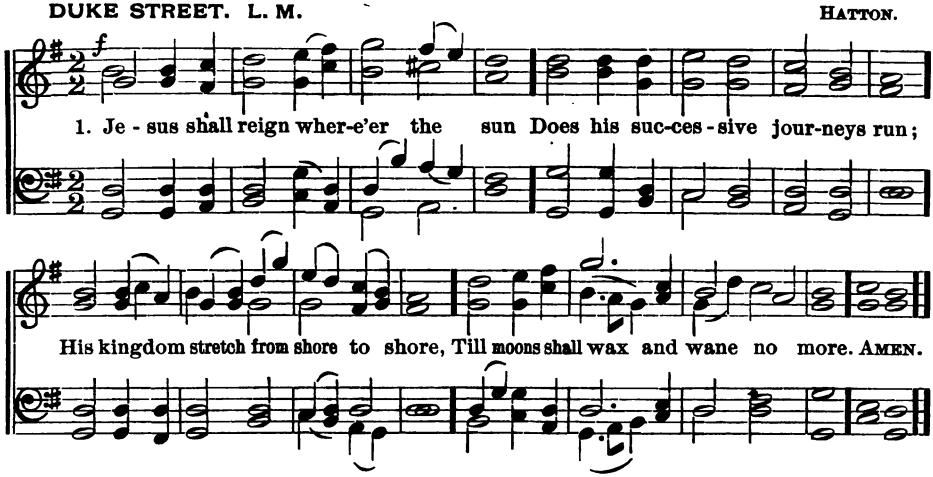
4 Asleep in Jesus! Oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
cr Waiting the summons from on high.

p 5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But there is still a blesséd sleep,
dim From which none ever wakes to weep.

AMEN.

66 JESUS SHALL REIGN WHERE'ER THE SUN.

DUKE STREET. L. M. HATTON.



2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose His chains;
dim The weary find eternal rest,
cr And all the sons of want are blest.

f 5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen!

AMEN.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

67

mf 1 Though now the nations sit beneath
The darkness of o'erspreading death,
f God will arise with light divine,
On Zion's holy towers to shine.

2 That light shall shine on distant lands,
And wandering tribes, in joyful bands,
Shall *come, Thy glory,* Lord, to see,
And in Thy courts to worship Thee.

3 O light of Zion, now arise,
Let the glad morning bless our eyes;
Ye nations, catch the kindling ray,
And hail the splendors of the day.

AMEN.

Leonard Bacon, 1823, a.

68 *Psalm* 72.

f 1 Great God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey;
Now give the kingdom to Thy Son,
Extend His power, exalt His throne.

m 2 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall He send His influence down;
His grace on fainting souls distils
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.

3 The heathen lands that lie beneath
The shade of overspreading death,
cr Revive at His first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.

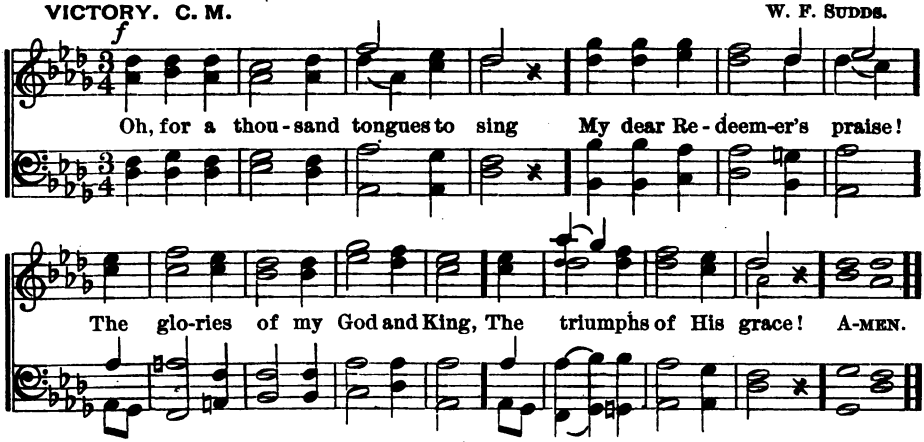
f 4 The saints shall flourish in His days,
Dressed in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace, like a river, from His throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

AMEN.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

69 OH, FOR A THOUSAND TONGUES TO SING.

VICTORY. C. M. W. F. SUDDS.



Thanks for victory.

2 My gracious Master and my God!
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honors of Thy name.

m 3 Jesus—the name that calms my fears,
That bids my sorrows cease;
cr 'T is music to my ravished ears;
'T is life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

5 Let us obey, we then shall know,
Shall feel our sins forgiven;
Anticipate our heaven below,
And own that love is heaven.

AMEN.

C. Wesley.

70 "*Remember me.*"

mf 1 O Thou, from whom all goodness flows,
cr I lift my soul to Thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
dim O Lord, remember me!

m 2 When on my aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, new peace impart;
Thus, Lord, remember me!

m 3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
cr Oh, let my strength be as my day—
Dear Lord, remember me!

p 4 When in the solemn hour of death
I wait Thy just decree,
cr Be this the prayer of my last breath:
Now, Lord, remember me! AMEN.

T. Haweis.

71 "*Jesus only.*"

m 1 Jesus, the very thought of Thee,
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see
And in Thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 O Hope of every contrite heart!
O Joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

f 4 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity. AMEN.

E. Caswell, tr.

72 ROCK OF AGES, CLEFT FOR ME.

TOPLADY. 7s. 6 lines. T. HASTINGS.

mf

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;

dim.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy side a heal - ing flood,

cr.

Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath, and make me pure. A-MEN.

2 Not the Labor of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall close in death
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

73 *"Manifest thyself."*

m 2 Son of God! to Thee I cry:
dim By the holy mystery
m Of Thy dwelling here on earth,
cr By Thy pure and holy birth,
Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.

mf 2 Prince of Life! to Thee I cry:
By Thy glorious majesty,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
dim Meek to suffer, strong to save,
cr Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.

f 3 Lord of glory, God most high,
Man exalted to the sky!
With Thy love my bosom fill,
Prompt me to perform Thy will;
Then Thy glory I shall see,
Thou wilt bring me home to Thee.

AMEN.
R. Mant.

74 HASTEN, LORD! THE GLORIOUS TIME.

SPANISH HYMN. 7s D.

H. AUBER.

1. { Has - ten, Lord! the glo-rious time When, be - neath Mes - si - ah's sway,
   Ev - 'ry na - tion, ev - 'ry clime, Shall the gos-pel's call o - bey. }

2. { Then shall wars and tu-mults cease, Then be ban-ished grief and pain;
   Righteous-ness and joy and peace Un - dis-turbed shall ev - er reign. }

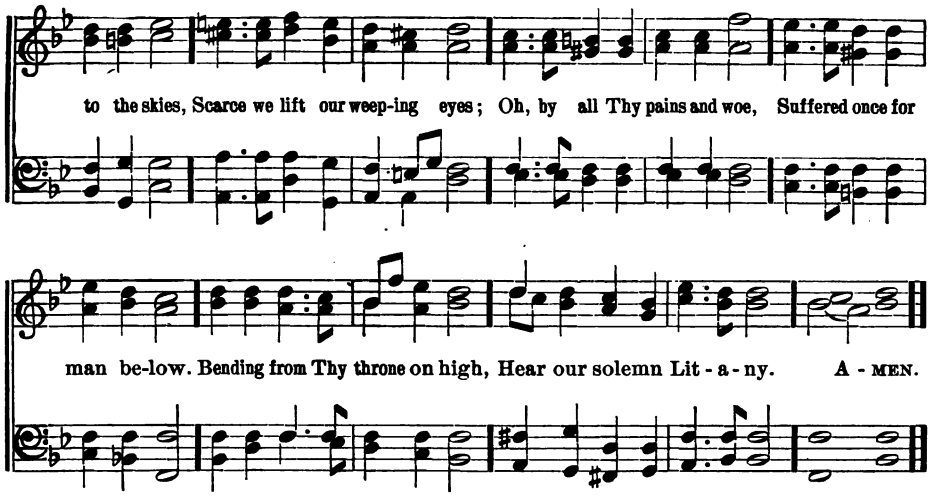
Might - iest kings His pow'r shall own, Heath - en tribes His name a - dore;
Bless we, then, our gra - cious Lord; Ev - er praise His glo-rious name;

Sa - tan and his host, o'erthrown, Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.
All His might-y acts re - cord; All His wondrous love pro-claim. A-MEN.

75 SAVIOUR WHEN, IN DUST TO THEE.

TOWNLEY. 7s D. W. F. SUDDS.

Saviour, when, in dust to Thee, Low we bow th' a-dor-ing knee, When re-pent-ant



mf 2 By Thy birth and early years,
By Thy human griefs and fears,
By Thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness,
By Thy victory in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power;
dim Jesus, look with pitying eye;
p Hear our solemn litany.

mf 3 By Thy conflict with despair,
By Thine agony of prayer,
dim By the purple robe of scorn,
By Thy wounds, Thy crown of thorn,
By Thy cross, Thy pangs, and cries,
By Thy perfect sacrifice;
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Hear our solemn litany.

pp 4 By Thy deep expiring groan,
By the seal'd sepulchral stone,
cr By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
By Thy power from death to save;
f Mighty God, ascended Lord,
To Thy throne in heaven restored,
mf Prince and Saviour, hear our cry,
p Hear our solemn litany. AMEN.

76 *"Son of Mary."*

p 1 When our heads are bowed with woe;–
When our bitter tears o'erflow;—
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!
mf Thou our feeble flesh hast worn;
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne;
dim Thou hast shed the human tear:
p Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

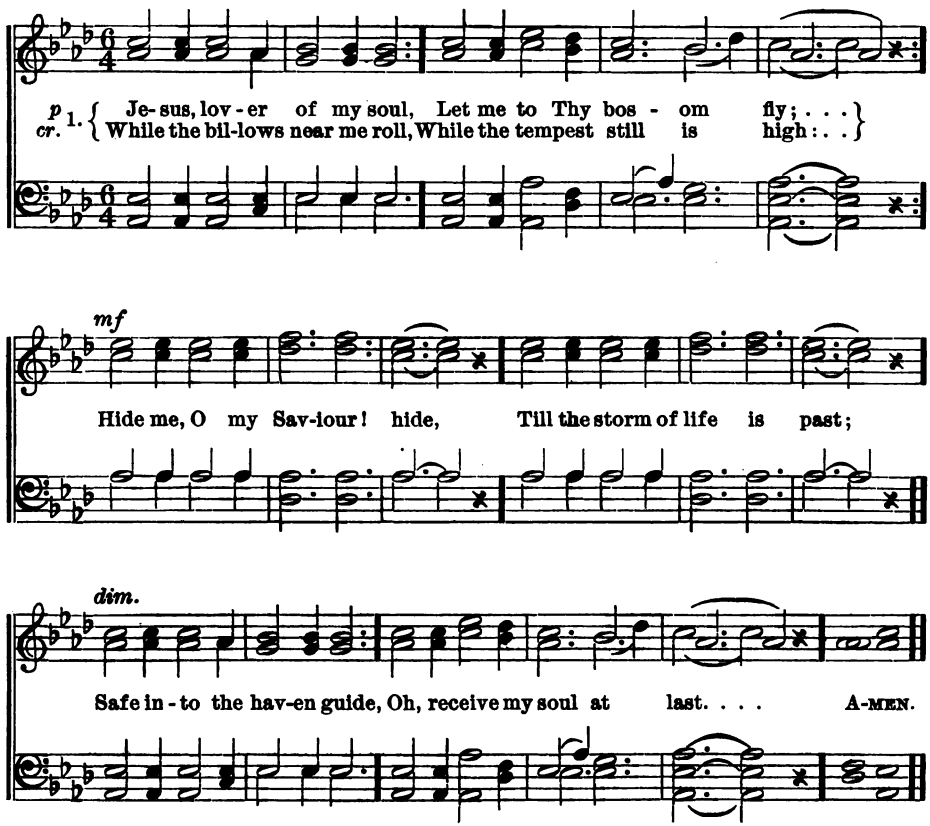
mp 2 When the heart is sad within,
With the thought of all its sin;
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!
Thou, the shame, the grief hast known;
Though the sins were not Thine own,
Thou hast deigned their load to bear:
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

p 3 When our eyes grow dim in death;
When we heave the parting breath;
When our solemn doom is near,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!
Thou hast bowed the dying head;
Thou the blood of life hast shed;
Thou hast filled a mortal bier:
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear! AMEN.

R. Heber.

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

MARTYN. 7s D. S. B. MARSH.



77

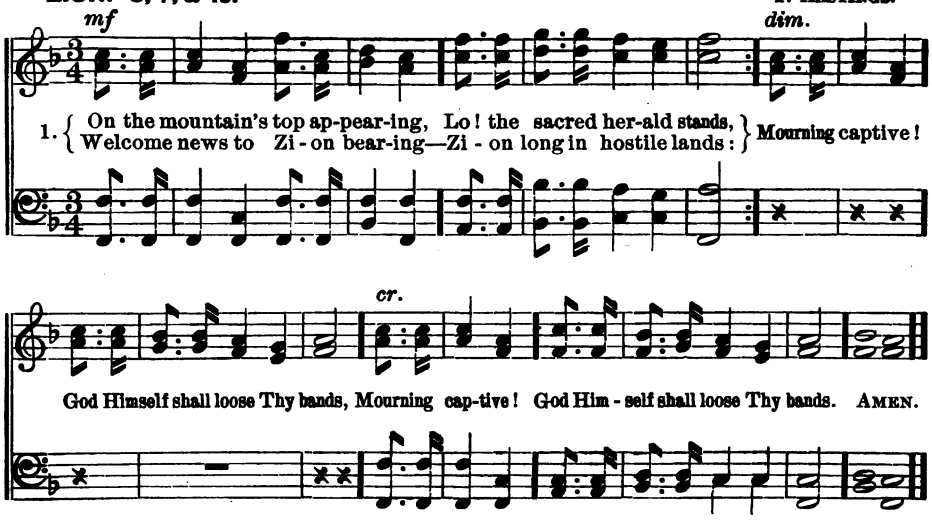
p 1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly;
cr While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour! hide,
Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.

mf 2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
p *Leave, ah! leave me not alone,*
Still support and comfort me:
cr All my trust on Thee is stay'd;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
p With the shadow of Thy wing.

mf 3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
cr Let the healing streams abound,
f Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity. AMEN.

ON THE MOUNTAIN'S TOP APPEARING.

ZION. 8, 7, & 4s. T. HASTINGS.



78 *The gospel herald.*

mf 1 On the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing—
Zion long in hostile lands:
dim Mourning captive!
cr God Himself shall loose Thy bands.

mp 2 Has Thy night been long and mournful?
Have Thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have Thy foes been proud and scornful?
By Thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease Thy mourning;
cr Zion still is well beloved.

mf 3 God, Thy God, will now restore Thee;
He Himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.

AMEN.

T. Kelly.

79 *Sun of Righteousness.*

p 1 O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,
Cheered by no celestial ray,
cr Sun of righteousness! arising,
Bring the bright, the glorious day;
Send the gospel
To the earth's remotest bound.

mf 2 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,—
Grant them, Lord! the glorious light:
And, from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

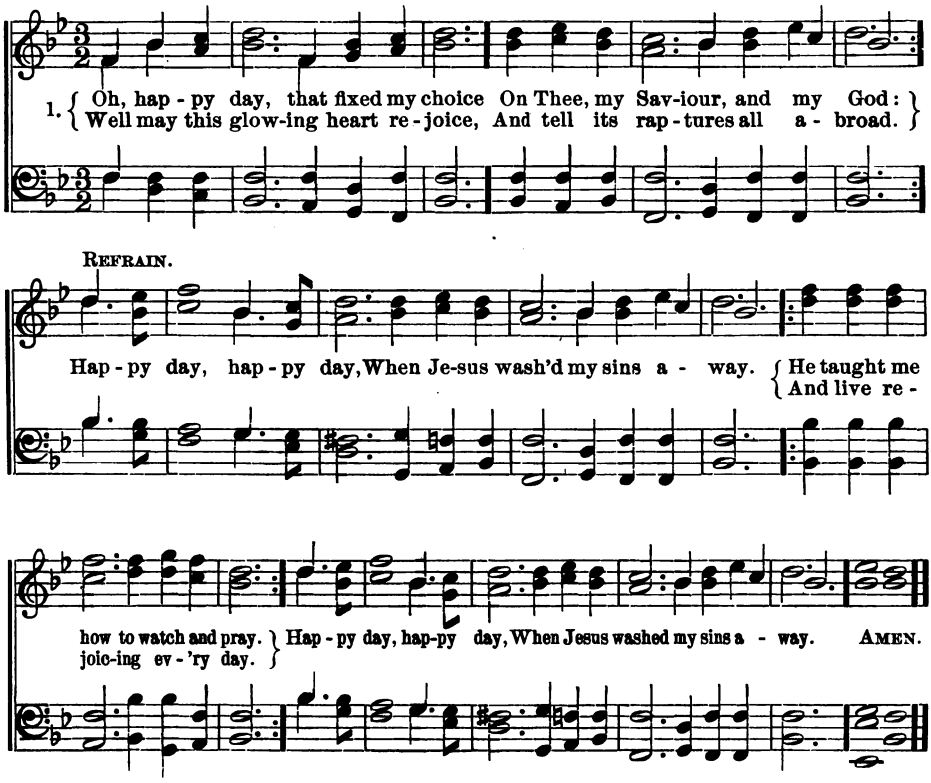
f 3 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel!
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply and still increase;
Sway Thy sceptre,
Saviour! all the world around.

AMEN.

W. Williams.

OH, HAPPY DAY, THAT FIXED MY CHOICE.

HAPPY DAY. L. M. Arr. from RIMBAULT.



80 *Deut.* 33 : 29.

1 O happy day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour, and my God :
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its rapture all abroad.
REFRAIN.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love :
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.
REFRAIN.

3 *'Tis done, the great transaction's done :*
I am my Lord's and He is mine :
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.
REFRAIN.

4 Now, rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre rest ;
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angel's bread to feast.
REFRAIN.

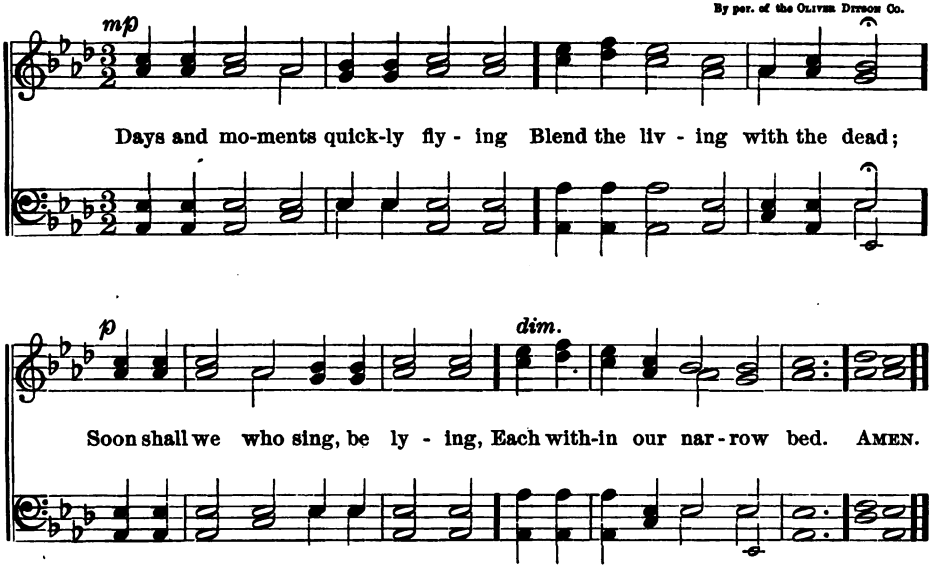
5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear ;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.
AMEN
REFRAIN.

Philip Doddridge, 1736.

DAYS AND MOMENTS QUICKLY FLYING.

DORRNANCE. 8s. 7s. **WOODBURY.**

By per. of the Oliver Ditson Co.



81 *Last Day of the year.*

mp 1 Days and moments quickly flying
Blend the living with the dead;
p Soon shall we who sing be lying,
dim Each within our narrow bed.

m 2 Soon our souls to God who gave them
cr Will have sped their rapid flight;
Able now by grace to save them,
dim Oh, that while we can we might!

mf 3 Jesus, infinite Redeemer,
Maker of this mighty frame;
Teach, oh, teach us to remember
dim What we are, and whence we came:–

m 4 Whence we came, and whither wending;
dim Soon we must through darkness go,
cr To inherit bliss unending,
dim Or eternity of woe. AMEN.

E. Caswall.

82

m 1 God is love; His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
cr Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens;
dim God is wisdom, God is love.

m 2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
cr But His mercy waneth never;
dim God is wisdom, God is love.

p 3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
Will His changeless goodness prove;
cr From the gloom His brightness streameth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

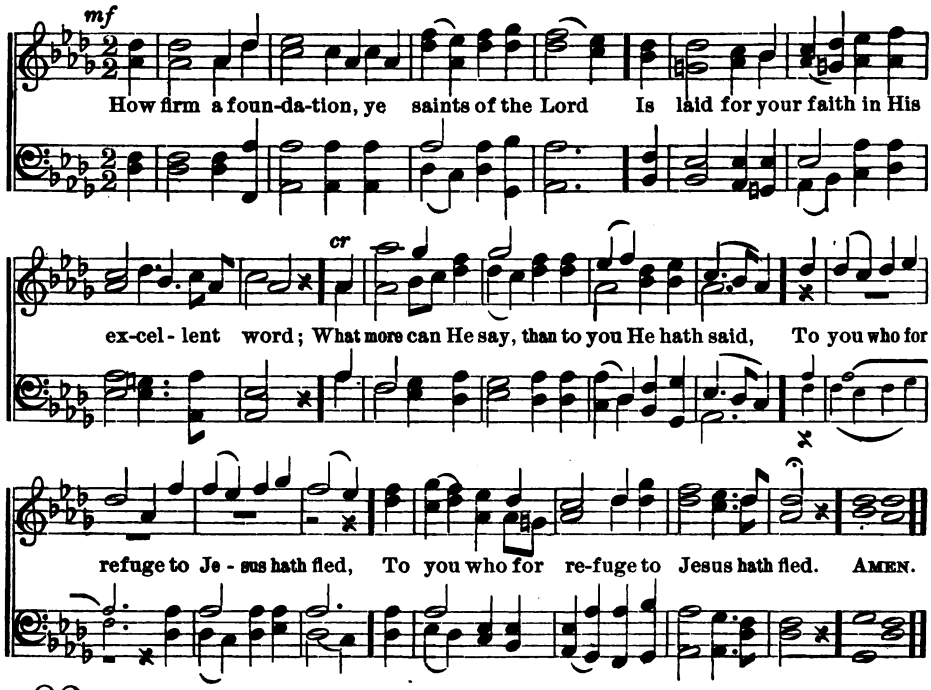
m 4 He with earthly cares entwineth
cr Hope and comfort from above:
Everywhere His glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

AMEN.

Sir John Bowring, 1868.

HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION.

PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s. J. READING.



83

mf 2 Fear not, I am with thee; O, be not dismayed!
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
cr I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

mf 3 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

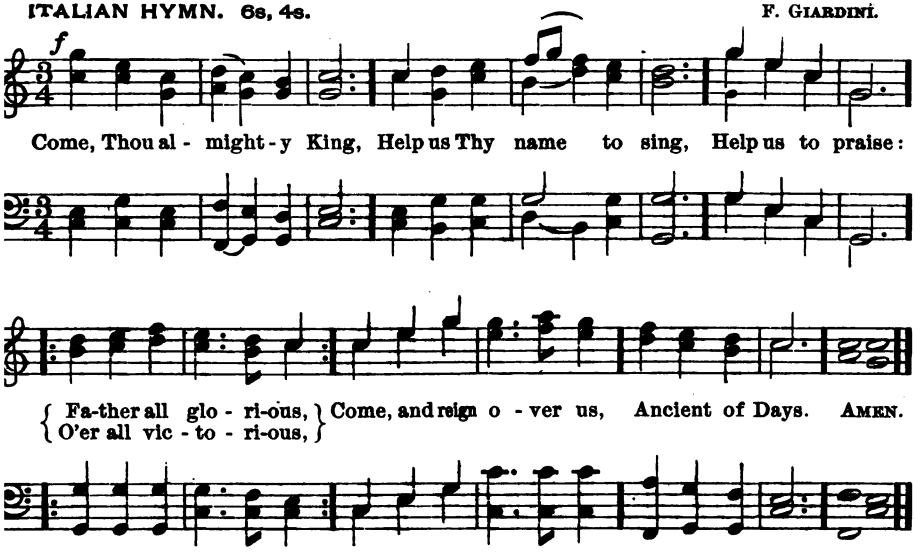
4 Even down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

5 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to its foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never, forsake! AMEN.

K. Rippon's Selection, 1787.

COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING.

ITALIAN HYMN. 6s, 4s. F. GIARDINI.



84

2 Come, Thou incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend:
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success:
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

3 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour:
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart;
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

4 To the great One in Three,
Eternal praises be
Hence, evermore.
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore. AMEN.

Charles Wesley, 1757.

85 *"Worthy the Lamb!"*

f 1 Glory to God on high!
Let heaven and earth reply,
"Praise ye His name!"
His love and grace adore,
dim Who all our sorrows bore;
cr Sing loud for evermore,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

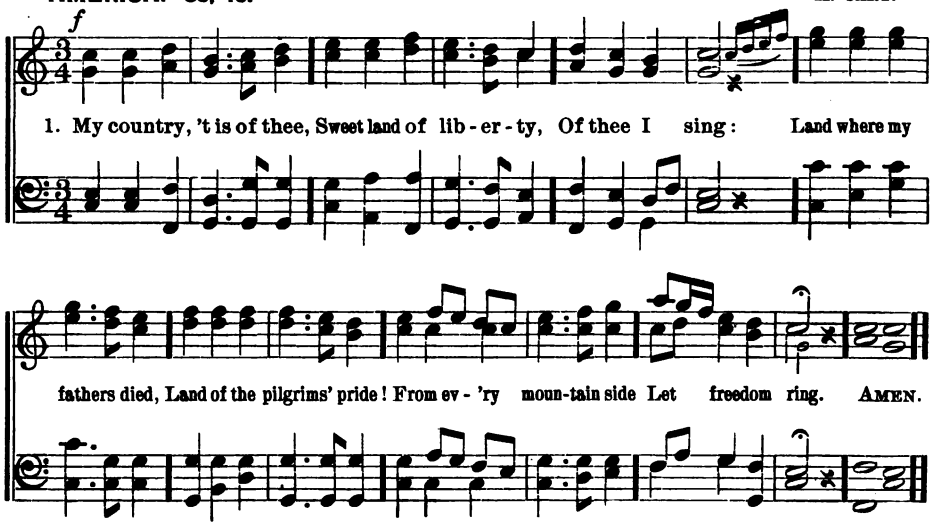
f 2 While they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising His name,—
Ye who have felt His blood
Sealing your peace with God,
Sound His dear name abroad,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

3 Join, all ye ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
Praise ye His name!
In Him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
"Worthy the Lamb!" AMEN.

J. Allen.

MY COUNTRY, 'T IS OF THEE.

AMERICA. 6s, 4s. H. CARY.



86

f 1 My country, 't is of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain-side
Let freedom ring!

2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love:
I love Thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

ff 3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

f 4 Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
ff Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light,
Protect us with Thy might,
Great God, our King! AMEN.

S. F. Smith, 1833.

87

f 1 God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night:
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might!

2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On Him we wait:
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the State! AMEN.

John S. Dwight, 1844.

88 SOFTLY FADES THE SUNSET SPLENDOR.

VESPER HYMN. W. F. SUDDS.

p 1. Soft - ly fades the sun - set splen-dor, And the light of day grows
mp 2. Day by day comes rich in bless-ing, Night by night brings ho - ly,

dim.

dim . . . . *cr.* We to Thee our prais - es ren - der, Sing we
grows dim.
calm . . . *cr.* Lord, to Thee our praise ad - dress-ing, Ris - es
ho - ly calm.

dim.

thus, our ves - per Hymn . . . . Ju - bi - la - te,
sing we thus our ves - per hymn.
thus, with joy - ful sound . . . .
ris - es thus, with joy - ful sound. Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi -

mf

Ju - bi - la - te, A - men, A - men, A - men.
la - te, Ju - bi - la - te, A - men, A - MEN.

89 THE ANGELS ARE WAITING.

WM. L. BLAKESLEE. CARL BRUCHE.

SOLO.

1. The an - gels are wait - ing the news to re - ceive, When
2. I wish I could sing like the an - gels a - bove, Or

sin - ners of earth, on the Sav - iour be-lieve; There's loud Hal - le - lu - jahs in
speak like some oth - ers of Christ and His love; I on - ly can pray that our

heav - en, we're told, When sin - ners re - pent - ant come in - to the fold.
sing - ing may preach, While there's a poor sin - ner, God's mer - cy to reach.

THE ANGELS ARE WAITING.

CHORUS.

The an - gels a - bove their bright mel - o - dies sing, When

sin - ners be - lieve in Lord, Je - sus, their King, They

chant forth their prais - es, to Fath - er and Son, As

sin - ners be - lieve in the Cru - ci - fied One.

3 The depth of that mercy we never may know,
It reaches from heaven to earth here below;
And picks up the sinner from mire and from clay,
And sends him rejoicing to go on his way. CHO.

4 The riches of earth, they will soon pass away,
The pleasures of sin, they are but for a day;
The riches of grace, that to you may be given,
Will make you an heir to the riches of heaven. CHO.

90 SOLDIERS OF CHRIST, MARCH ON.

ALICE M. SCHOFF. J. R. M.

1. Sol - diers of Christ, march on, March on in ar - mor clad, With shield and buck - ler gird - ed strong, With bat - tle - cry most glad.
2. Not steel, thy buck - ler strong, Thy hem - let and thy shield; But right - eous - ness and faith in God A might - ier pow'r can wield.
3. Then, sol - diers brave, march on, March on to vic - to - ry; Sin o - ver-thrown, Right tri - umph-ing With pa - tience we shall see.

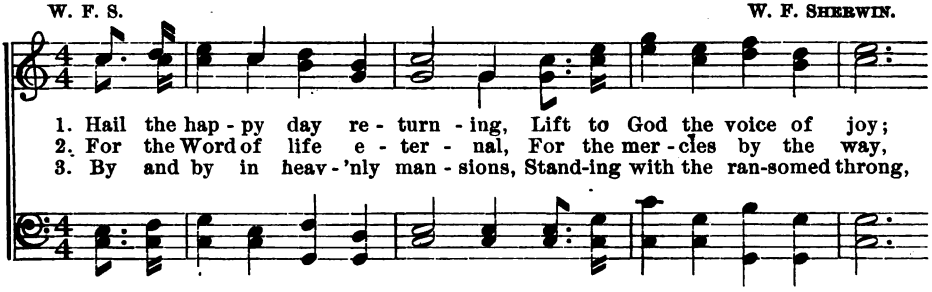
REFRAIN.

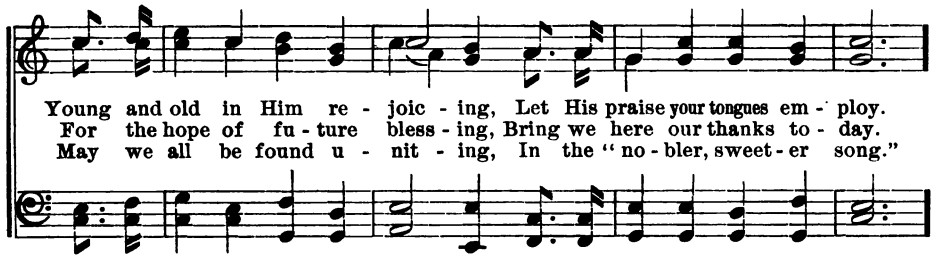
March on, march on, song, . . .

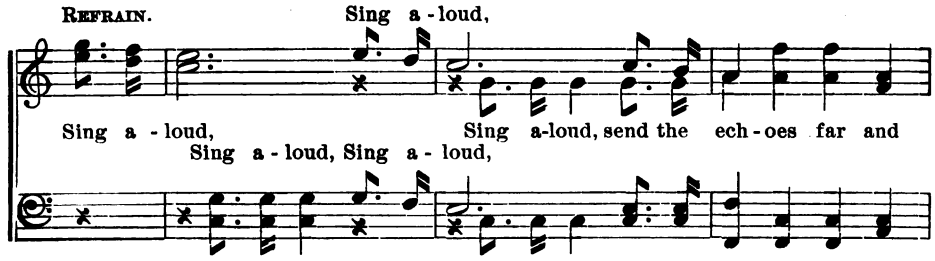
March on, march on, march on, march on, With ban-ner and with song, with song, And as we march, we sing His praise, To whom all praise be - longs, be - longs.

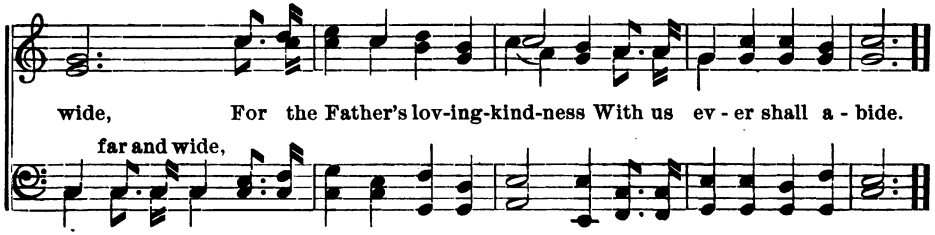
91 HAIL THIS HAPPY DAY.

W. F. S. W. F. SHERWIN.









ALONG THE RIVER OF TIME.

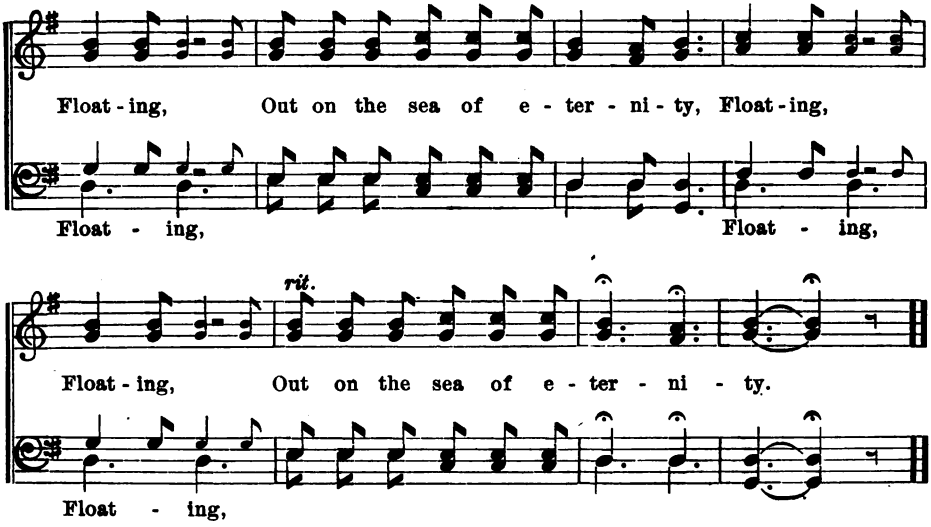
GEO. F. ROOT. GEO. F. ROOT.

1. A - long the Riv - er of Time we glide, A - long the Riv - er, a -
2. A - long the Riv - er of Time we glide, A - long the Riv - er, a -
3. A - long the Riv - er of Time we glide, A - long the Riv - er, a -

long the Riv - er, The swift - ly flow - ing, re - sist - less tide, The
long the Riv - er, A thou - sand dan - gers its cur - rents hide, A
long the Riv - er, Our Sav - iour on - ly our bark can guide, Our

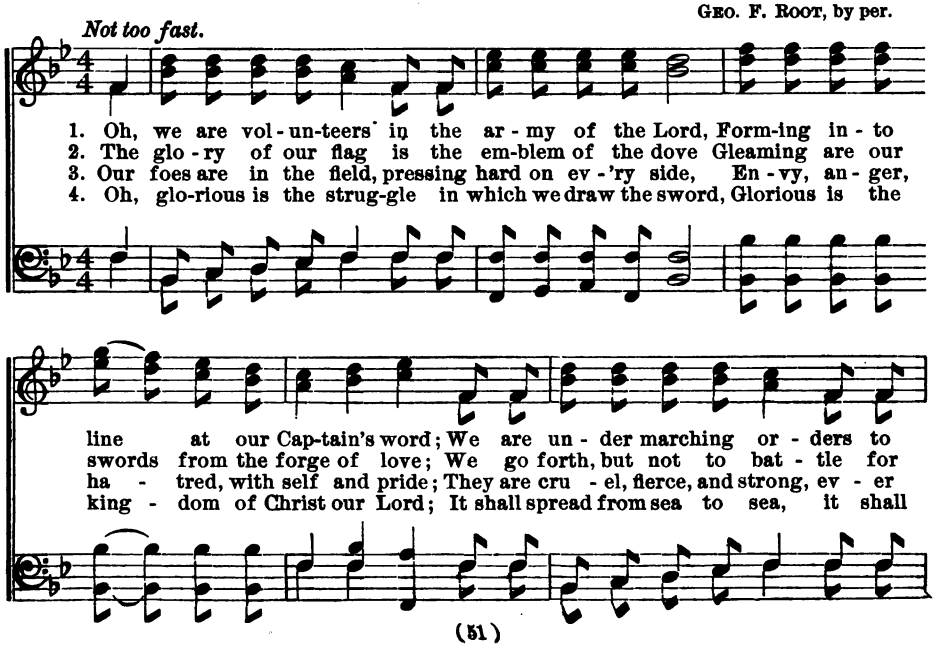
swift - ly flow - ing, the swift - ly flow - ing, And soon, ah, soon, the
thou - sand dan - gers, a thou - sand dan - gers, And near our course the
Sav - iour on - ly, our Sav - iour on - ly, But with Him we se -

end we'll see, Yes, soon 'twill come and we will be Float - ing,
rocks we see, Oh, dread - ful tho't! a wreck to be Float - ing,
cure may be, No fear, no doubt, but joy to be Float - ing,



93 OH, WE ARE VOLUNTEERS.

GEO. F. ROOT, by per.



OH, WE ARE VOLUNTEERS.

take the bat - tle field, And we'll ne'er give o'er the fight till the foe shall yield.
earth - ly hon - ors vain, 'Tis a bright im - mor-tal crown that we seek to gain.
read - y to at - tack, We must watch and fight and pray, if we'd drive them back.
reach from shore to shore, And His peo-ple shall be bless - ed for ev - er - more.

REFRAIN.

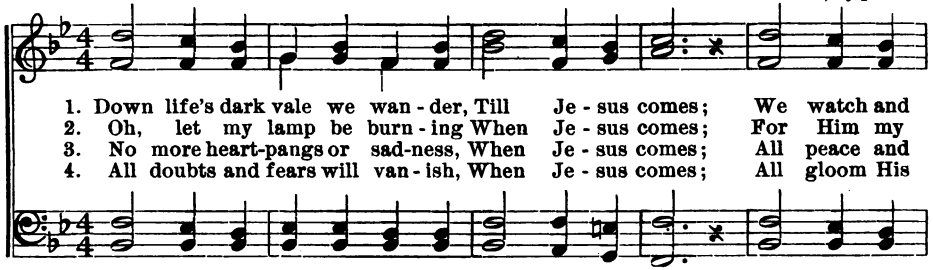
Come and join the ar - my, the ar - my of the Lord, Je - sus is our

Cap - tain, we ral - ly at His word; Sharp will be the con - flict

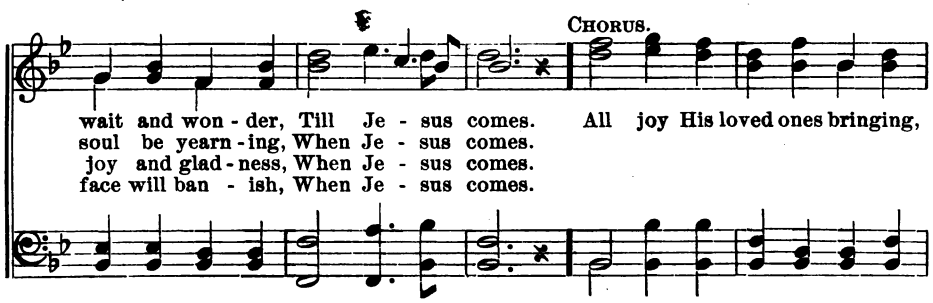
with the pow'rs of sin, But with such a lead - er we are sure to win.

94 WHEN JESUS COMES.

P. P. Bliss. P. P. Bliss, by per.

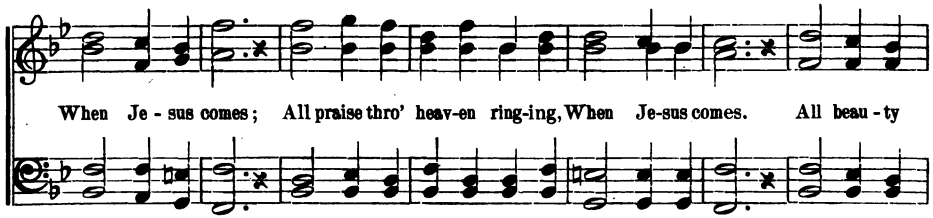


1. Down life's dark vale we wan - der, Till Je - sus comes; We watch and
2. Oh, let my lamp be burn - ing When Je - sus comes; For Him my
3. No more heart-pangs or sad-ness, When Je - sus comes; All peace and
4. All doubts and fears will van - ish, When Je - sus comes; All gloom His

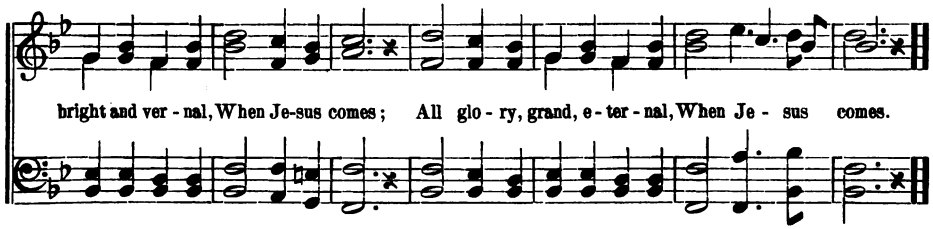


wait and won - der, Till Je - sus comes. All joy His loved ones bringing,
soul be yearn - ing, When Je - sus comes.
joy and glad - ness, When Je - sus comes.
face will ban - ish, When Je - sus comes.

Chorus.



When Je - sus comes; All praise thro' heav-en ring-ing, When Je-sus comes. All beau - ty



bright and ver - nal, When Je-sus comes; All glo - ry, grand, e - ter - nal, When Je - sus comes.

5 He 'll know the way was dreary,
When Jesus comes;
He 'll know the feet grew weary,
When Jesus comes.—Cho.

6 He 'll know what griefs oppressed me,
When Jesus comes;
Oh, how His arms will rest me!
When Jesus comes.—Cho.

95 "HIM THAT COMETH TO ME."

T. P. W. THOS. P. WESTENDORF.

1. 'T is a prom - ise sweet to me From my Sav - iour and my
2. Tho' for years I've wan - dered on Heed-ing not that voice of
3. I will go to Him and say, Take me, Je - sus, I am

Lord; Tho' a sin - ner I may be, He hath writ-ten in His word, His word.
love, Still sal - va - tion may be won, And a home with Him a - bove, a - bove.
Thine; He will wash my sins a - way, He will cleanse this heart of mine, of mine.

REFRAIN.

"Him that com - eth to me, to me, Him that com - eth to

me, to me, Him that com-eth to me I will in no wise cast out."

96

FORTH TO THE FIGHT.

W. F. Sudds.

Vigoroso.

1. *f* Forth to the fight, ye ransomed, Might-y in God's own might;
2. *mf* Fear not the din of bat - tle, Fol - low where He has trod;
3. *p* Arm ye a-gainst the bat- tle, Watch ye, and fast, and pray;
4. *f* Fight, for the Lord is o'er you, Fight, for He bids you fight;

1. Forth to the fight, to the fight, ye ransomed Mighty, mighty in God's own might;
2. Fear not, fear not the din of bat-tle, Fol - low, follow, where He has trod;
3. Arm ye, arm ye a - gainst the bat-tle, Watch ye, watch ye, and fast, and pray;
4. Fight for the Lord, for the Lord is o'er you, Fight, for He bids, He bids you fight;

Stemming the tide of bat - tle, Rout-ing the hosts of night.
Per - fect-ing strength in weakness — Je - sus, in - car - nate God.
Peace shall succeed the war - fare, Night shall be changed to day.
There where the fray is thick-est, Close with the hosts of night.

Stemming the tide, the tide of bat - tle, Routing the hosts of night.
Per - fect-ing, perfecting, strength in weakness, Je - sus, in-car - nate God.
Peace shall succeed, shall succeed the war -fare. Night shall be changed to day.
There where the fray, where the fray is thick - est, Close with the hosts of night.

Refrain.

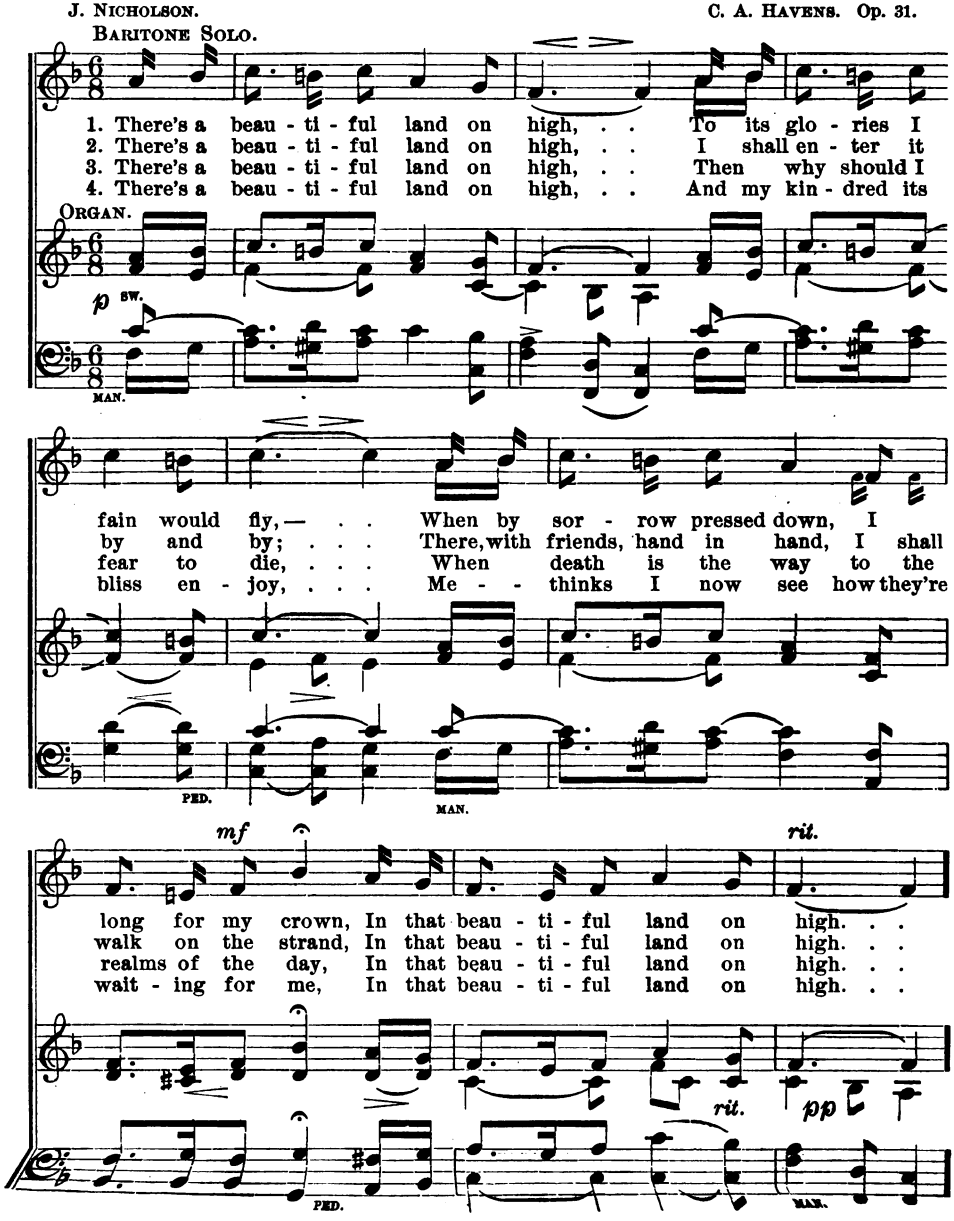
f Lift ye the blood-red ban - ner, Wield ye the vic-tor's sword,

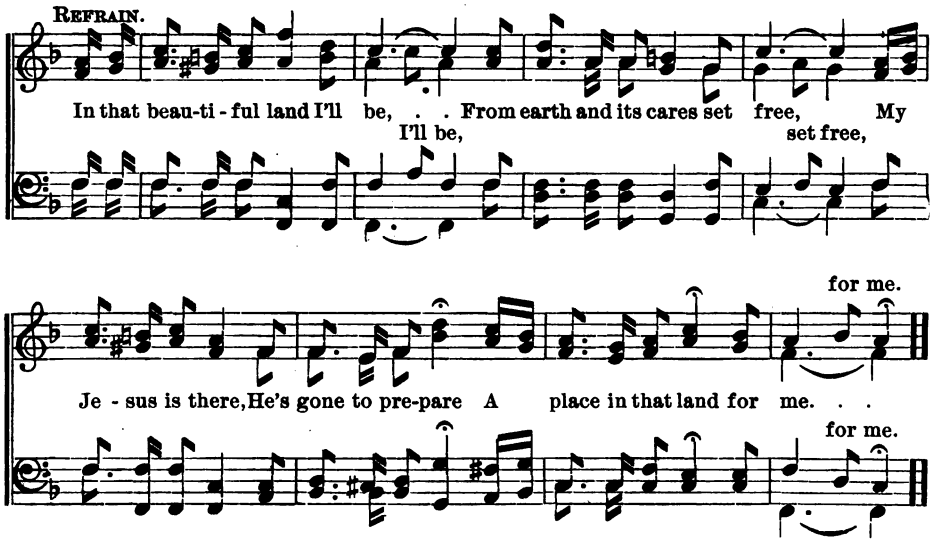
f Lift ye, lift ye the blood-red ban-ner, Wield ye, wield ye the victors sword,

ff Raise ye the Chris - tian's war - cry, The cross of Christ the Lord.

97 BEAUTIFUL LAND ON HIGH.

J. Nicholson. C. A. Havens. Op. 31.

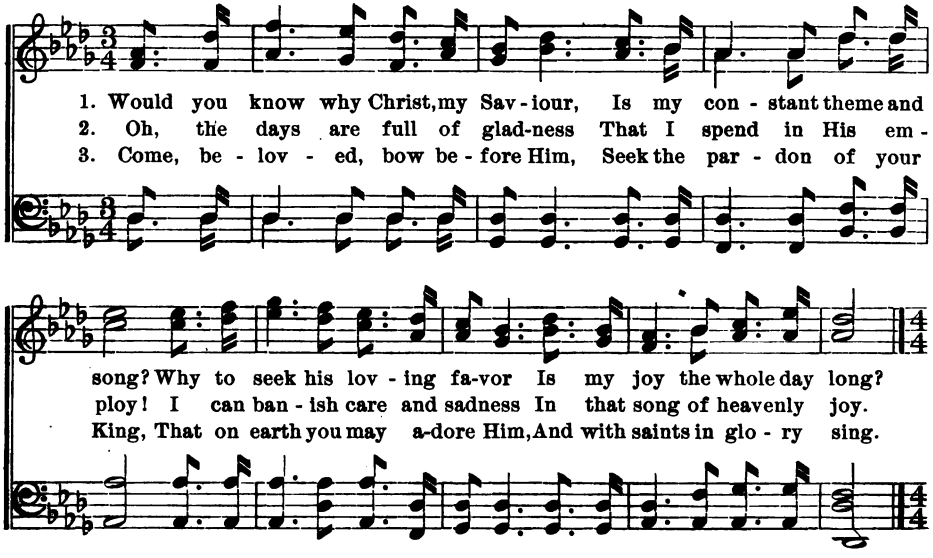




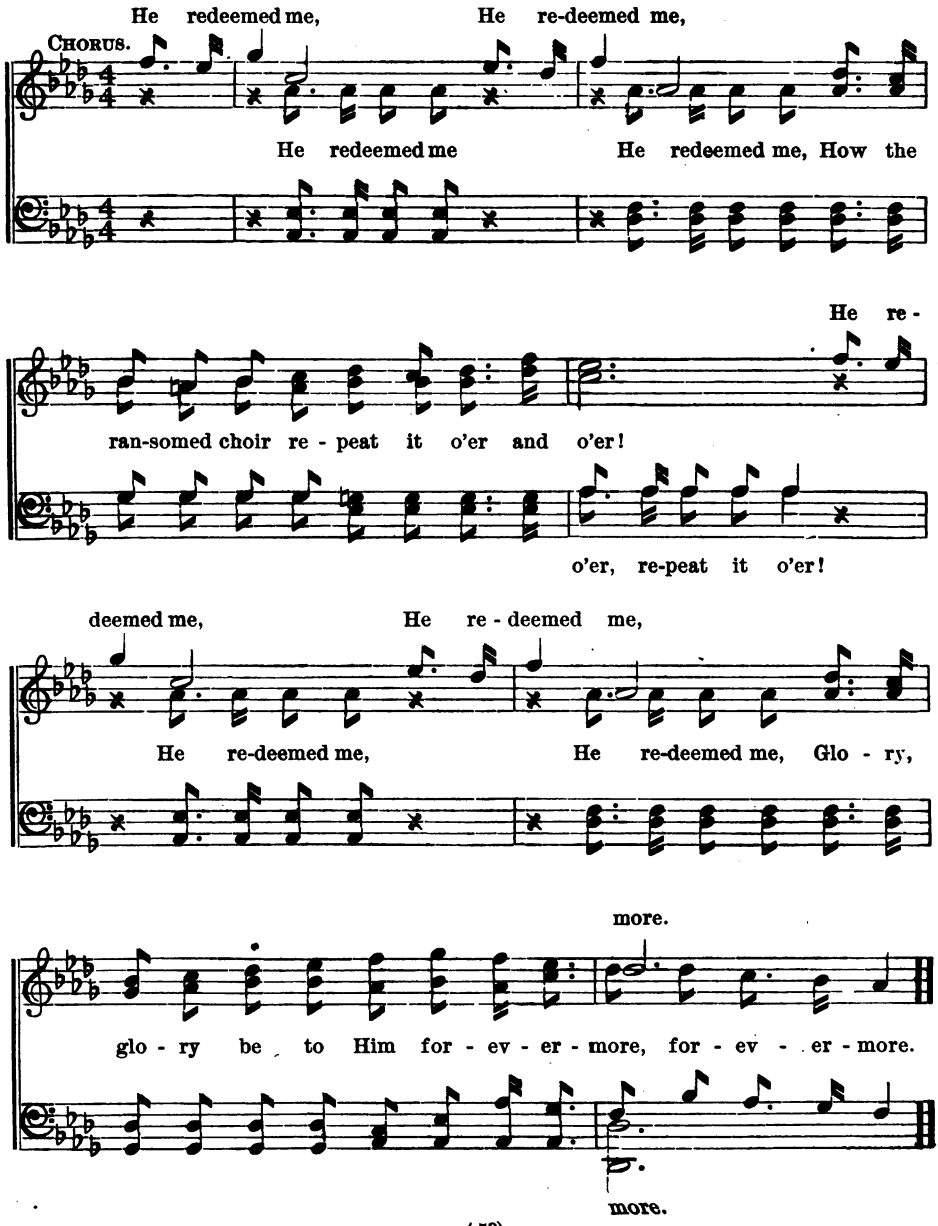
98 HE REDEEMED ME.

Theme, CH. H. CARROL.
Chorus, GEO. F. ROOT.

G. F. R.



HE REDEEMED ME.



99 THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK.

Words and music by G. F. R.

1. Thou art my Rock in the wide des - ert land, Sheltered by Thee here in
2. Once I was wand'ring ex - posed to the storm, Ref - uge there was none to
3. Come to the Rock so ma - jes - tic and grand, Here in its shel - ter a

safe - ty I stand, What tho' the storms and the tem - pests may beat,
shield me from harm, Then t'was I found in the broad des - ert way
mill - ion may stand, Each one may feel that his hope here is sure,

REFRAIN.

What tho' the sun pour its fierce noon-tide heat:
Christ as my Rock and with glad-ness could say:
Each one may say in his safe - ty se - cure:

Shel - tered by Thee,

shel - tered by Thee, Here in the shad - ow from dan - ger I'm free.

ONLY BELIEVE.

THEME—B. S. B. K. W. BURT.

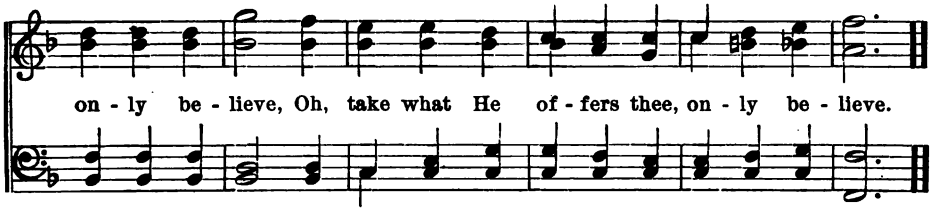
1. "On - ly be - lieve" the Sa - viour is call - ing, Soft - ly from heaven His
2. Take thou His yoke, 'tis ea - sy to wear it, He'll give thee grace with
3. What tho' the foes in le - gions as - sail thee, Strong is the arm which

sweet words are fall - ing, Look to the Cross, the par - don re - ceive,
gladness to bear it, Learn thou His will and wis-dom re - ceive, Take what He
nev - er will fail thee, Call for His help and strength thou'lt re-ceive,

REFRAIN.

of-fers thee, "On - ly be - lieve." On - ly be - lieve, on - ly be - lieve, 'Tis

full, free sal - va - tion that thou may'st re - ceive, On - ly be - lieve,

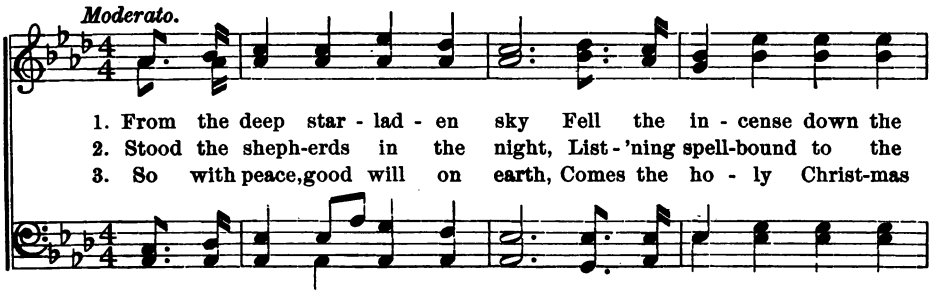


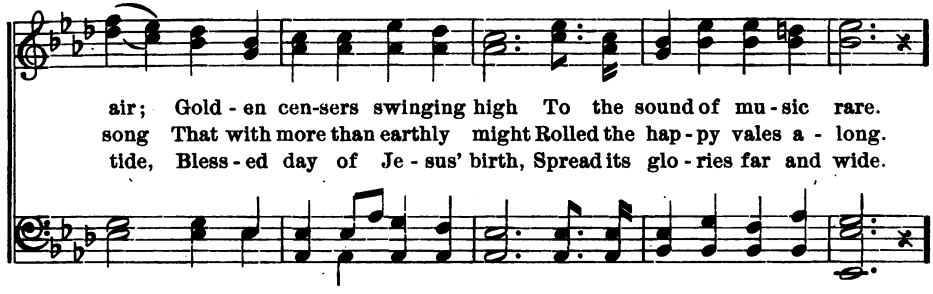
101 FROM THE DEEP STAR-LADEN SKY.

CHRISTMAS.

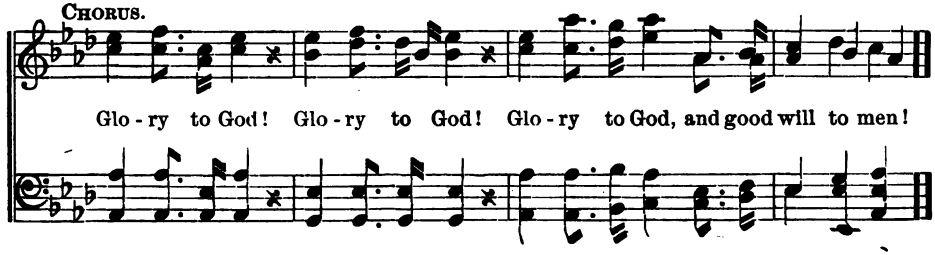
CLARA L. BURNHAM. G. F. ROOT.

Moderato.





CHORUS.



102 SO WILL I COMFORT YOU.

T. P. W. THOS. P. WESTENDORF, by per.

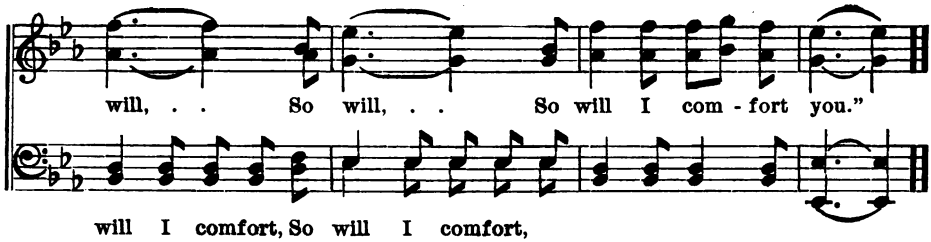
1. Oh, sor - row - ing mor - tal, why still de - spair, The Fa - ther will
2. Thy tears He will change in - to jew - els bright, Thy sighs will be
3. His mer - cy en - dur - eth while worlds de - cay, His pit - y doth

glad - ly be - stow A ten - der com - pas - sion for all thy care, A
turned in - to song; Where now there is darkness there shall be light, The
ev - er a - bide; He's ten - der - ly call - ing for thee to - day, From

REFRAIN.

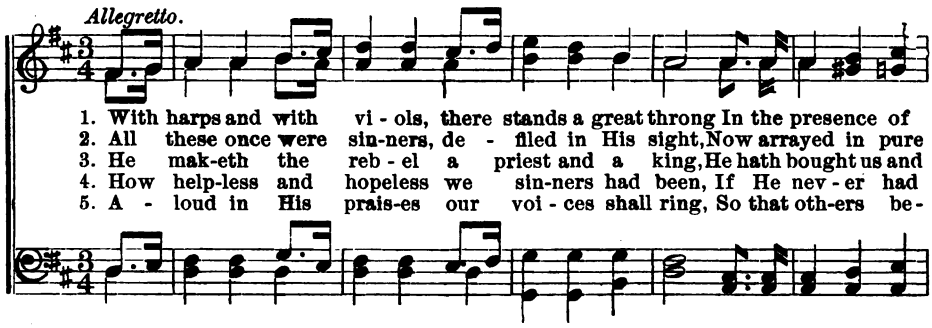
balm for thy ev - er - y woe.
weak thro' His pow - er be strong. "As one whom his moth - er
o - ver the crys - tal tide.

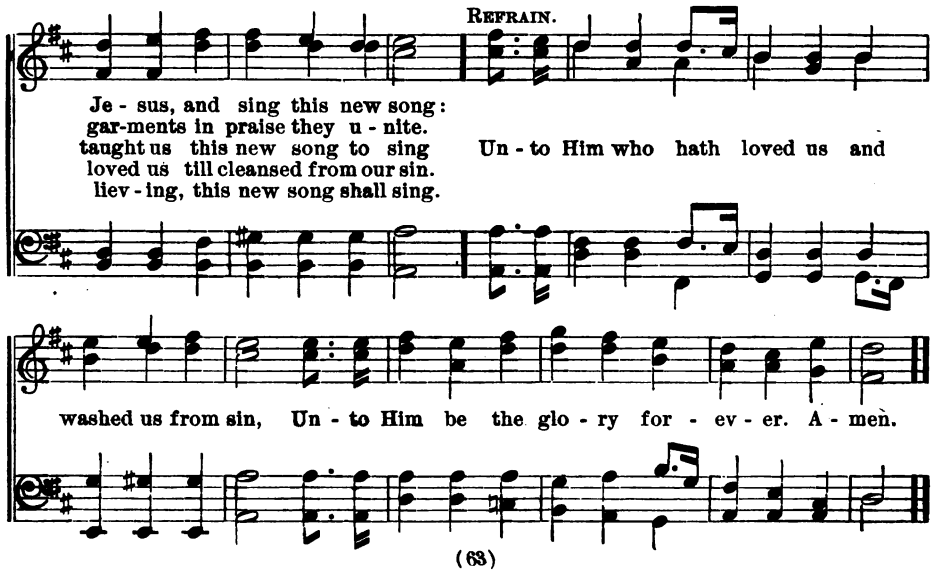
com - fort - eth, So will I com - fort you, ... So
com-fort you,



103 THE NEW SONG.

REV. A. T. PIERSON. P. P. BLISS, by per.





THAT WHICH WAS LOST.

T. P. W. THOS. P. WESTENDORF, by per.

1. O'er the drear-y moun - tains, Thro' the sleet and cold, Seek - ing for the lost ones That have left the fold.
2. Prod - i - gal re - turn - ing, Shout the glad re - frain, Fa - ther's heart is burn - ing, Lost, but found a - gain. "For the Son of man is come to seek and save,
3. Joy a-mong the an - gels For a heart de - praved Has been brought to Je - sus, And a soul is saved.

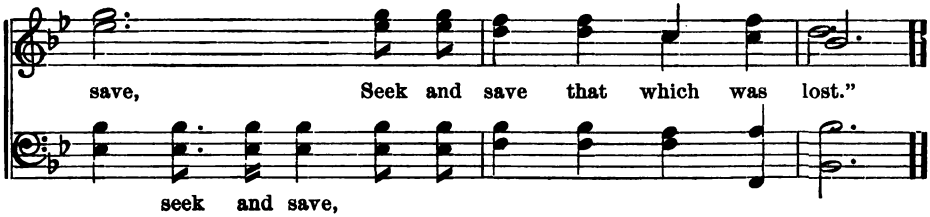
REFRAIN.

For the Son of man is come to seek and save,

seek and save,

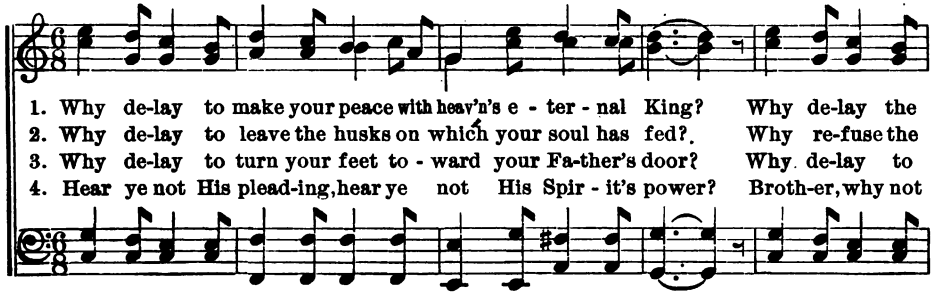
For the Son of man is come to seek and save,

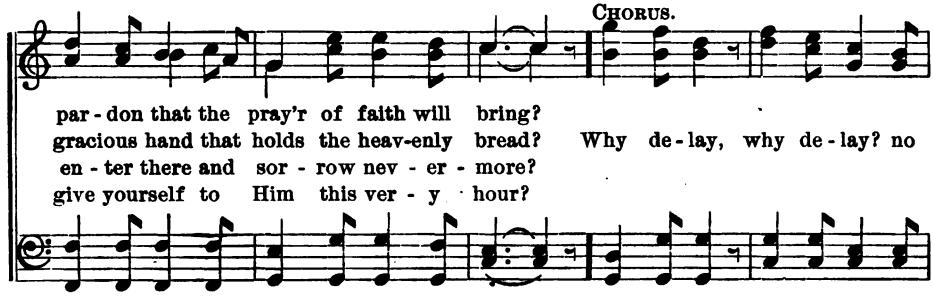
seek and save,

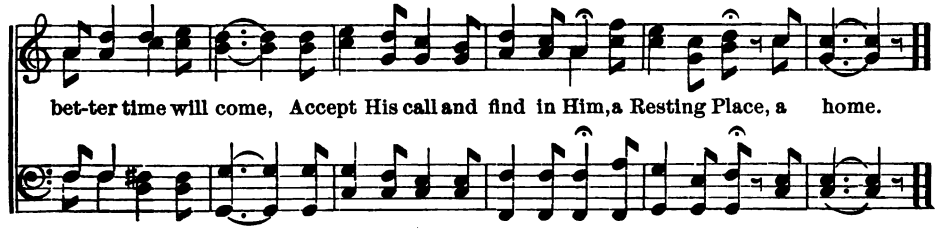


105 WHY DELAY?

Words and Music by G. F. R.







106 CLING TO THE BIBLE.

M. J. Smith. J. R. Murray.

1. Cling to the Bi - ble, tho' all else be ta - ken; Lose not its prom - is - es
2. Cling to the Bi - ble, this jew - el, this treasure Brings to us hon - or and
3. Lamp for the feet that in by-ways have wandered, Guide for the youth that would

prec - ious and sure; Souls that are sleep - ing its ech - oes a - wak - en,
saves fall - en man; Pearl whose great val - ue no mor - tal can meas - ure,
oth - er - wise fall; Hope for the sin - ner whose best days are squandered,

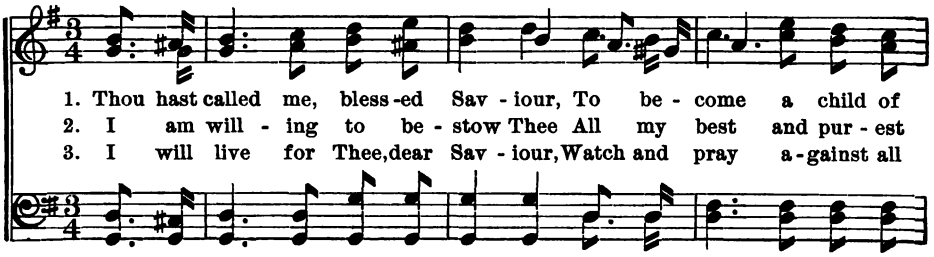
Refrain.

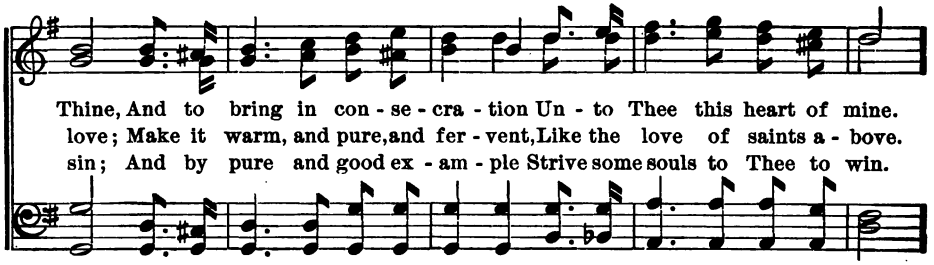
Drink from the foun - tain, so peace - ful and pure.
Seek and se - cure it, O soul, while you can. Cling to the Bi - ble!
Staff for the a - ged, and best book of all.

Cling to the Bi - ble! Cling to the Bi - ble, Our Lamp and our Guide.

107 THOU HAST CALLED ME.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. J. H. TENNEY, by per.





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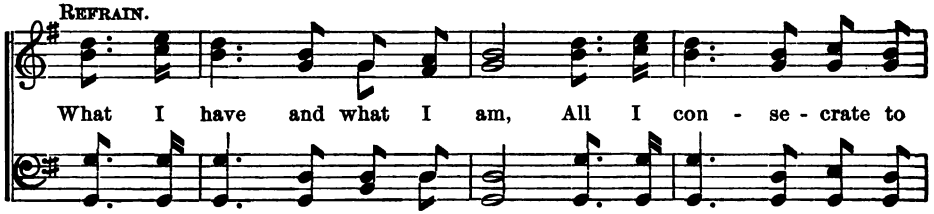
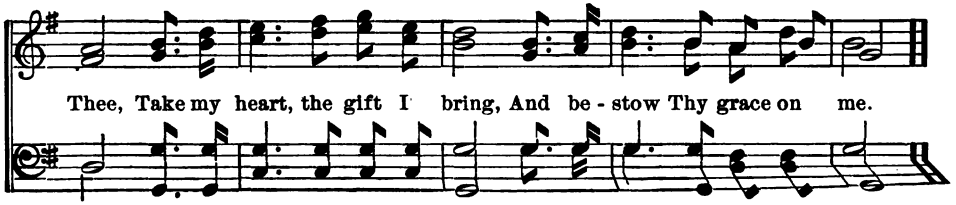
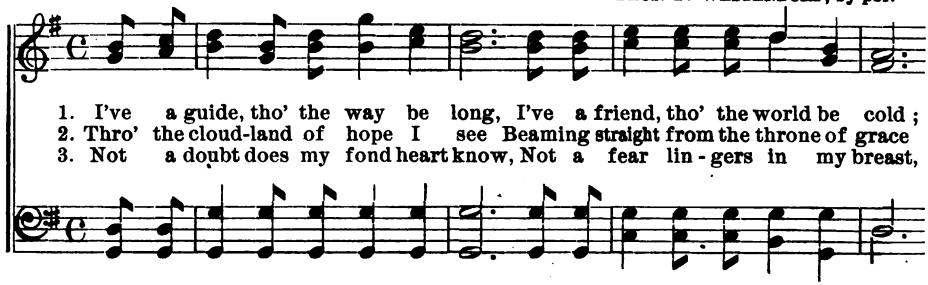


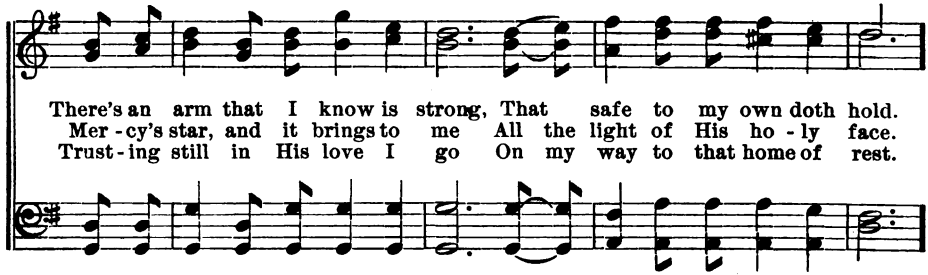


108 THE PATHWAY OF LIFE.

T. P. W. THOS. P. WESTENDORF, by per.

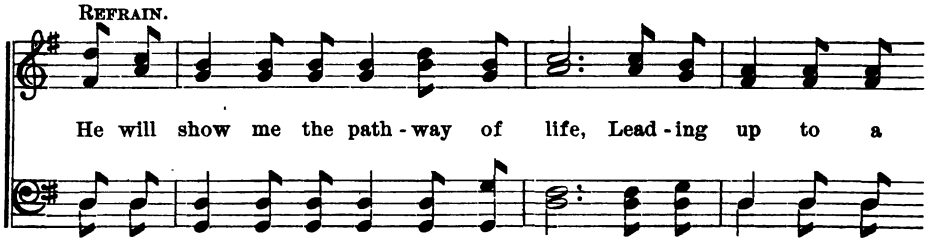


1. I've a guide, tho' the way be long, I've a friend, tho' the world be cold;
2. Thro' the cloud-land of hope I see Beaming straight from the throne of grace
3. Not a doubt does my fond heart know, Not a fear lin-gers in my breast,

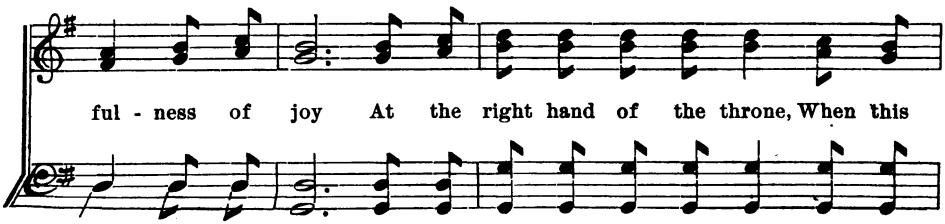


There's an arm that I know is strong, That safe to my own doth hold.
Mer-cy's star, and it brings to me All the light of His ho-ly face.
Trust-ing still in His love I go On my way to that home of rest.

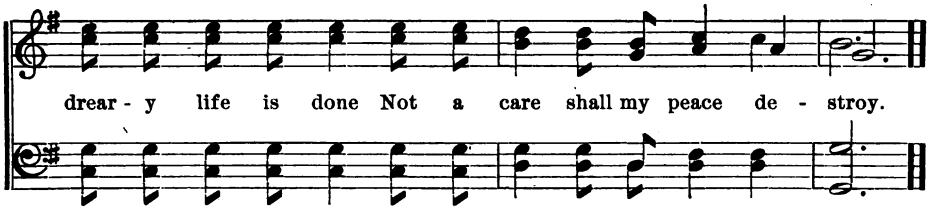
REFRAIN.



He will show me the path-way of life, Lead-ing up to a

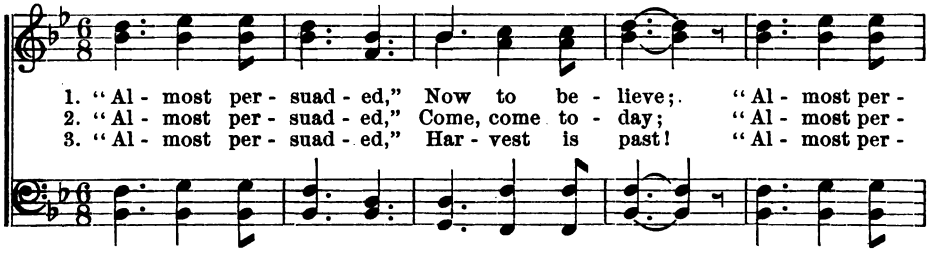


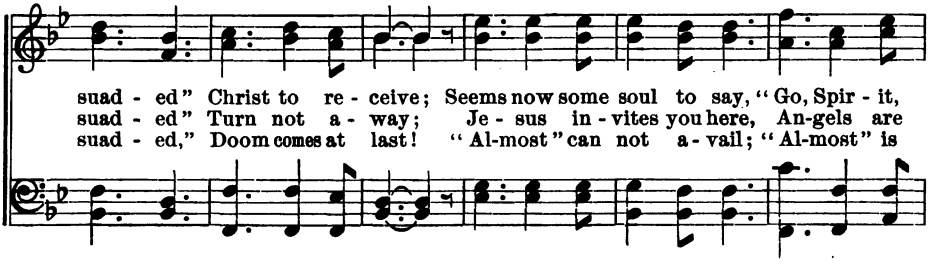
ful-ness of joy At the right hand of the throne, When this

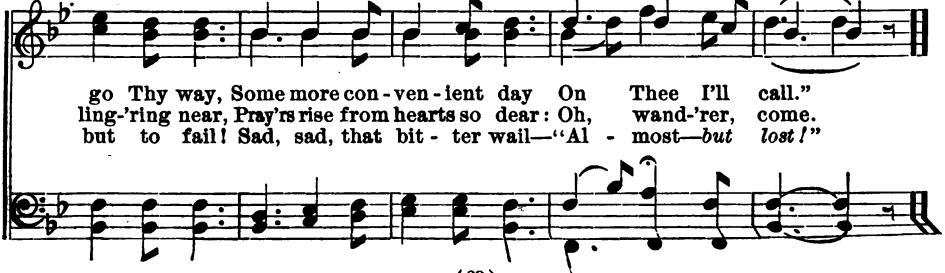


109 ALMOST PERSUADED.

P. P. Bliss. P. P. Bliss, by per.

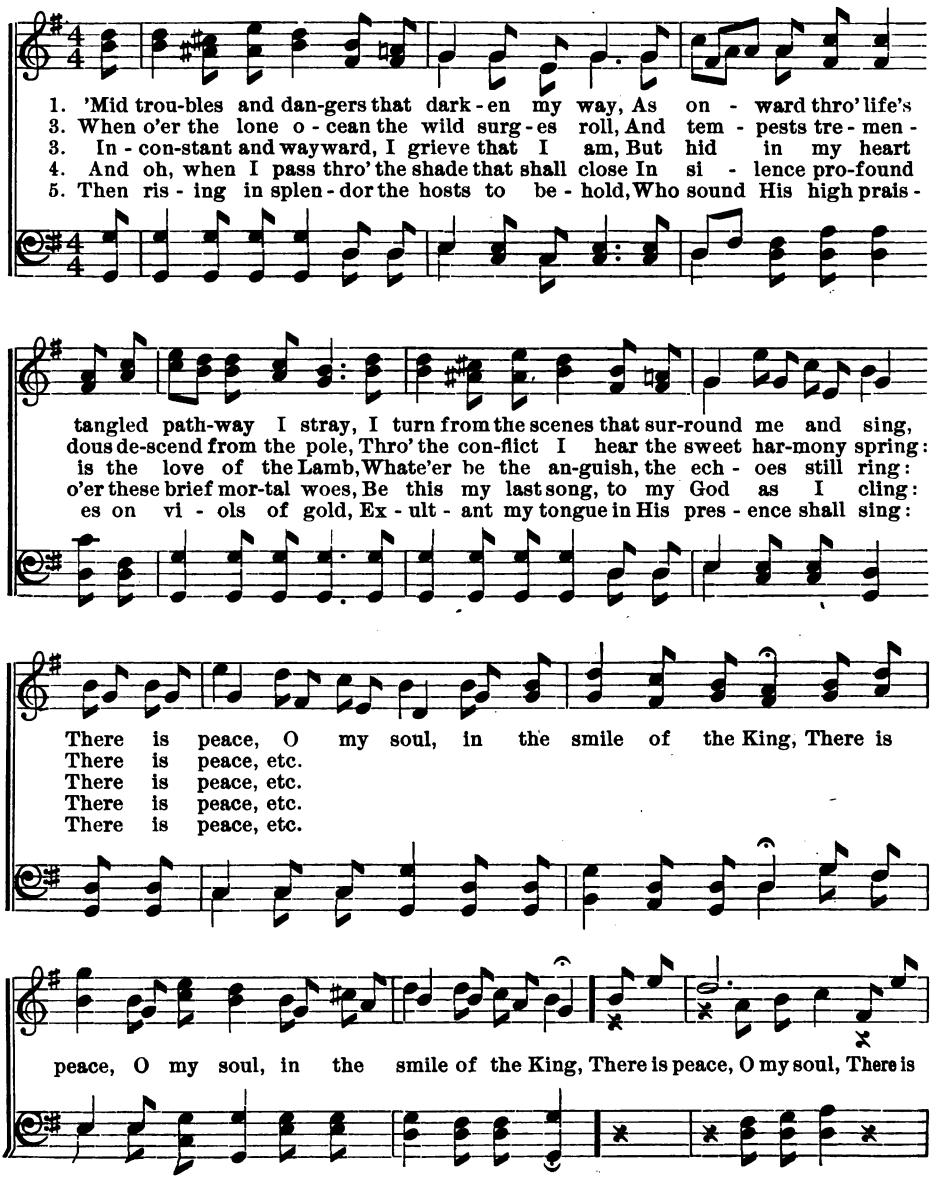


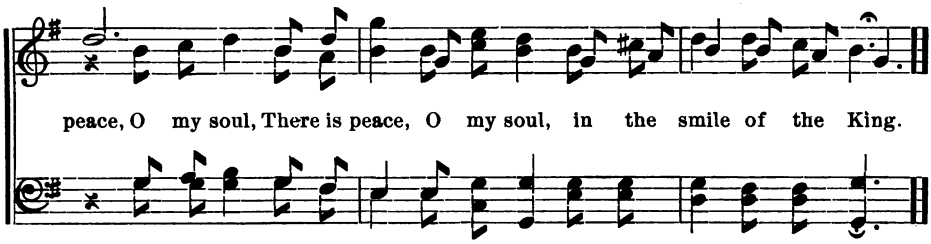




110 THE SMILE OF THE KING.

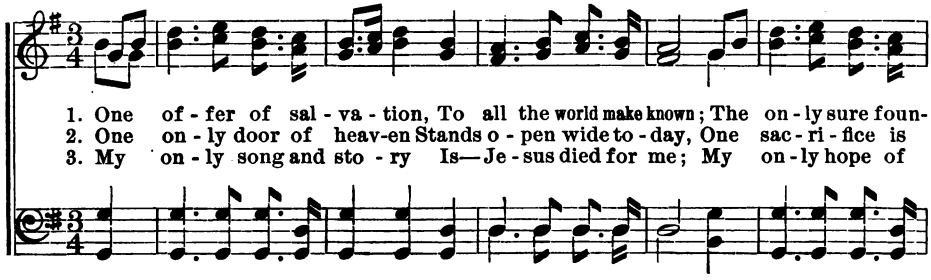
Rev. Elias Nason. J. R. Murray.



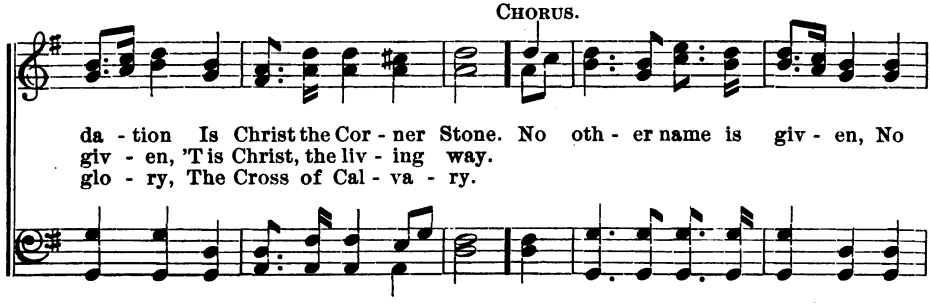


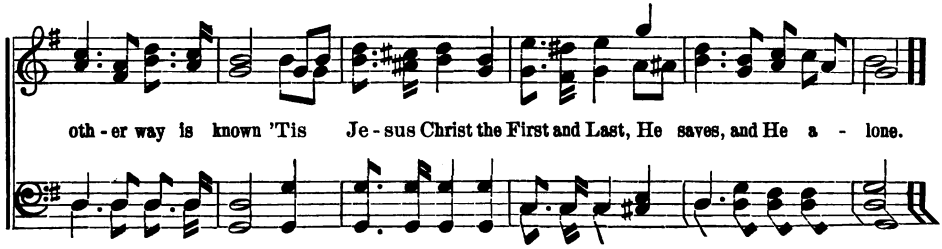
111 NO OTHER NAME.

P. P. Bliss. P. P. Bliss, by per.



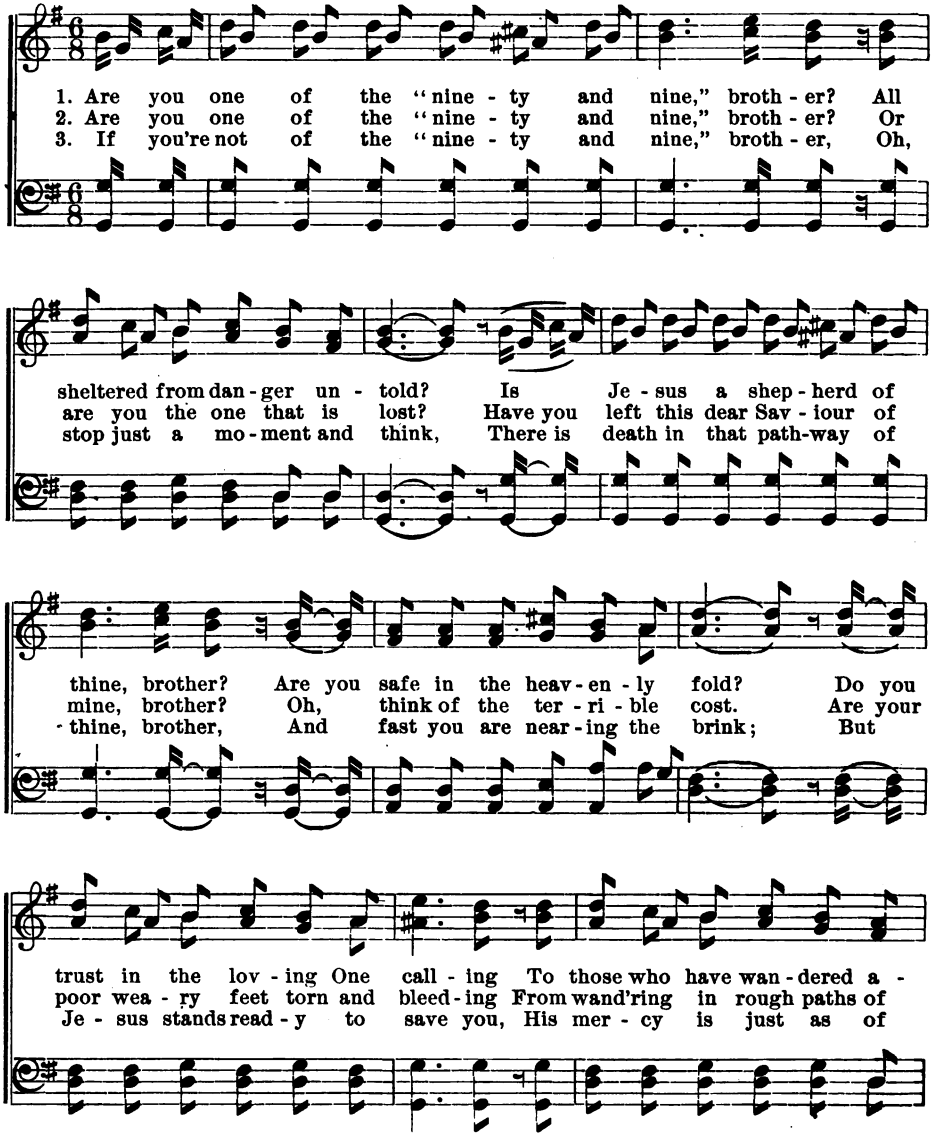
Chorus.





112 ARE YOU ONE OF THE NINETY AND NINE?

T. P. W. THOS. P. WESTENDORF.



ARE YOU ONE OF THE NINETY AND NINE?

way? Are you sure there's no dan - ger of fall - ing, If
sin? Oh, list to the good Shep - herd call - ing, He's
old; Then let not the wick - ed en - slave you, Oh,

REFRAIN.

you should be tempted to - day?
rea - dy to wel - come you in. Are you one of the nine - ty and
wand'rer, come in - to the fold.

nine? . . . O broth-er, no lon - ger de - lay; . . . . Ac -

nine - ty and nine, No lon - ger de - lay,

cept this dear Sav-iour of mine, And fol - low Him day af - ter day.

113 CHEER, BOYS, CHEER!

W. Hoyle. Arr. from H. Russell.

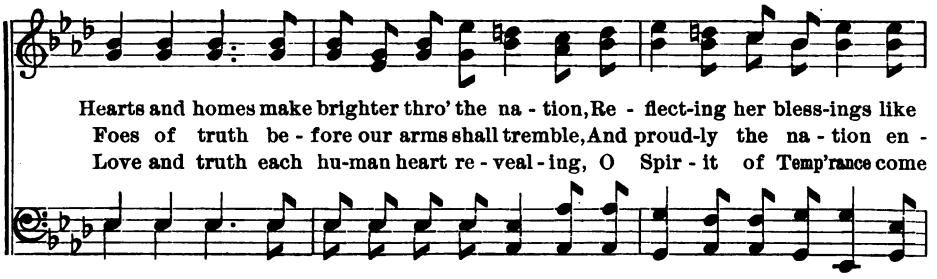
1. Cheer, boys, cheer! our cause is good and glo - rious, Spread it wide, our
2. Cheer, boys, cheer! the na - tion is a - wak - ing, Thous-ands rise to
3. Cheer, boys, cheer! the glo - rious re - form - a - tion, Who can tell the

na - tion to re - store; Cheer, boys, cheer! for truth shall be vic - to - rious,
snap the ty-rant's chain. Brave true hearts the tempter's cup for - sak - ing,
blessings yet in store, Wait - ing for the chil - dren of our na - tion,

Firm to our pledge, let us la - bor ev - er-more. Raise proud songs in
Fight-ing for truth they will con - quer yet a - gain. Thro' the land let
When sor-row's past and the ty - rant is no more. An - gel choirs with

proud-est ex - ul - ta - tion, Temp'rance mild shall gain her peaceful sway,
free-men all as - sem - ble, Sol - diers brave, de - vo - ted to our cause,
hal - le - lu - jahs peal-ing, E - den's bowers brought back to earth a - gain.

CHEER, BOYS, CHEER!



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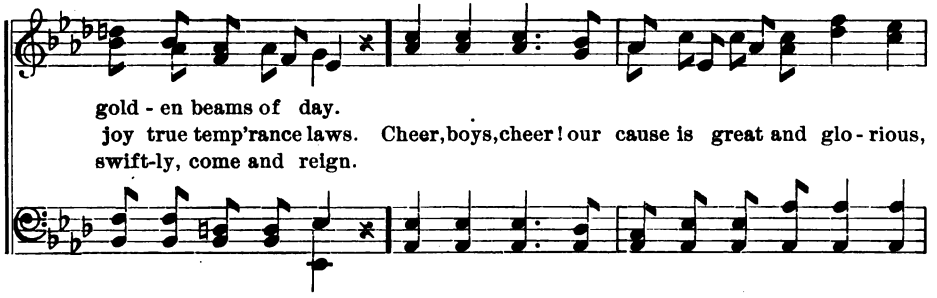
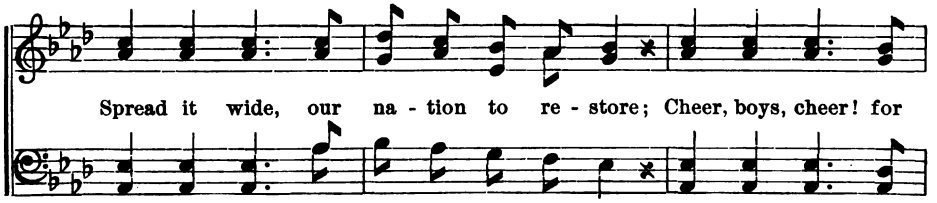
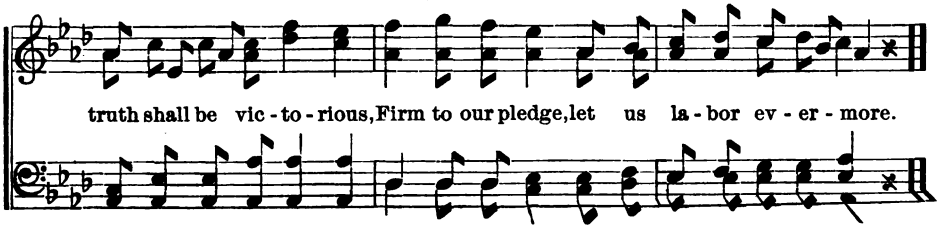






114 THOU ART GOING NOW.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH. GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Thou art go - ing now from our friend-ly sight, The thoughtless world to meet;
2. Thou art go - ing now from our friend-ly sight, Doubt may be o'er thy way;
3. Ere thou go - est out from our friend-ly sight, On Je - sus' name be - lieve;

Sin is wait - ing there, like a wrecker's light, To lure a - way thy feet.
Liv - id fires of e - vil are burn-ing bright To lead thy feet a - stray.
Here a - lone the glow of the heav-'nly light, That shines not to de - ceive.

We have called to thee in the Saviour's name, On our hearts thy soul we
By the mem-'ries sweet of a moth-er's name, And a fa-ther's watch-ful
For the sake, O then, of Im - man-uel's name, And the love the cross did

bear; Ere thou turn-est a - way from the al-tar's flame, O, seek thy God in pray'r.
care; Ere thou, etc.
bear; Ere thou, etc.

115 WHY DO YOU WAIT?

G. F. R. GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Why do you wait dear brother, Oh, why do you tar - ry so long? Your
2. What do you hope dear brother, To gain by a fur-ther de - lay? There's
3. Do you not feel, dear brother, His Spir - it now striv-ing with with-in? Oh,
4. Why do you wait, dear brother, The har - vest is pass-ing a - way, Your

Sav-iour is wait - ing to give you A place in His sanc - ti - fied throng.
no one to save you but Je - sus, There's no oth - er way but His way.
why not ac - cept His sal - va - tion, And throw off thy bur-den of sin.
Sav-iour is long-ing to bless you, There's dan-ger and death in de - lay.

REFRAIN.

Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now?

Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now.

116 ETERNITY!

MRS. ELLEN M. H. GATES. P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. Oh, the clanging bells of Time! Night and day they nev - er cease;
2. Oh, the clanging bells of Time! How their chang-es rise and fall,
3. Oh, the clanging bells of Time! To their voi - ces, loud and low,
4. Oh, the clanging bells of Time! Soon their notes will all be dumb,

We are wea - ried with their chime, For they do not bring us peace;
But in un - der - tone sub - lime, Sound-ing clear - ly through them all,
In a long, un - rest - ing line We are march-ing to and fro;
And in joy and peace sub - lime, We shall feel the si - lence come;

And we hush our breath to hear, And we strain our eyes to see
Is a voice that must be heard, As our mo - ments on - ward flee,
And we yearn for sight or sound Of the life that is to be,
And our souls their thirst will slake, And our eyes the King will see,

If Thy shores are drawing near, — E - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty!
And it speaketh aye one word, — E - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty!
For Thy breath doth wrap us round, — E - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty!
When Thy glorious morn shall break, — E - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty!

117 OUR COUNTRY'S CALL

By permission. FRANZ ABT. ARR. by REV. W. L. R.

Allegro.

1. Hear your coun-try's call, Freemen, one and all! Hear your country's ear-nest cry;
2. From the shop and farm, From the hearth-stone warm, Lo, we gath - er brave and strong!
3. Hail, our Fa - ther-land! Here thy children stand, All re-solved, u - ni - ted, true,

See your na - tive land Asks your succoring hand, Sons of Freedom, draw ye nigh;
Faithful here we stand To re-deem our land From intem'prance, sin and wrong;
In thy ho - ly cause, Ne'er to faint or pause, Is the vow we here re - new;

REFRAIN.

Lift our coun - try's flag on high, 'T is the em - blem of the

ff

free; Lift our country's flag on high, 'T is the pledge of vic - to - ry.

ff

118 AS THY DAYS THY STRENGTH SHALL BE.

* * * arr'd. G. F. R.

1. Af - flict - ed soul, dis - miss thy fear! Thy Sav-iour's gra - cious prom - ise
2. Let not the heart de - spond and say, "How shall I stand the try - ing
3. When called to bear the weigh-ty cross Of sore af - flic - tion, pain or
4. When death ap - pears be - fore thy view, His pres-ence shall thy foes sub -

hear; His faithful word de-clares to thee, That as thy days thy strength shall be:
day?" He has en - gaged by firm de - cree, That as etc.
loss, Or deep dis - tress or pov - er - ty, Still as etc.
due, He comes to set thy spir - it free, And as etc.

Thy strength shall be, Thy strength shall be, Thy strength shall be, Thy strength shall

be, His faithful word de-clares to thee That as thy days thy strength shall be.
be, He has en - gaged by firm de - cree, That as etc.
be, When called to pain or pov - er - ty, Still as etc.
be, He comes to set thy spir - it free, And as etc.

119 THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

REV. ALFRED LANCASTER.

1. In the twilight hours 'mid the breath of flow'rs, When the soul in si-lence dwells,
2. There summer bright for - ev - er glows, And love im-mor - tal beams;
3. There lil - ies bloom of pur - est white, In hearts whom earth knew not;
4. From the gol-den shore where our loved ones stand, While they watch with ea-ger eyes,
5. O chil-dren, sing in joy - ous notes, Of the bless-ed heavenly land;

Sweet ech-oes from the far - off home, Like the voice of ev - 'ning bells.
Where wa - ters flow in rippling song, From life's a - bound-ing streams.
There wea - ry souls find heavenly peace, When sor - row's work is wrought.
Sweet voic - es come, and they call us home, To the home in the spir - it's skies.
And let us walk in love and truth, Till we join that ra - diant band.

REFRAIN.

O broth-er! O sis - ter! loved, joy - ous, free; We will

walk hand in hand to the beau - ti - ful land, Till its gol-den shores we see.

120 BEFORE THE BOLTED DOOR.

REV. LOWRIE HOFFORD, D.D. J. R. MURRAY.

1. Be - fore the bol - ted door The wait - ing Sav - iour stands, He
2. Be - fore the bol - ted door A gen - tle voice is heard; In
3. Be - fore the bol - ted door! And can you yet de - lay, And

kind - ly waits, and gen - tly knocks With nev - er wea - ried hands. The
tones of ten - der - ness and love It speaks a plead - ing word. "If
let the wait - ing Sav - iour stand, Or sad - ly turn a - way? There's

hea - vy dews of night Are fall - ing on His head, And still no voice with-
a - ny hear my voice And o - pen will - ing - ly, I'll en - ter in and
mer - cy in His heart, There's kindness in His voice, Oh, has - ten to un -

REFRAIN.
Wait - ing,

in responds, No wel - come word is said. Yes, He is wait - ing,
sup with Him, And He shall sup with me."
bar the door, And in His smile re - joice.

wait - ing,

pa-tient-ly wait-ing, Oh, let Him wait no long-er, Rise and let Him in.

wait - ing, wait - ing.

Lov-ing-ly wait-ing, Tender-ly wait-ing, Oh, haste to rise and let Him in.

121 LIFT YOUR GLAD VOICES.

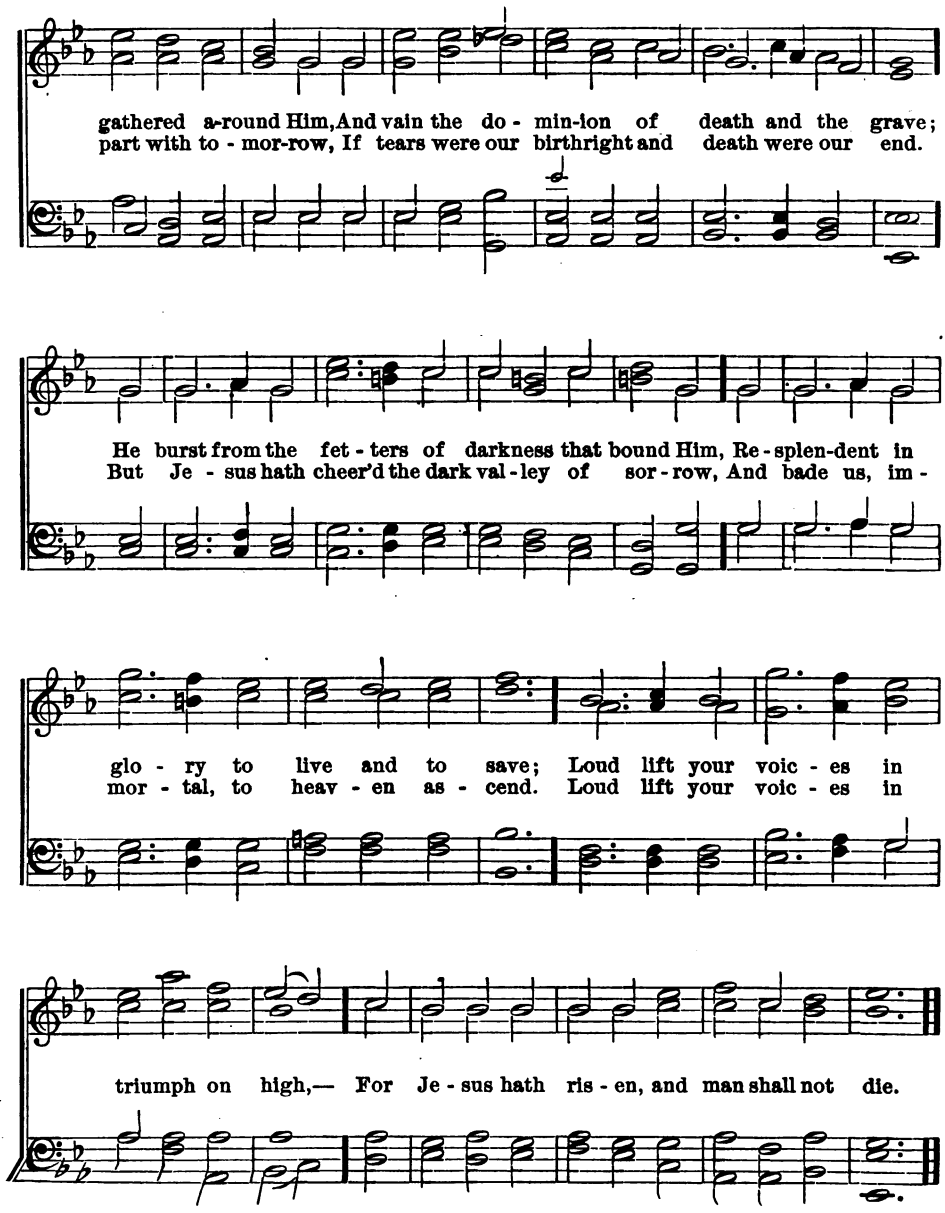
W. C. FILBY.

Joyful.

1. Lift your glad voic-es in tri-umph on high, For Je-sus hath
2. Glo-ry to God in full an-thems of joy; The be-ing He

ris-en, and man shall not die. Vain were the ter-rors that
gave us death can-not de-stroy. Sad were the life we must

LIFT YOUR GLAD VOICES.



122 IMMANUEL'S LAND.

ANNIE R. COUSIN, 1857. C. M. WYMAN, by per.

1. The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of heav - en breaks,
2. I've wres - tled on t'ward heav - en, 'Gainst storm and wind and tide,
3. Deep wa - ters crossed life's path-way, The hedge of thorns was sharp;

The sum - mer morn I've sighed for— The fair, sweet morn a - wakes.
Now, like a wea - ry trav - 'ler That lean - eth on his guide,
Now these lie all be - hind me— Oh! for a well-tuned harp!

Dark, . . dark hath been the mid-night, But day - spring is at hand,
A - mid the shades of ev'n - ing, While sinks life's lin - gering sand,
Oh, to join the hal - le - lu - jah With yon tri - um - phant band!

And glo - ry—glo - ry dwell - eth In . . . . Im - man - uel's land.
I hail the glo - ry dawn - ing, From . . Im - man - uel's land.
Who sing where glo - ry dwell - eth, In . . . . Im - man - uel's land.

123 BEHOLD THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH.

G. F. R. GEO. F. ROOT, by per.

1. Our lamps are trimm'd and burn-ing, Our robes are white and clean, We've tar - ried for the Bridegroom, Oh, may we en - ter in? We know we've nothing worth-y That we can call our own— The light, the oil, the robes we wear, Are all from Him a - lone.

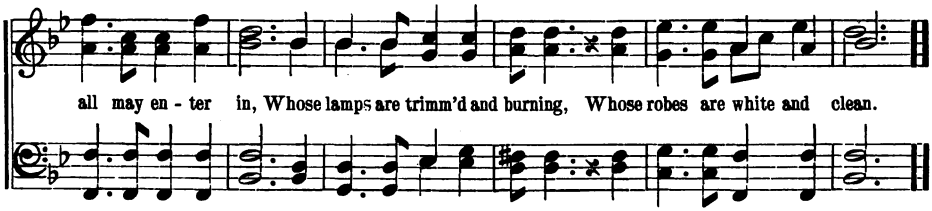
2. Go forth, go forth to meet Him, The way is o - pen now, All light - ed with the glo - ry That's stream-ing from His brow. Ac - cept the in - vi - ta-tion Be - yond de - serv-ing kind; Make no de - lay, but take your lamps, And joy e - ter - nal find.

3. We see the mar - riage splen-dor With - in the o - pen door; We know that those who en - ter Are blest for ev - er - more. We see He is more love-ly Than all the sons of men, But still we know the door once shut, Will nev - er ope a - gain.

CHORUS.

Be - hold the Bridegroom cometh! And

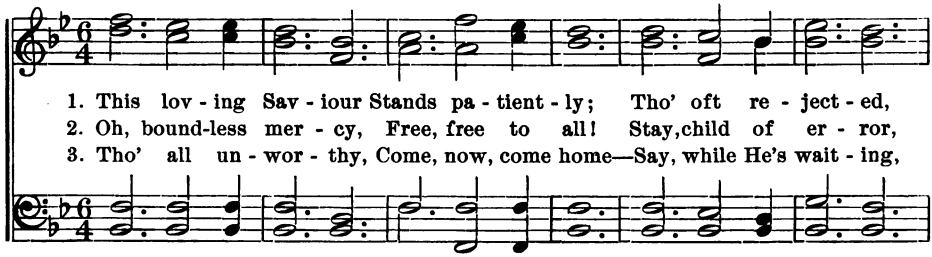
BEHOLD THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH.

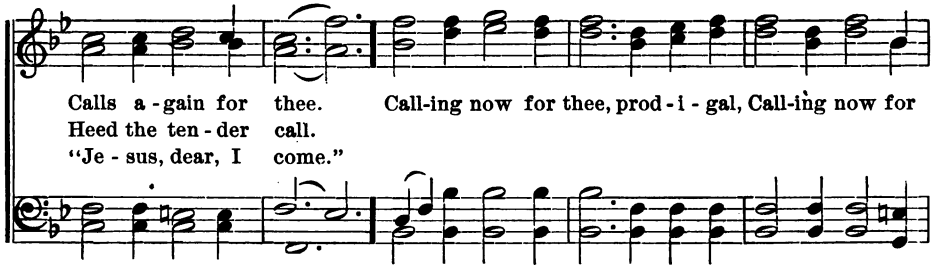


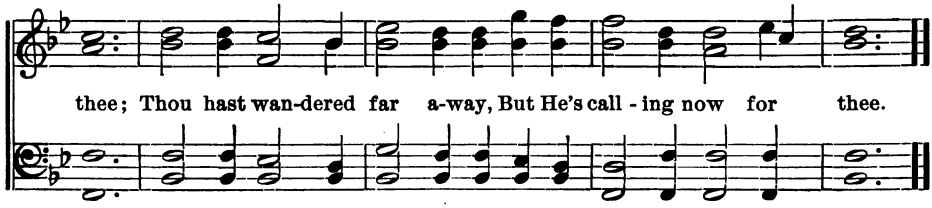
124 CALLING NOW.

"To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts."—Heb. 3: 15.

P. P. Bliss. P. P. Bliss, by per.

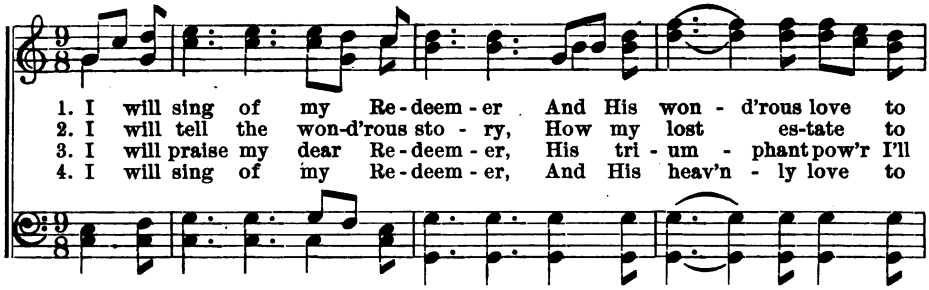




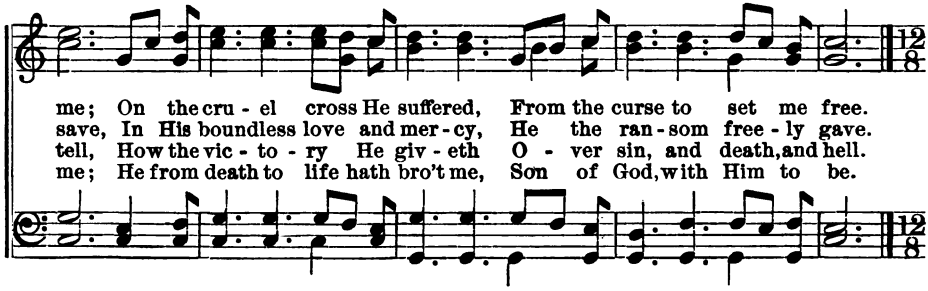


125 MY REDEEMER.

P. P. Bliss. James McGranahan, by per.

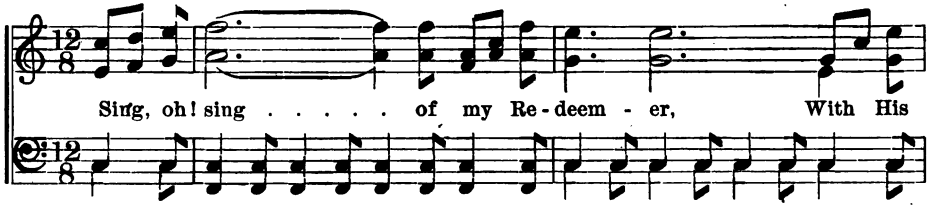


1. I will sing of my Re-deem-er And His won-d'rous love to
2. I will tell the won-d'rous sto-ry, How my lost es-tate to
3. I will praise my dear Re-deem-er, His tri-um-phant pow'r I'll
4. I will sing of my Re-deem-er, And His heav'n-ly love to



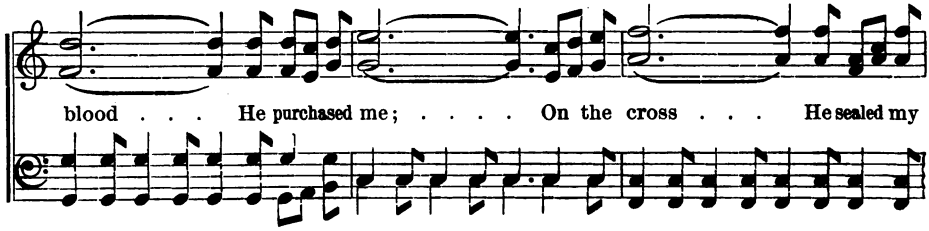
me; On the cru-el cross He suffered, From the curse to set me free.
save, In His boundless love and mer-cy, He the ran-som free-ly gave.
tell, How the vic-to-ry He giv-eth O-ver sin, and death, and hell.
me; He from death to life hath bro't me, Son of God, with Him to be.

Chorus.



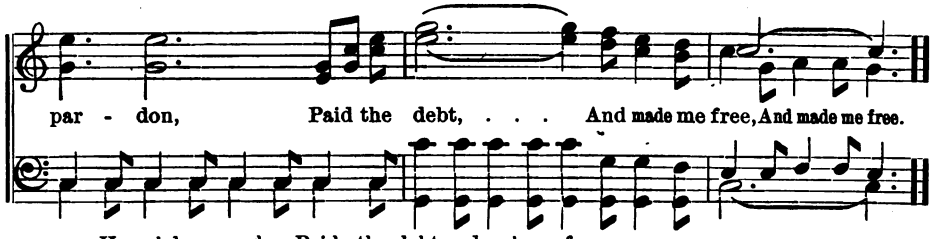
Sing, oh! sing . . . . . of my Re-deem-er, With His

Sing, oh! sing of my Re-deem-er, Sing, oh! sing of my Re-deem-er, With His



blood . . . He purchased me; . . . . On the cross . . . He sealed my

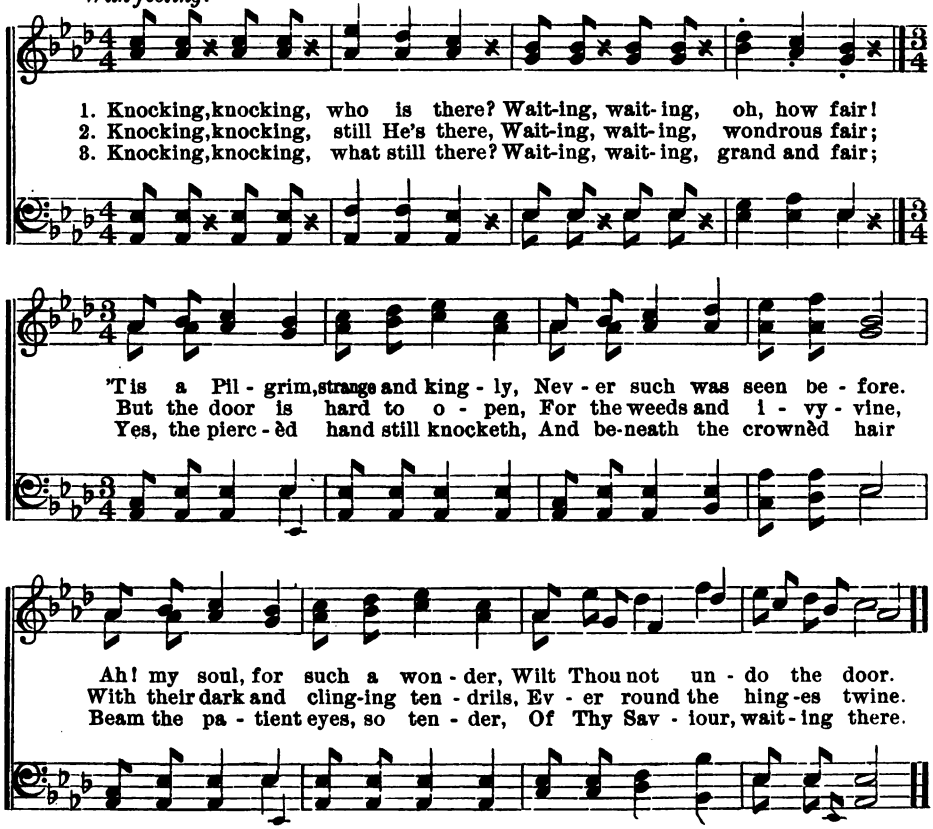
blood He purchased me, He purchased me, He purchased me; On the cross He sealed my par-don, On the



126 KNOCKING, KNOCKING, WHO IS THERE?

MRS. H. B. STOWE, *arr.* GEO. F. ROOT, by per.

With feeling.



127 I AM THE DOOR.

Words and music by G. F. R.

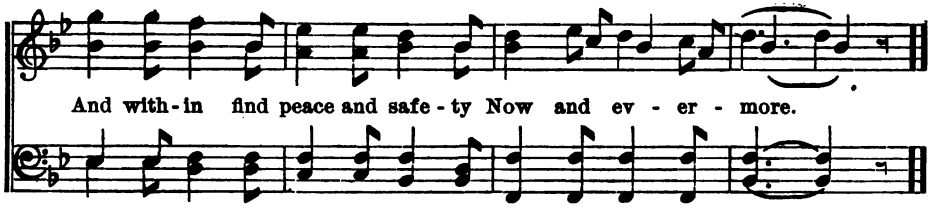
1. Hear the heavenly Shepherd say - ing, "I am the door;" Ye have heard His voice of mer - cy Man - y times be - fore. Why re - sist while He is call-ing? Why so long de - lay? You can find no oth - er entrance,

2. 'T is the door of life e - ter - nal, Why stay with - out? 'T is your Saviour's in - vi - ta - tion, Wherefore long - er doubt? Climb not up some oth - er way to Find this land so fair; On - ly thro' the door of par - don

3. Darkness gathers round the sheep-fold, Yet there with- in All is light and joy and glad - ness, With no grief nor sin. Once a - gain the Shepherd calls you 'Mid the gath'ring shades; Hear and heed His lov - ing ac-cents

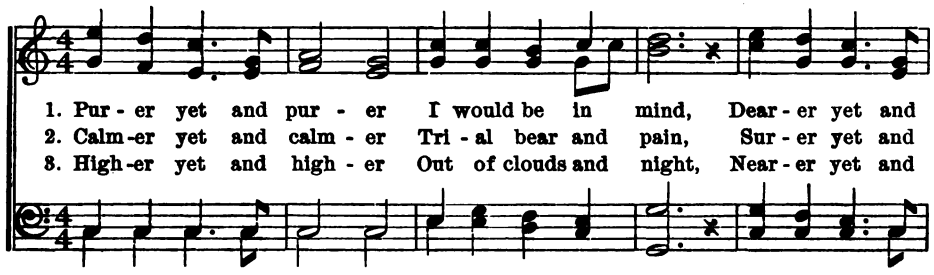
CHORUS.

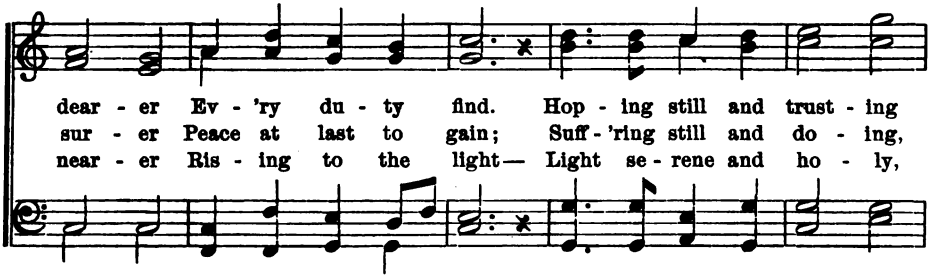
Come, oh, come to - day!
Can you en - ter there. En - ter at the door, En - ter at the door,
Ere the day-light fades.

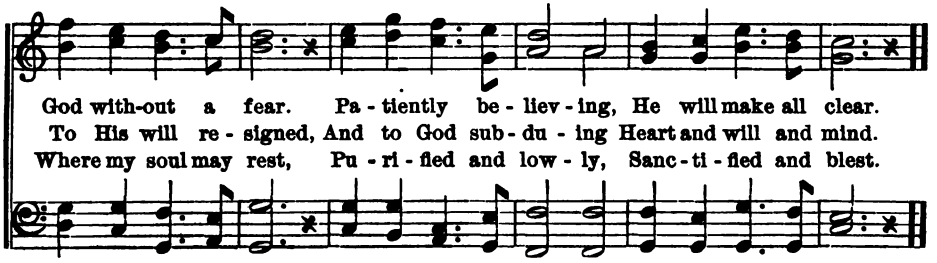


128 PURER YET AND PURER.

J. R. MURRAY.







129 IN THE SILENT MIDNIGHT WATCHES.

REV. A. C. COXE, D. D. GEO. F. ROOT, by per.

Piano e Marcato.

1. In the si - lent mid - night watch-es, List — thy bo - som's door!
2. Death comes down with reck - less foot - steps, To the hall and hut;
3. Then 'tis time to stand en - treat - ing Christ to let thee in;

How it knock-eth, knock-eth, knock-eth, Knock - eth ev - er - more!
Think you death will tar - ry knock-ing, When the door is shut?
At the gate of heav - en beat - ing, Wail - ing for thy sin?

Say not 'tis thy puls - es beat - ing, 'Tis thy heart of sin;
Je - sus wait - eth, wait - eth, wait - eth; But the door is fast;
Nay! a - las, thou guil - ty crea - ture! Hast thou, then, for - got?

'Tis Thy Sav - iour knocks, and cri - eth, "Rise, and let me in!"
Grieved, a - way thy Sav - iour go - eth, Death breaks in at last.
Je - sus wait - ed long to know thee, Now He knows thee not!

130 THE HARVEST TIME.

REV. M. L. HOFFORD. W. F. SHERWIN.

1. Look up! be-hold, the fields are white, The har-vest time is near; The
2. Look up! be-hold, the fields are white, The La-bor-ers are few! The
3. Look up! be-hold, the fields are white, The Mas-ter soon will come And

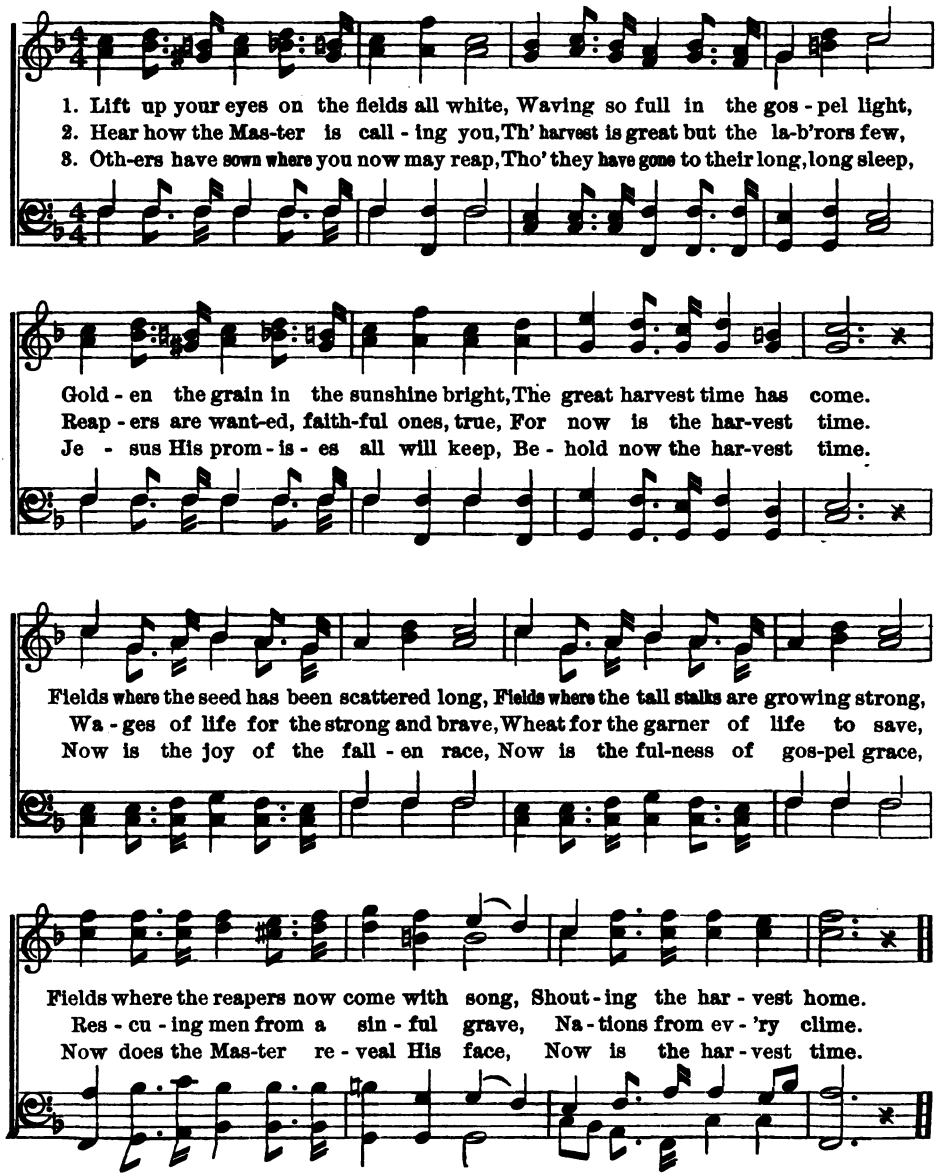
sum-mons of the Mas-ter falls Up-on the reap-er's ear; Go
gath'r-ing of the har-vest must By grace de-pend on you. Go
car-ry with re-joic-ing heart His gath-ered troph-ies home. And

forth in-to the gold-en grain And bind the prec-ious sheaves, And
forth throughout the bus-y world, The world of want and sin. And
can you stand with emp-ty arms, While glad-ly He re-ceives From

gar-ner for the Lord of hosts The har-vest which He gives.
gath-er for the Lord of hosts Its dy-ing mil-lions in.
oth-ers in the har-vest-field A load of prec-ious sheaves.

131 NOW IS THE HARVEST TIME.

Rev. J. O. Foster, A. M. G. F. Root.



132 O HAPPY DAY! O BLESSED HOUR!

Words and music by G. F. Root.

1. O hap - py day! O bless-ed hour! When, from the thrall of Satan's power, One
2. O hap - py day! O bless-ed hour! When, from the storms that round us lower, One
3. O hap - py day! O bless-ed hour! When, from our sure Defence and Tower, One

par-doned soul re - turns to Thee, O Might - y One! for - ev - er free.
trav - 'ler leaves the dang'rous road, And takes the nar - row path to God.
sol - dier, bat - t'ling with his sins, By help di-vine, the vict - 'ry wins.

Chorus.

The an-gels chant their sweet-est lays, The heavens resound the lof - ty praise; To

Him, they sing; all glo - ry be, Whose wondrous love has set us free.

133 THERE'S A LIGHT FROM THE CROSS.

J. R. MURRAY.

1. There's a light from the cross, There's a light from the Word; It is
2. Bow down east - ern moun-tains, The Sav - iour has come! And
3. There's a light from the cross, There's a light from the Word; And the

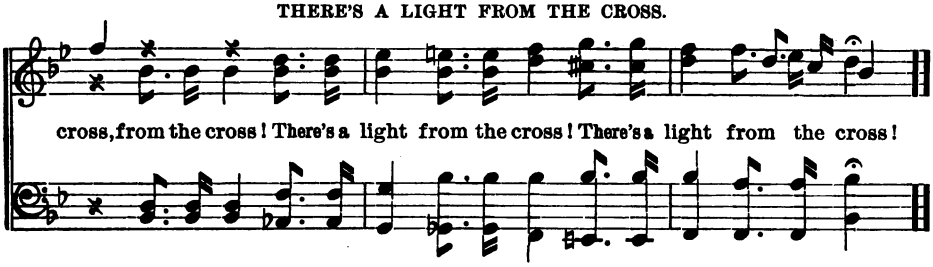
door - ing the earth with the joy of the Lord! And the hearts that were
sing, O ye moun - tains, in ev - 'ry wide zone! To ev - 'ry dark
king - doms of earth are the realms of the Lord! O Sav - iour vic -

ach - ing In dark - ness, and break - ing, Are chant - ing His prais - es, in
na - tion the glad pro - cla - ma - tion Is of - fer - ing wel - come, and
to - rious, So ten - der and glo - rious, We praise Thee, we bless Thee in

CHORUS.

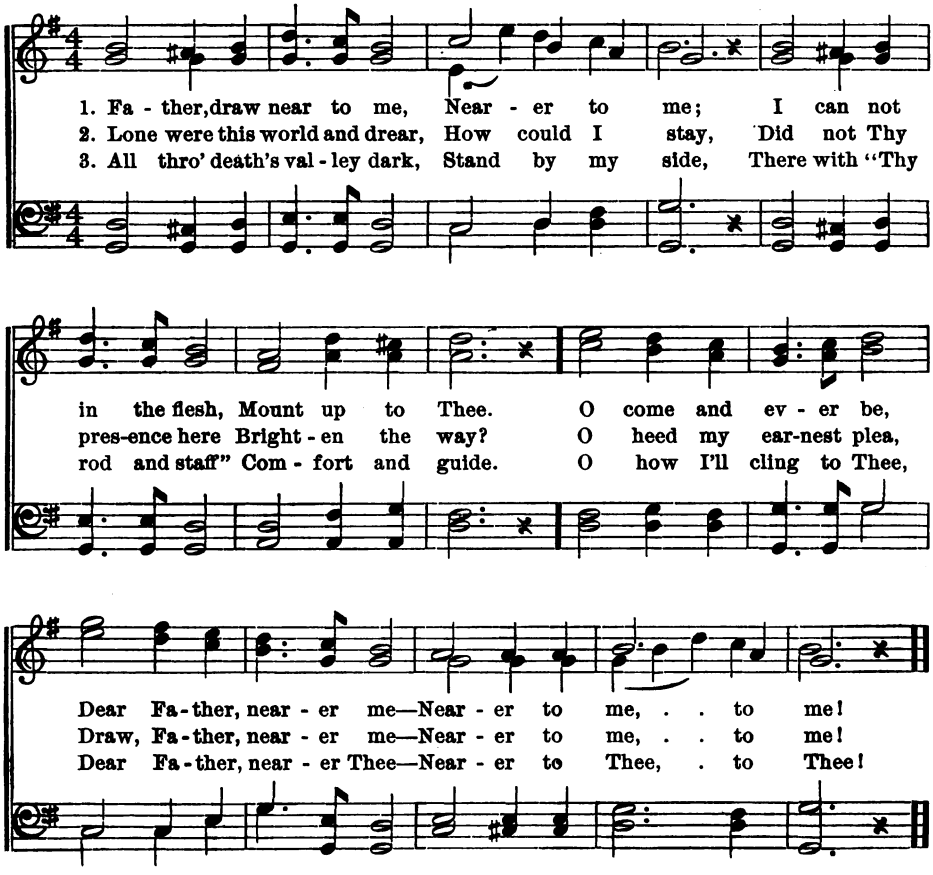
bliss - ful ac - cord.
par - don, and home! There's a light! There's a light! from the
rev - erent ac - cord.

THERE'S A LIGHT FROM THE CROSS.



134 NEARER TO ME.

W. F. SHERWIN.



135 WAITING FOR ME.

Words and music by J. R. MURRAY.

Trustfully.

1. I shall see them, and know them, and love them, When my
2. We shall walk in the light of His shin - ing, Whose
3. For the love that our heav - en - ly Fa - ther Would

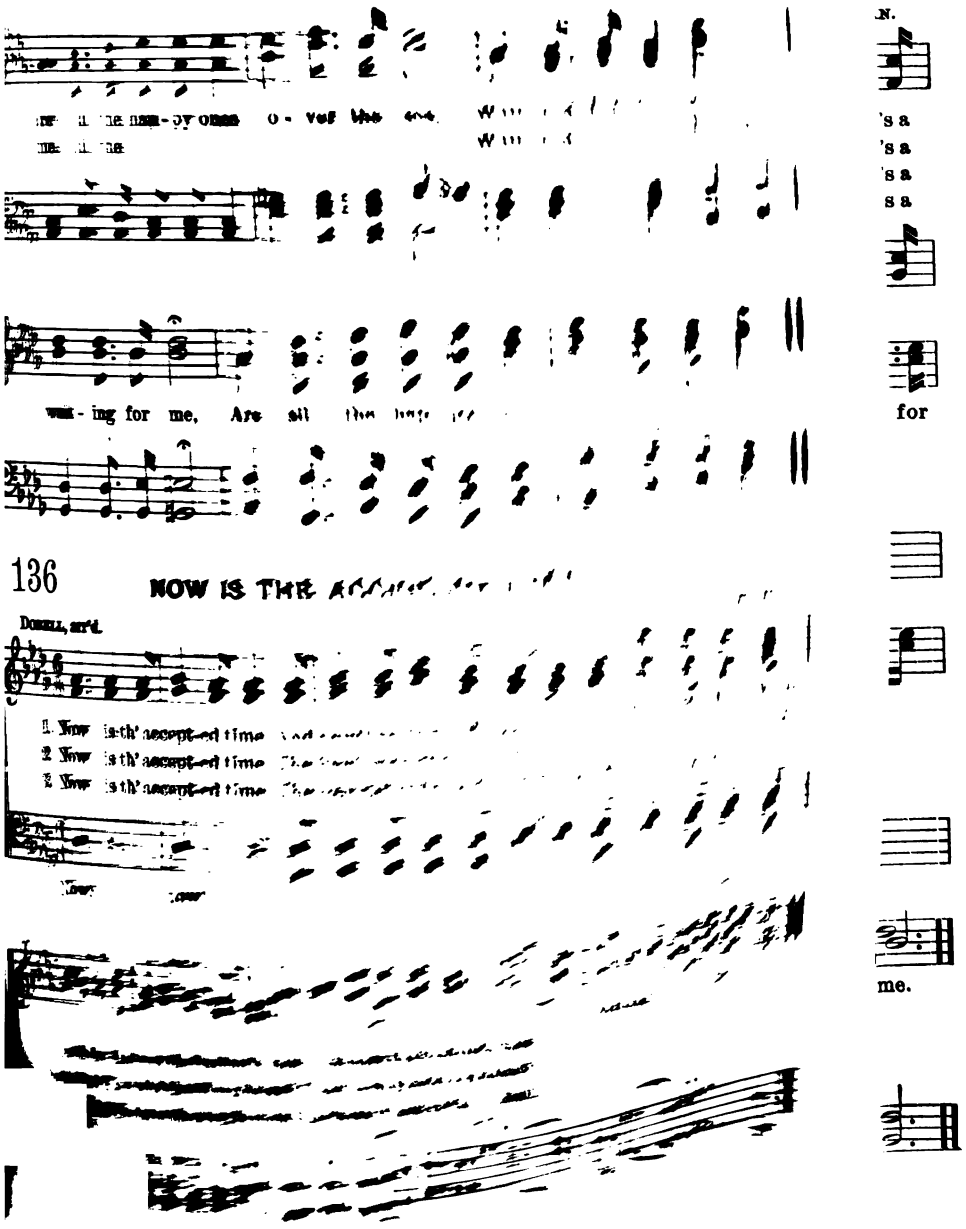
feet touch the sands of the bright gold - en shore, I shall
love is the life of the Beau - ti - ful Land; By the
have us be - stow on the dear ones be - low, Shall not

fold them a - gain to my bos - om, And our wand'rings and part-ings be
wa - ters of qui - et - ness dwell - ing, Ev - er fed by His boun - ti - ful
fail of its own in the heav - ens, When to the bright man-sions we

REFRAIN.

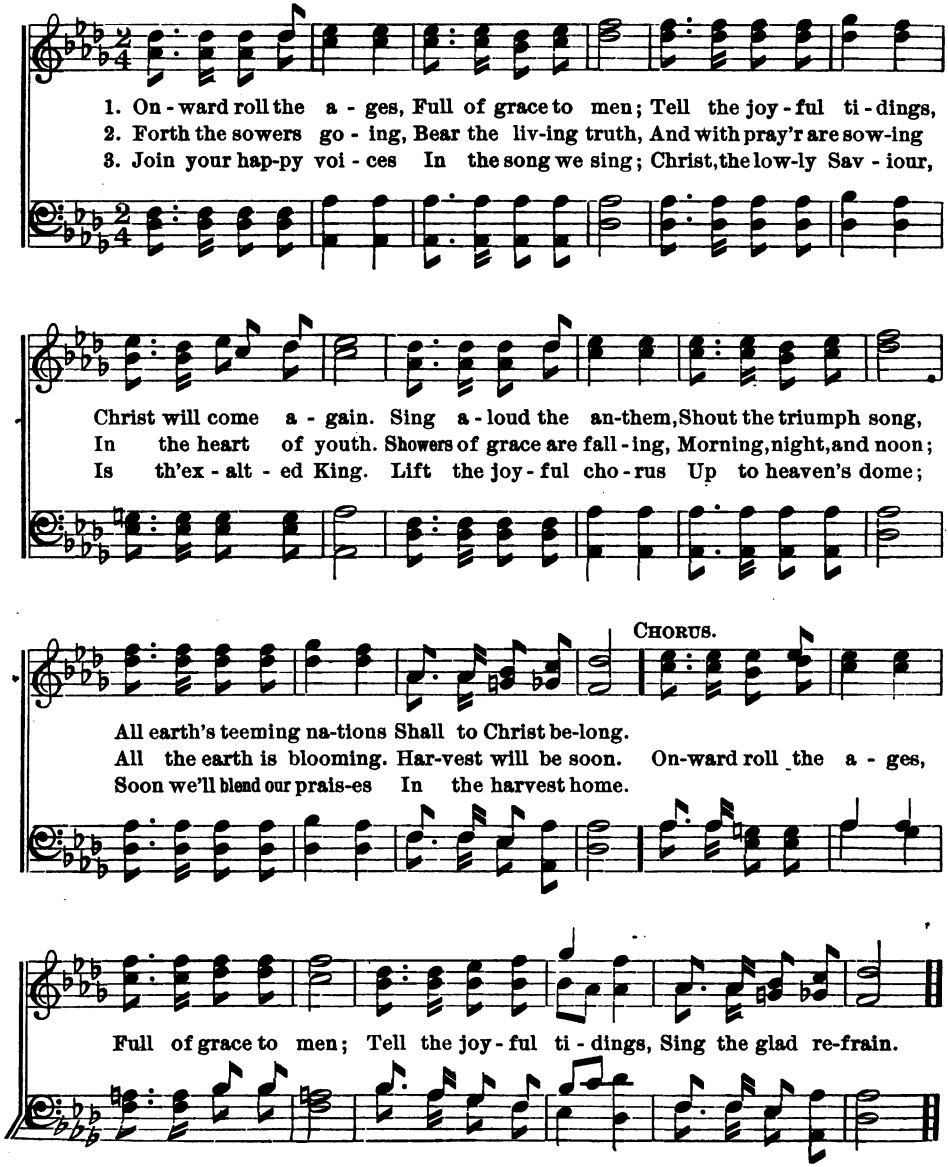
Gently and softly.

o'er. And now they're Wait - ing for me, yes, wait - ing for me,
hand. And now they're
go. And now they're Wait - ing, wait - ing for me, wait - ing for


N.
's a
's a
's a
s a
for
136
NOW IS THE
Dowell, arr'd.
1. Now is th' accept-ed time
2. Now is th' accept-ed time
3. Now is th' accept-ed time
me.

137 ONWARD ROLL THE AGES.

Rev. H. M. King, D. D. J. R. M.



138 FOR ME AND FOR THEE.

MINNIE K. CLARK. H. H. MCGRANAHAN.

1. There's a crown in heaven for me, A crown that I may wear; There's a crown in heaven for thee, A crown with jew-els rare. For me and for Thee, Yes, there's a crown for you and for me; For me and for thee, Yes, there's a crown for you and for me.
2. There's a song in heaven for me, A song that I may sing; There's a song in heaven for thee, A praise to Christ our King. song song
3. There's a robe in heaven for me, A robe so clean and white; There's a robe in heaven for thee, Oh, pure and sweet de - light. robe robe
4. There's a home in heaven for me, A home be-yond all sin; There's a home in heaven for thee, Come ye, and en - ter in. For me and for Thee For me and for thee, home home

139 ALL THE WAY HOME.

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN. W. F. SUDDS.

mp Moderato.

1. All the way home the Sav - iour will guide you, Com-fort, sus - tain, what -
2. All the way home His prom - ise shall cheer you, In ev - 'ry toil He'll
3. All the way home the Sav - iour will bless you, Fears all in vain shall

ev - er be - tide you; He by His grace all your need will sup - ply,
sure - ly be near you; Ten - der - ly feed you with man - na di - vine,
seek to dis - tress you; Bright-ly His light on your path-way may gleam,

f

Well-springs of love are a - bun - dant on high. Ev - er, and ev - er His
Gra - cious-ly teach you your will to re - sign. Ev - er, and ev - er His
Guid - ing your steps with its ra - di - ant beam. Ev - er, and ev - er its

all the way home.

p rall.

care will be nigh,
mer - cy shall shine, All the way, all the way home. . . . .
brill - iance shall stream,

ALL THE WAY HOME.

REFRAIN.

All the way home, all the way home, all the way home.

p

All the way home, all the way, all the way, all the way home. . .

mf

Ev - er, and ev - er His care will be nigh,
Ev - er, and ev - er His mer - cy shall shine, All the way, all the way home.
Ev - er, and ev - er its brilliance shall stream,

140 FORWARD, MARCH.

THEO. MONOD. W. F. SHERWIN.

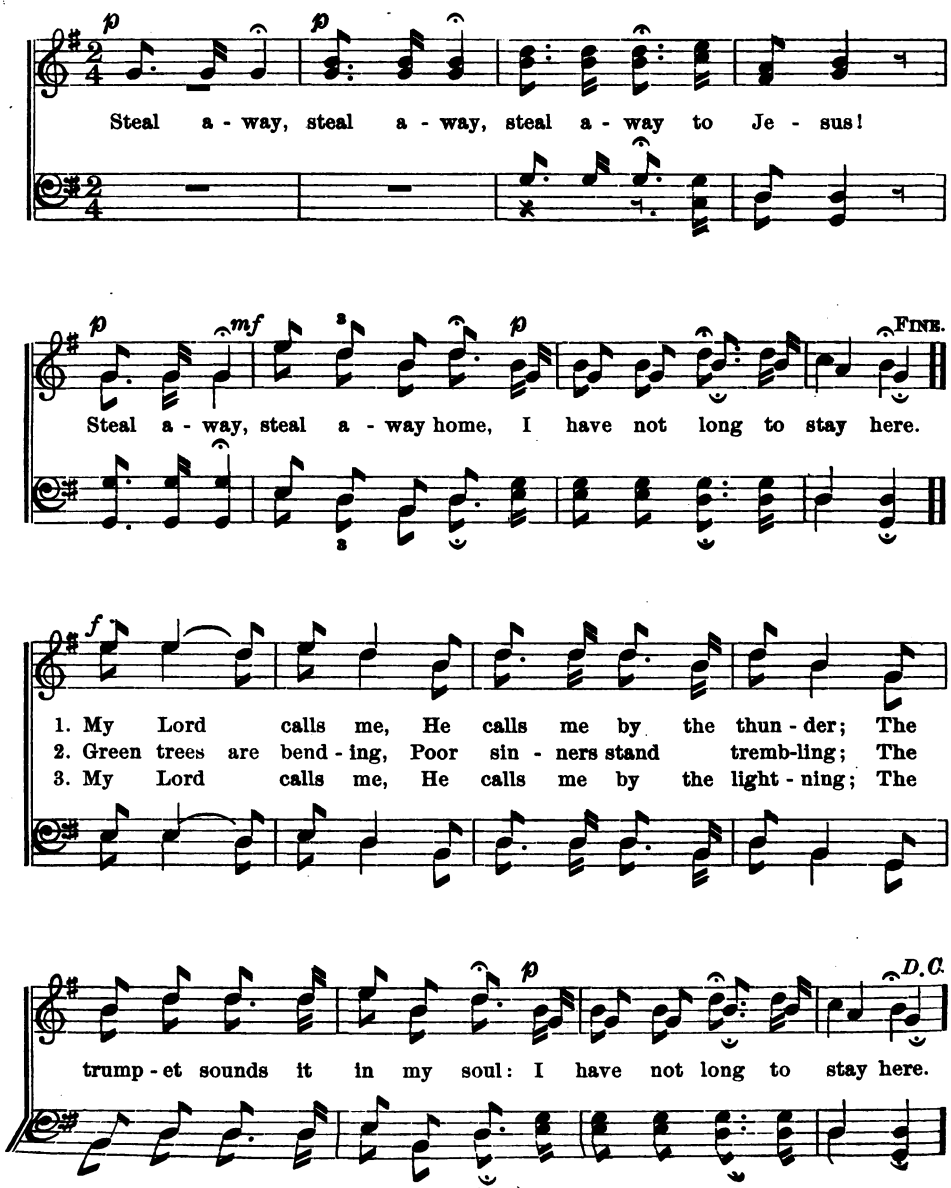
1. Forward, march! Forward, march! Sin - ner, to the Saviour clinging, Trembling, trusting,
2. Forward, march! Forward, march! Tar - ry not to count thy treasure; He will deal it
3. Forward, march! Forward, march! Art thou faint? He stands be-side thee: He shall help thee,
4. Forward, march! Forward, march! Thro' th' allurements of tempta - tion, Thro' the fires of
5. Forward, march! Forward, march! Till thy bending head be hoar - y, Till shall close thine

smil - ing, sing - ing, Hark! a - gain His voice is ring-ing, "For - ward, march!"
with - out meas-ure As thou do - est His good pleasure — For - ward, march!
guard thee, guide thee, In His shad-ow He shall hide thee — For - ward, march!
trib - u - la - tion, Hold-ing forth the great sal - va - tion, For - ward, march!
earth - ly sto - ry, Till thou step from grace to glo - ry, For - ward, march!

141

STEAL AWAY!

SLAVE SONG.



142 NOBODY KNOWS THE TROUBLE I'VE SEEN.

No - bod - y knows the trouble I've seen, No-bod - y knows but Je - sus,

No - bod - y knows the troub-le I've seen, Glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah.

1. { Some-times I'm up, some - times I'm down, Oh yes Lord,
   { Al - though you see me going along so, Oh yes Lord,

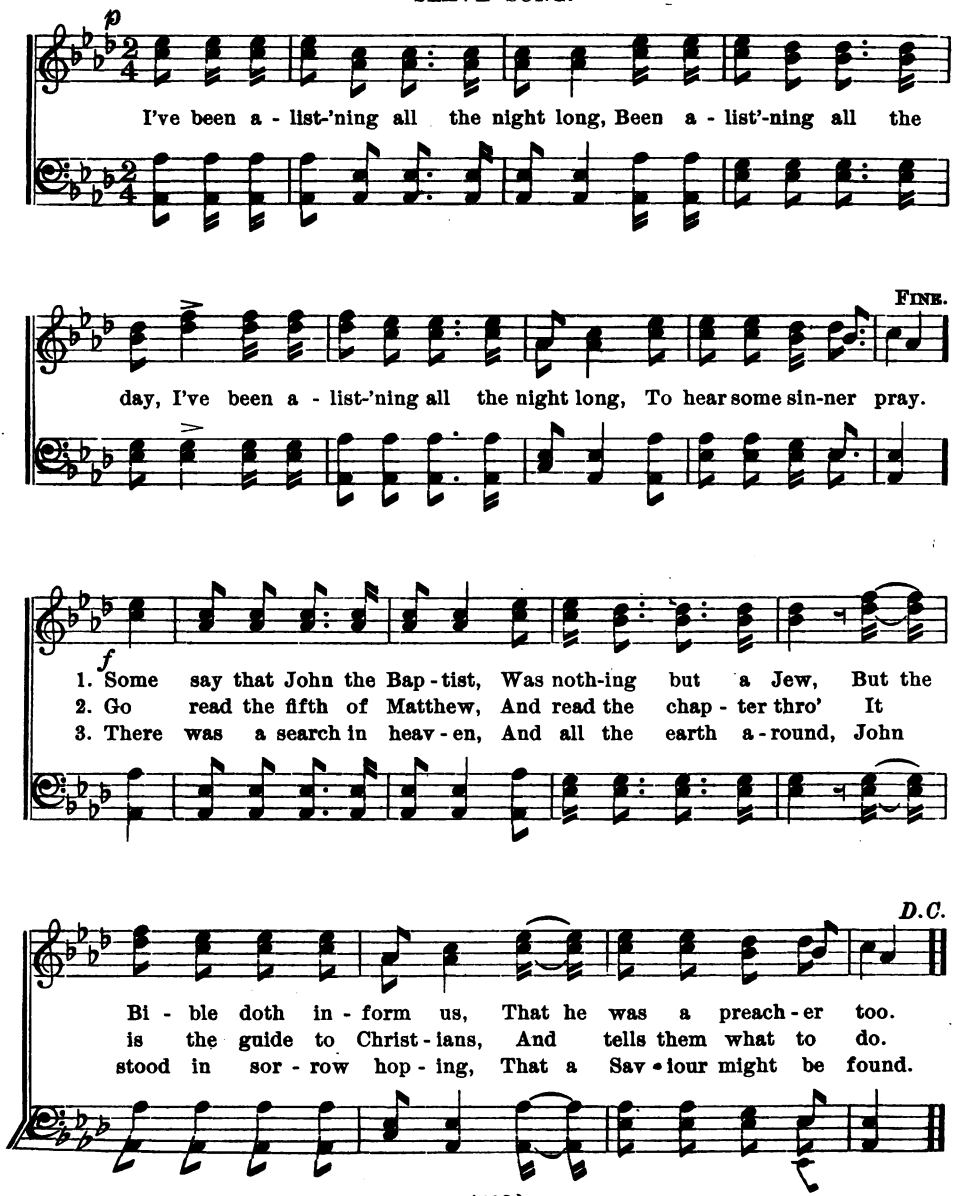
2. { One day when I was walk - ing along, Oh yes Lord,
   { I nev - er shall for - get that day, Oh yes Lord,

D.C. al fine.

Some - times I'm al - most to the ground, Oh, yes Lord.
I have my tri - als here be - low, Oh, yes Lord.
The ele-ments opened and the Lord came down, Oh, yes Lord.
When Je - sus washed my sins a - way, Oh, yes Lord.

143 I'VE BEEN A LIST'NING.

SLAVE SONG.



144 IN THAT BEAUTIFUL WORLD ON HIGH.

SLAVE SONG.

Arr. by W. F. Sudds.

1. { I hope my moth - er will be there, In that beau - ti - ful world
That used to join with me in prayer, In that beau - ti - ful world

2. { I hope my sis - ter will be there, In that beau - ti - ful world
That used to join with me in prayer, In that beau - ti - ful world

1 2 Refrain.

p

will be there,
on high. high. Oh, I will be there, ... Oh, I will be

f

there . . . . . with the palms of vic - to - ry, crowns of

will be there,

p

glo - ry you shall wear, In that beau - ti - ful world on high. . .

3 I hope my brother will be there,
In that beautiful world on high,
That used to join with me in prayer,
In *that beautiful world* on high.

4 I know my Saviour will be there,
In that beautiful world on high,
That used to listen to my prayer,
In that beautiful world on high.

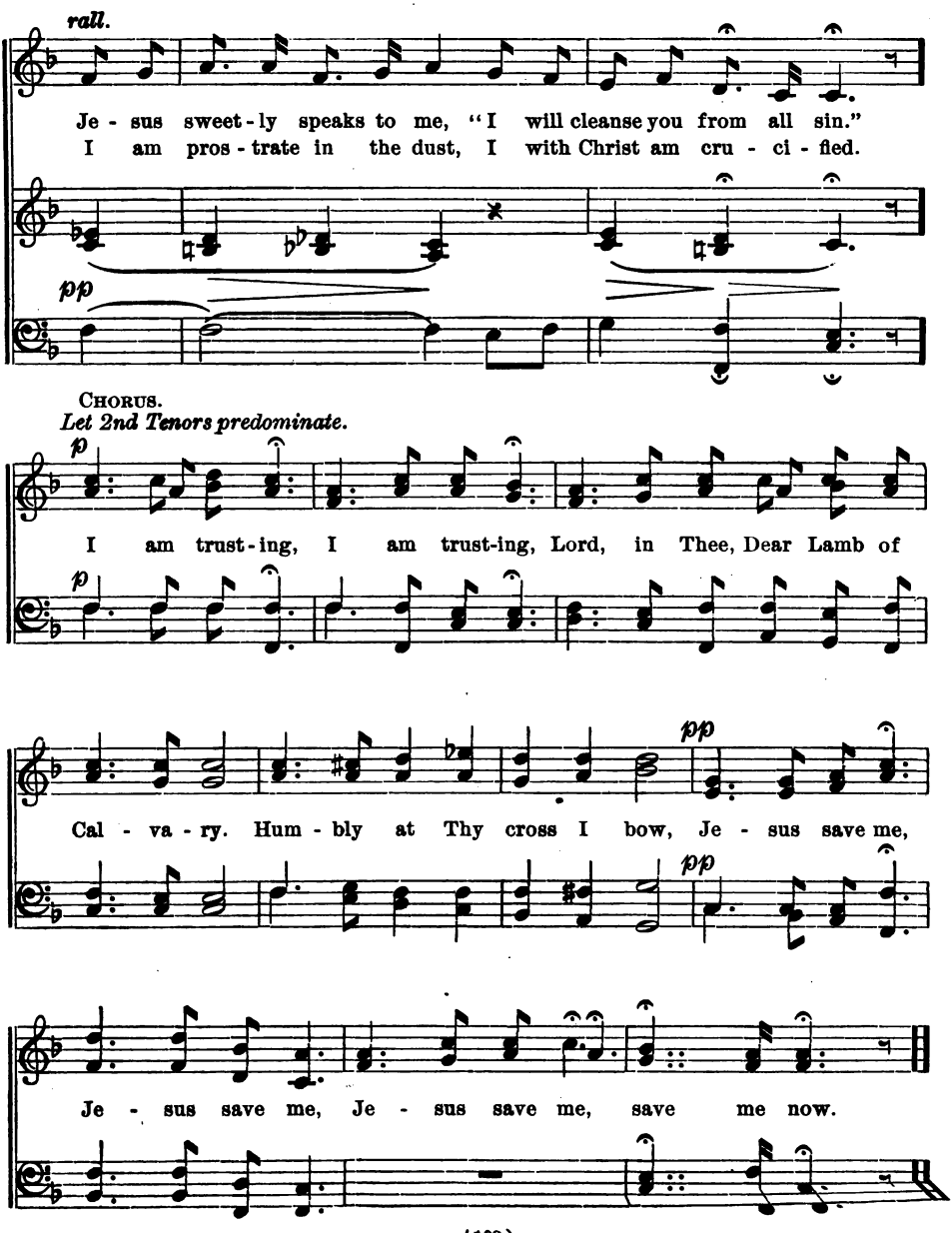
145 I AM COMING TO THE CROSS.

W. F. SUDDS, by permission.

Slowly, and with much expression. SOLO, BARITONE OR TENOR.

1. I am coming to the cross, I am poor, and weak, and blind, I am counting all but dross, I shall full sal-va-tion find. Long my heart has sighed for Thee, Long has e-vil dwelt within,

2. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends and time, and earth-ly store, Soul and bod-y, Thine to be, Whol-ly Thine for-ev-ermore. In Thy prom-is-es I trust, Now I feel the blood applied,


rall.
Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me, "I will cleanse you from all sin."
I am pros - trate in the dust, I with Christ am cru - ci - fied.
pp
CHORUS.
Let 2nd Tenors predominate.
p
I am trust - ing, I am trust-ing, Lord, in Thee, Dear Lamb of
p
pp
Cal - va - ry. Hum - bly at Thy cross I bow, Je - sus save me,
pp
Je - sus save me, Je - sus save me, save me now.

O, TO BE OVER YONDER.

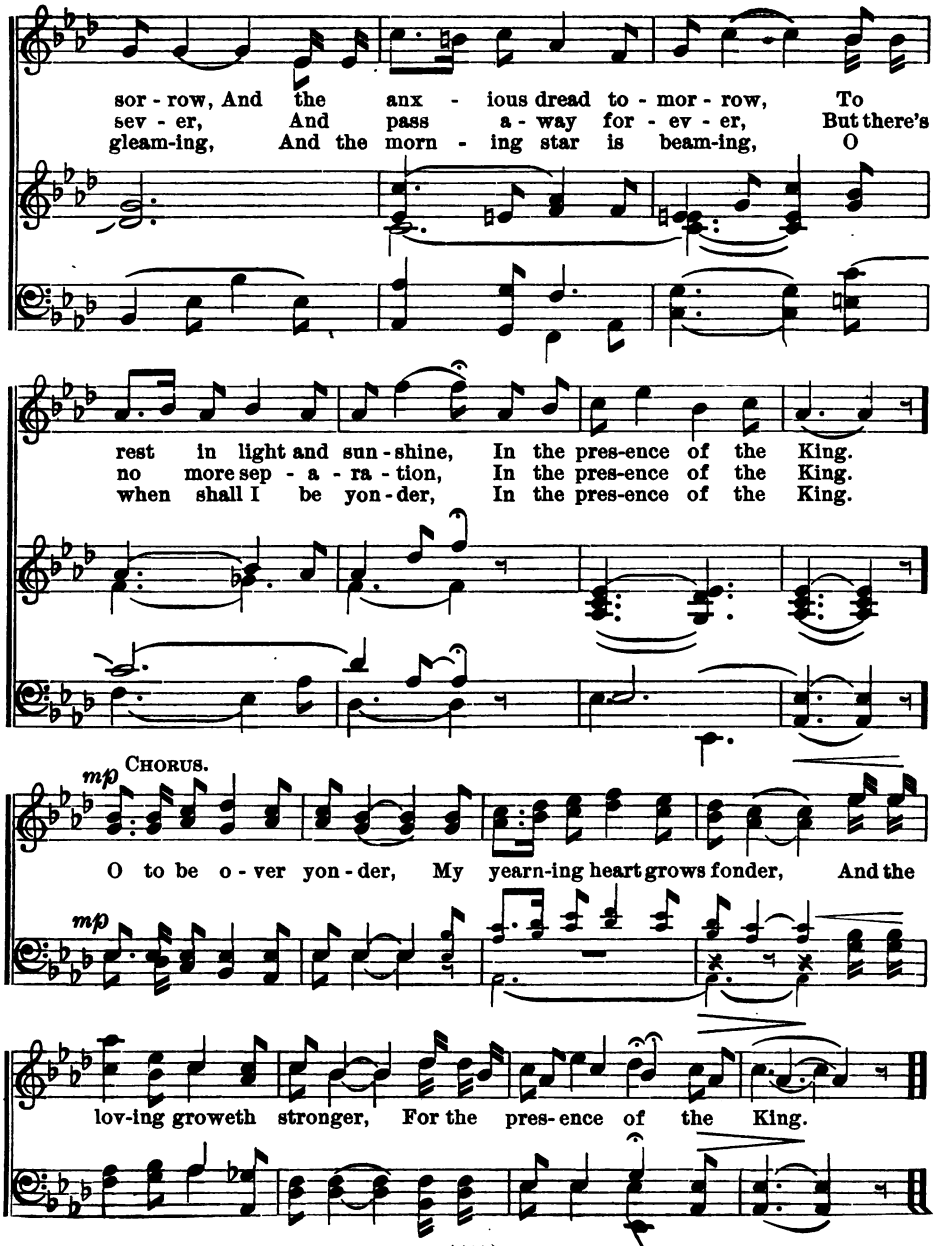
W. F. SUDDS, Sept. 11, 1887.

Moderately slow. SOLO, BARITONE OR TENOR.

pp

1. O to be o - ver yon - der, In that beau - ti - ful land of won - der, Where the an - gel voic - es min - gle and the harp - ers ring, To be free from care and
2. O to be o - ver yon - der, A - las, I sigh and won - der, Why clings my poor, weak heart to an - y earth - ly thing, Each tie of earth must
3. O when shall I be dwell-ing, Where an - gels voic - es swell - ing In tri - um - phant hal - le lu - jahs make the heav - ens ring, Where the heaven - ly gates are

O TO BE OVER YONDER.



147

BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS.

FOR DECORATION.

Poetry by JAS. F. SAYERS. W. F. SUDDS.

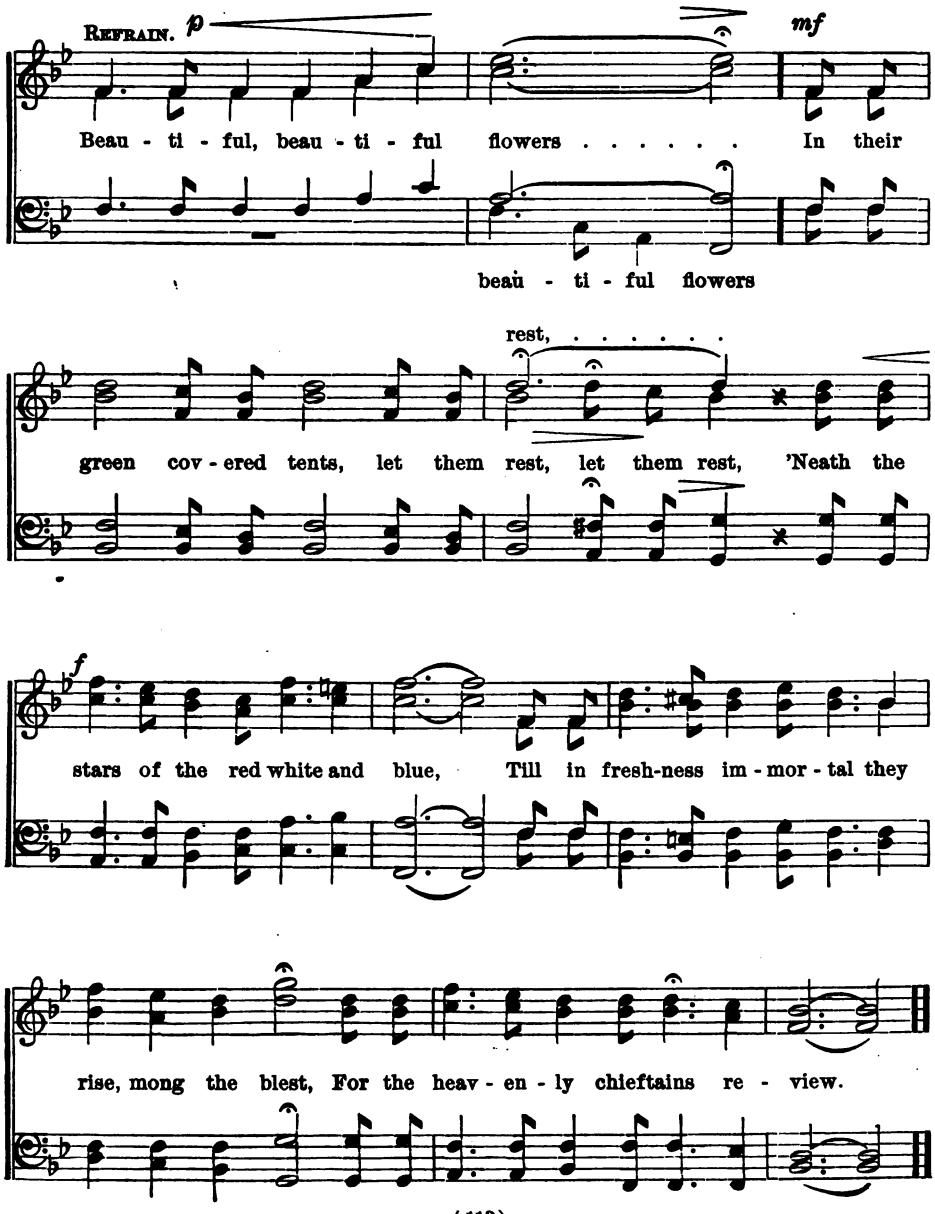
1. To - day let us seek of all spots the most blest, Where the
2. We hon - or the he - roes who with us re - main; May their
3. Rare gems are their graves, they be - jew - el our land From
4. En - rap - tured their spir - its will wing from a - bove, And

mar - tyrs of Un - ion are sweet - ly at rest; Re -
laur - els ne'er fade; but our loft - ti - est strain We
o - cean to o - cean; each wor - ship - ful hand Now
whis - per "how sweet your de - vo - tion and love, We

count the brave deeds of these broth - ers of ours, And
pour to these low, si - lent he - roes of ours, And
gar - land these em - er - ald tro - phies of ours, And
bless you for mak - ing dear kin - dred of ours, Your

spang - le their graves with the beau - ti - ful flowers.
show - er o'er them the most beau - ti - ful flowers.
make the whole land a mo - sa - ic of flowers.
love for us bloom in - to beau - ti - ful flowers.

BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS.



148 LET NOT YOUR HEART BE TROUBLED.

CARL BRUCHE.

mf Rather slowly.

Let not your heart be troub - led, Let not your heart be troub - led,

Ye be - lieve in God, ye be - lieve in God,

ye be-lieve in God, ye be-lieve in

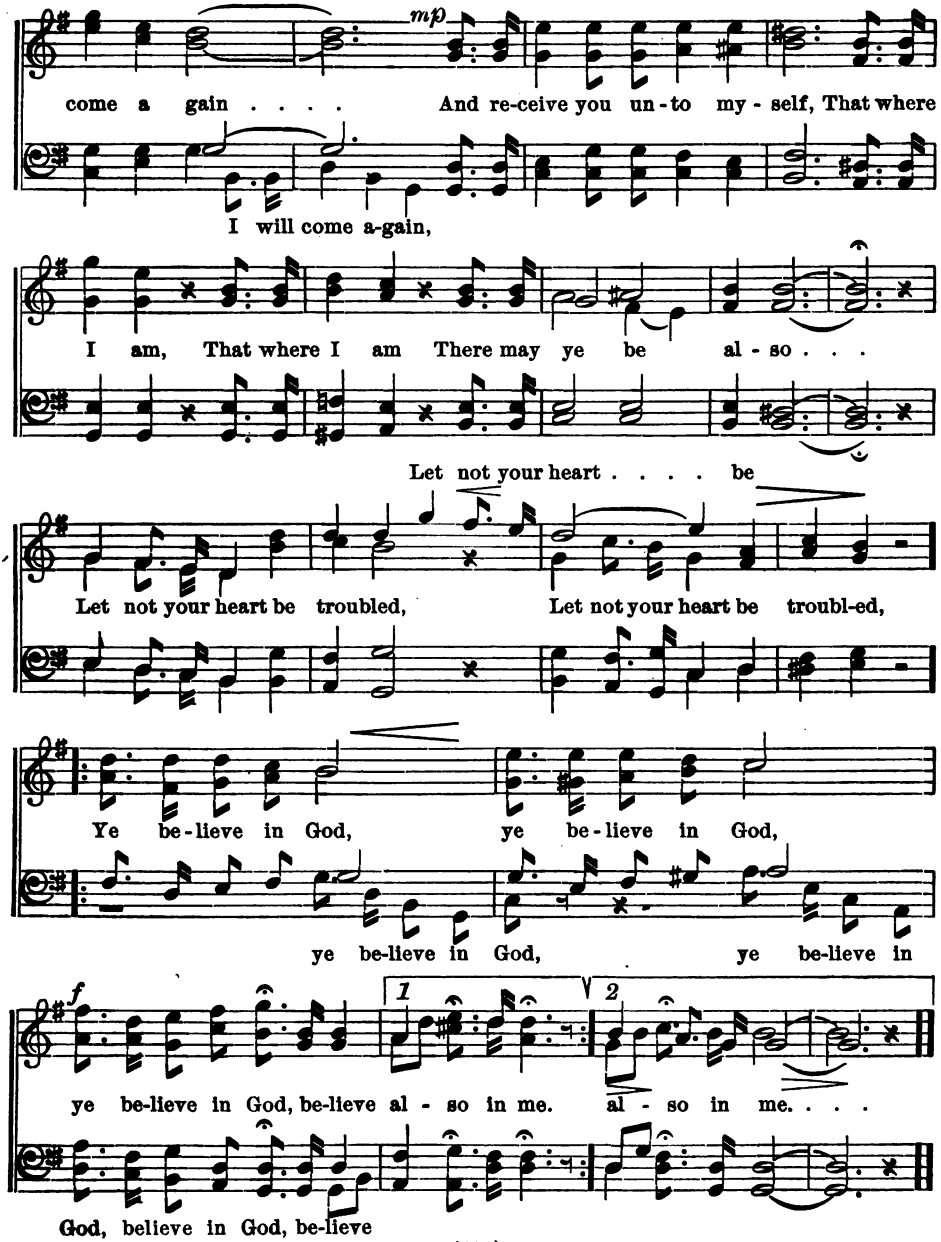
f ye be-lieve in God, believe al - so in me. 1 al - so in me. 2 In my *mp*

God, be-lieve in God, be - lieve

Fa - ther's house are man - y man-sions If it were not so I would have

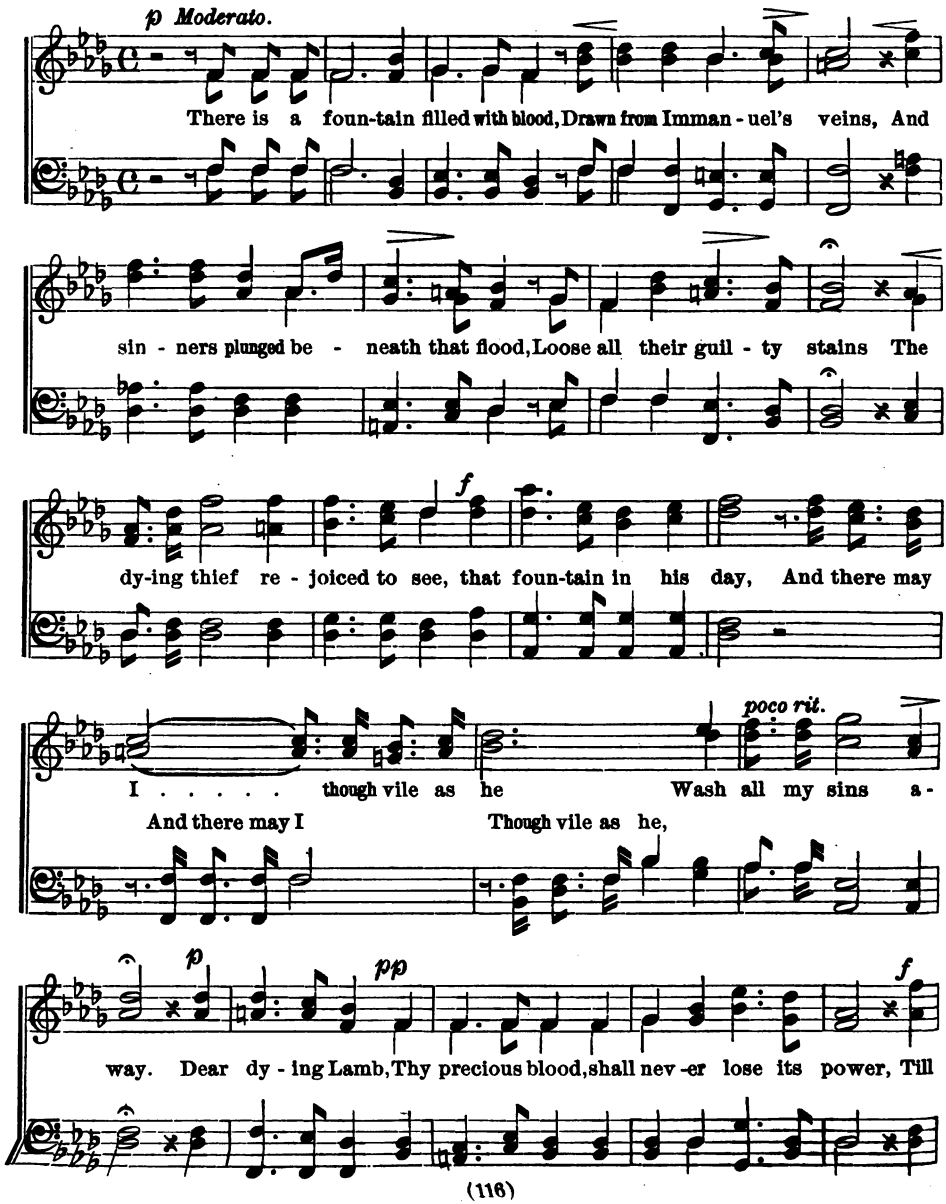
told you, And if I go to pre - pare a place for you, I will *f*

LET NOT YOUR HEART BE TROUBLED.



THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

FRANZ ABT.



all the ransomed church of God, Be saved to sin no more.

mf *più mosso.*

E'er since by faith, I saw that stream Thy flowing wounds sup-ply, Re-deem-ing love has

been my theme, And shall be, till I die, . . . *f* Then in a nobler, sweeter

I'll

song, I'll sing Thy pow'r, Thy pow'r to save, When this poor lisp-ing stam'ring tongue, Lies

sing Thy pow'r, Thy pow'r to save.

rit. *dim.*

si-lent in the grave, Lies si-lent in the grave.

Lies si-lent in the grave, in the

Lies

OH, THAT I HAD WINGS.

W. F. SUDDS.

p Moderato.

Oh, that I had wings, Oh, that I had wings,

that I had wings, that I had wings, that I had

Oh, ... that I had wings, Oh, ...

wings like a dove. . . . . .

mf

Oh, that I had wings, Oh, . . . that I had wings like a dove, How

wings, that I had wings,

like a dove. . . . . .

accell.

quick-ly then I'd fly a - way, . . . I'd fly a - way. . .

fly a-way, I'd fly a-way,

a - way, . . . I'd

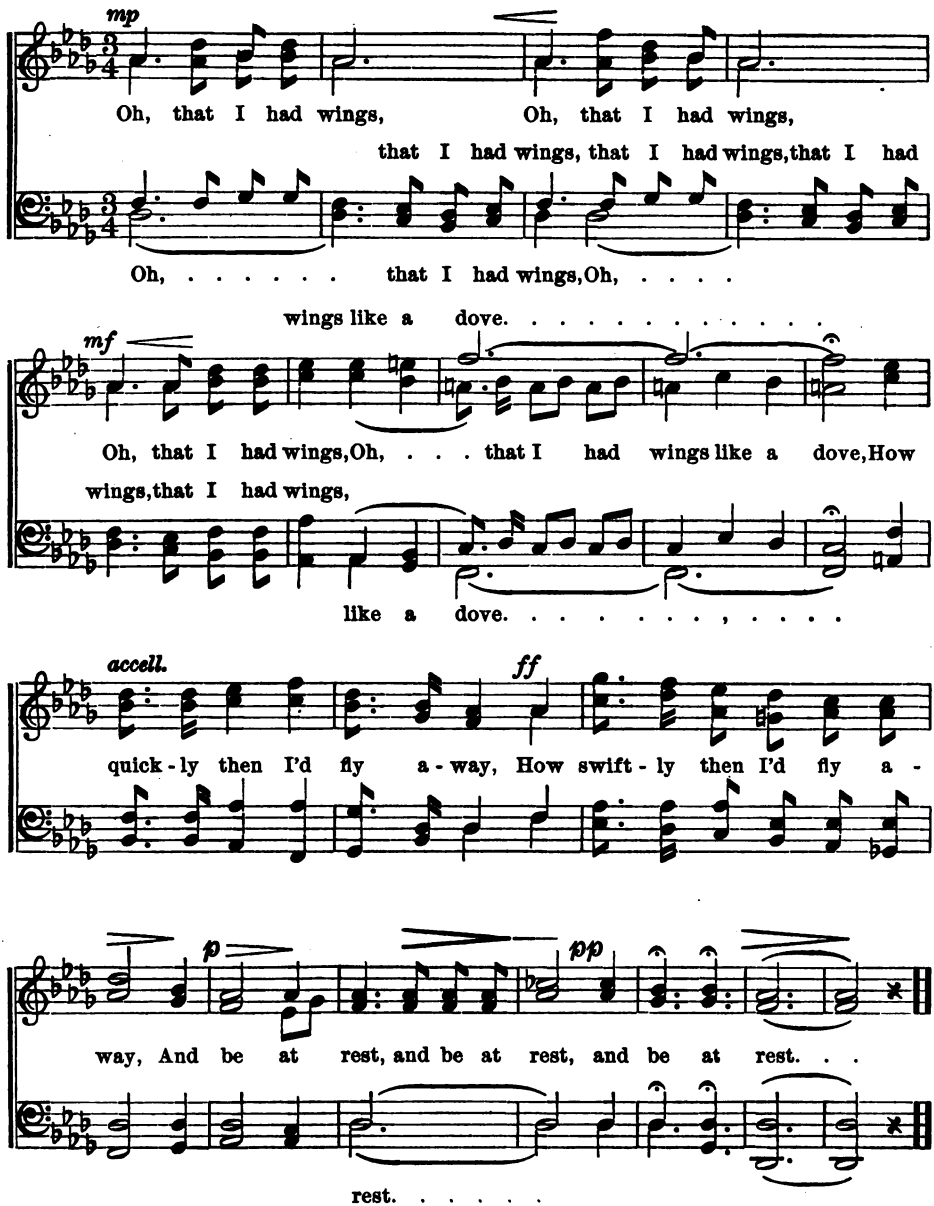
lento. dim. *p* *pp*

. . And be at rest, and be at rest.

fly a-way. . rest. . . . . .

It may in many cases be best to change key to E flat.

OH, THAT I HAD WINGS.



151 HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP.

CARL BRUCHE.

Moderato.

DUET.

1. Sorrow and care may meet, The temp-est cloud may low'r, . . The surge of
2. The din of war may roll, With all it's rag - ing blight, . . Grief may op-
3. In child-hood's winsome page, In man-hood's joy-ous bloom, . . In fee - ble-

INST.

sin, The surge of sin may beat, Up - on earth's troub - led shore.
press, grief may op - press the soul Through-out the wea - ry night.
ness, In fee - ble-ness and age, In death's dark gath - 'ring gloom.

CHO. REFRAIN.

p

God doth His own in safe - ty keep, He giv - eth His be - lov - ed

sleep . . . . . .

dim.

sleep, His be-loved sleep, He giv-eth His be - lov - ed sleep. . . .

sleep. . . . . . .

152 LO! TIS NIGHT.

BEETHOVEN. ARR. by W. F. SUDDS.

Slowly.

p

1. Lo! tis night, and earth is hushed in si - lence, While yon moon leads
2. How the o - cean tell - eth of Thy won-ders, Ev - er pro-claim-ing Thy
3. Calm - ly, soft - ly, may sweet sleep de - scend-ing, In re - pose these

on her star - ry way, Where vast unnumber'd worlds, through boundless space are
boundless pow'r and might, We hear Thy wel-come voice a - mid the jar - ring
wea - ry eye - lids seal, May peace - ful hap - py dreams be - fore my vis - ion

roll - ing, And o-cean waves keep time with slow and measured song, Lo! tis
thunders, Its mys - tic sound heralds the har-mo-nies of night, E're I
ris - ing, The promised joys of heaven un - to my soul re - veal, E're I

p

night, to Thee, Lord, would I raise, songs of grate - ful love and praise.
sleep, to Thee I fain would raise, songs of grate - ful love and praise.
sleep, to Thee I fain would raise, songs of grate - ful love and praise.

f

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

MALE VOICES.

Poetry by F. M. Finch.

W. F. Sudds.
By permission.

1st Tenor.

1. By the flow of the in - land riv - er . . . Whence the

2nd Tenor.

3. From the si - lence of sor - row - ful hours . . . . The . . .

1st Bass.

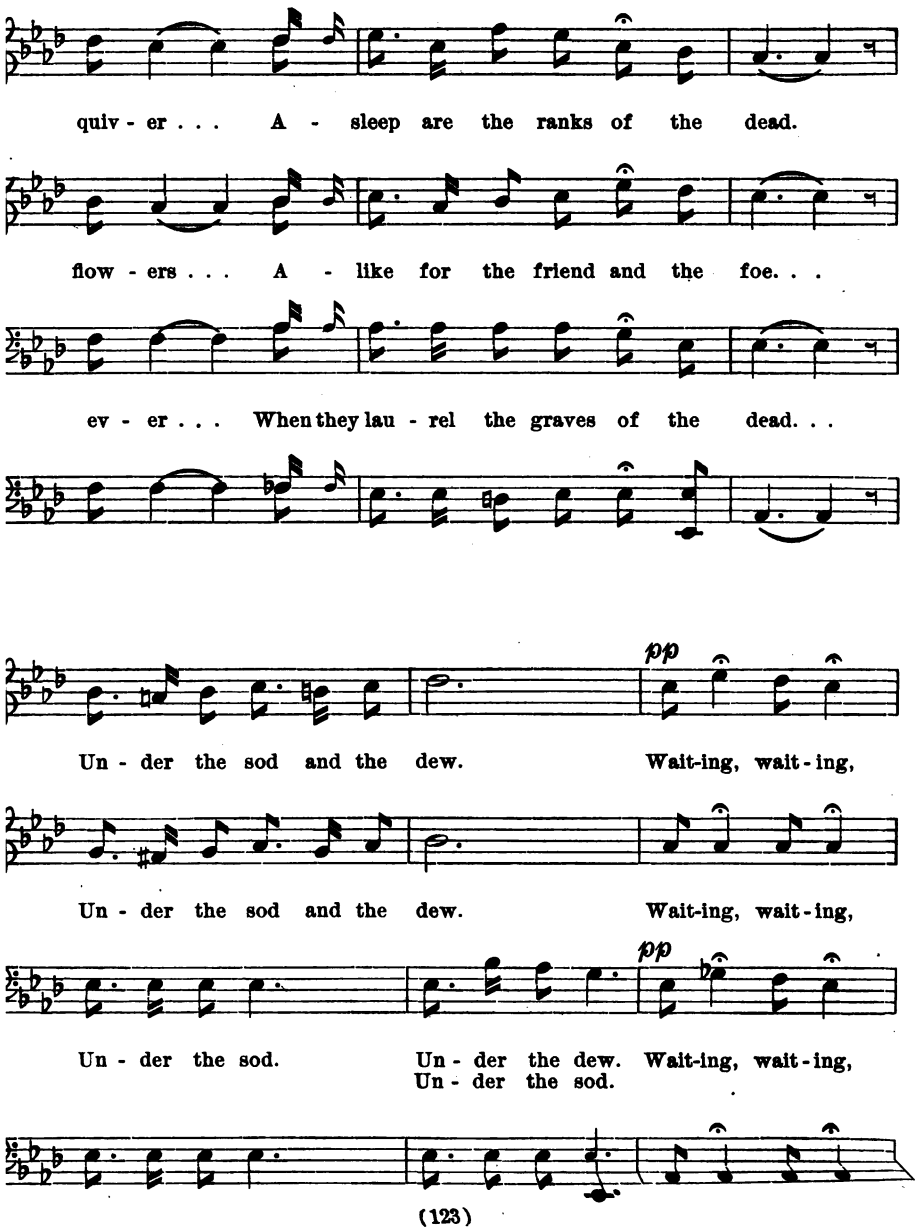
5. No . . more shall the war . . cry sev - er . . . Or the

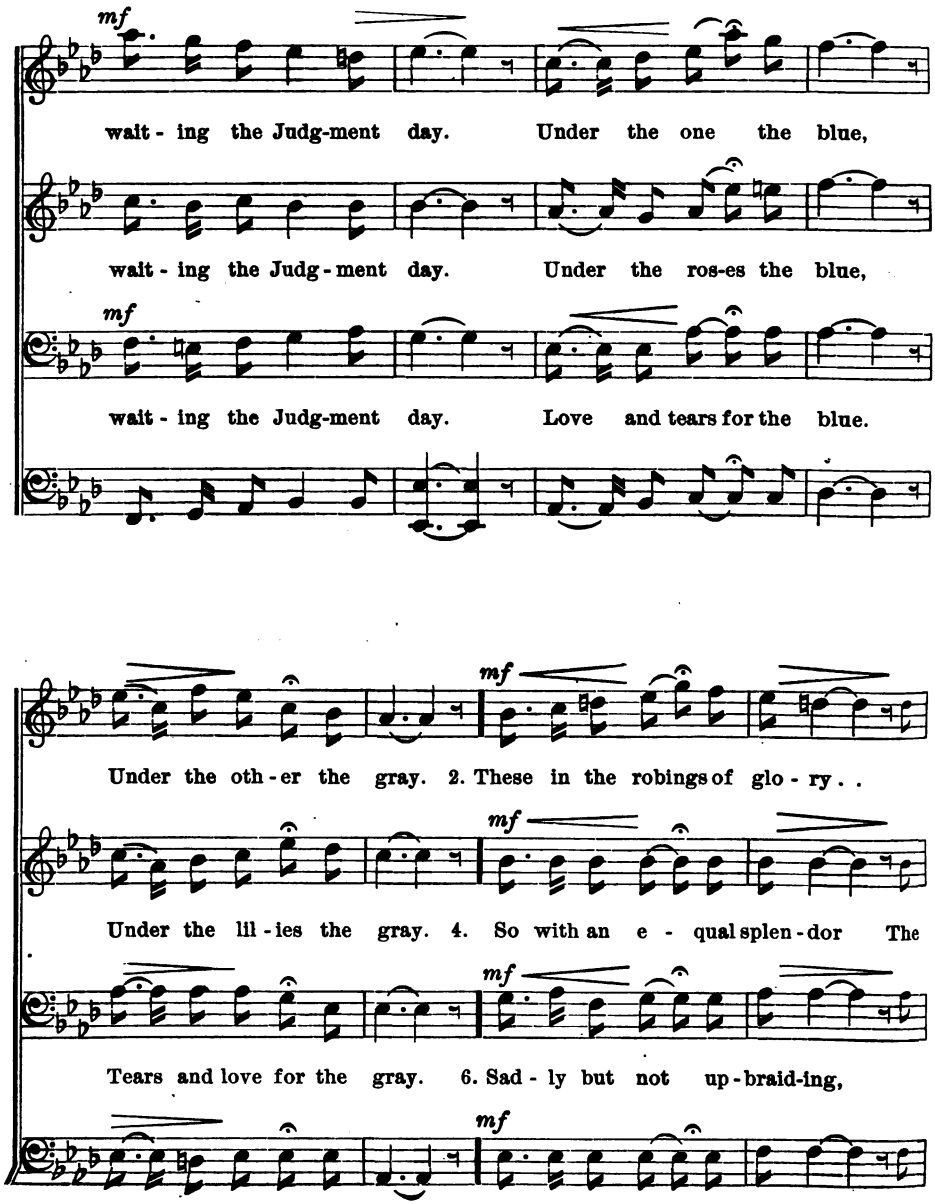
2nd Bass.

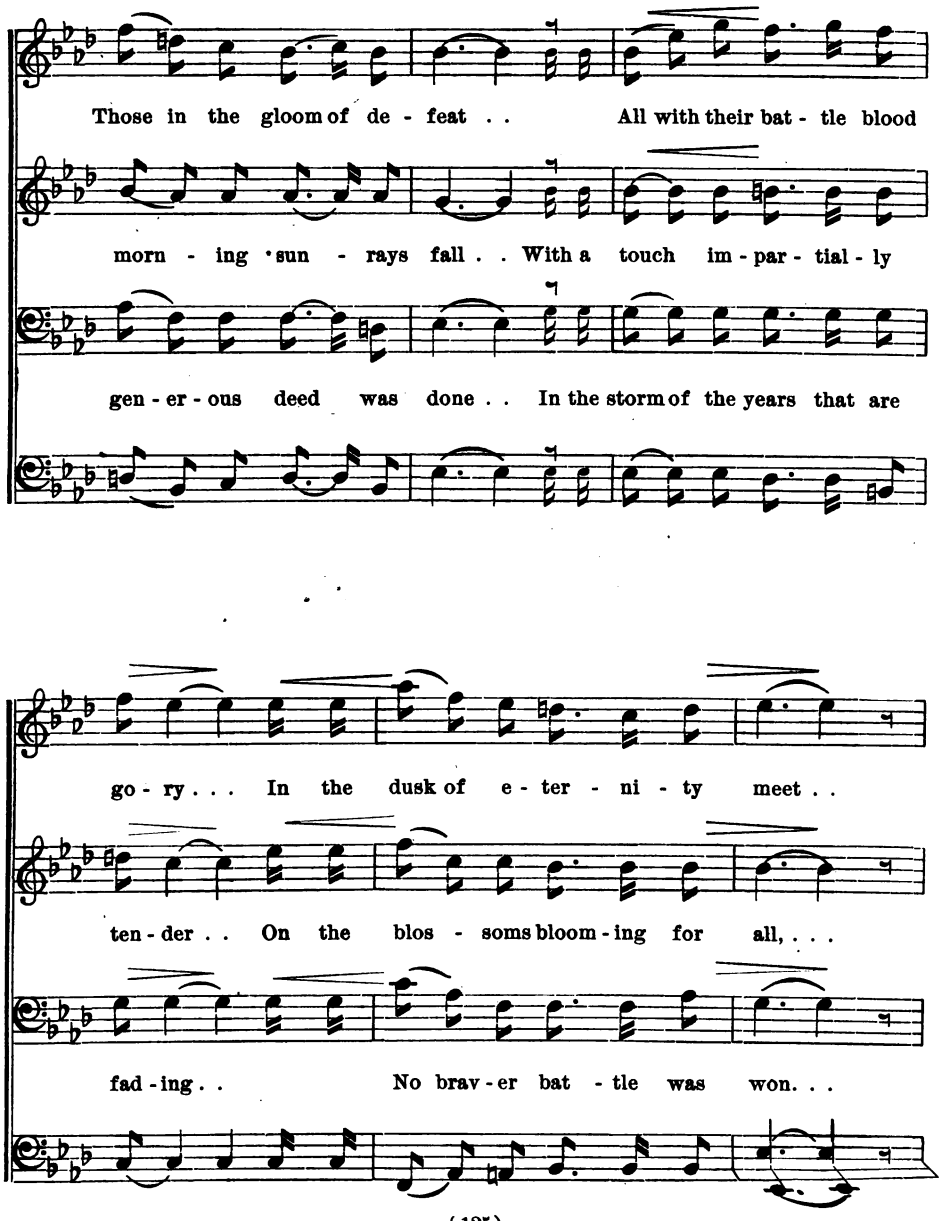
fleets of iron have fled . . When the blades of the grave - grass

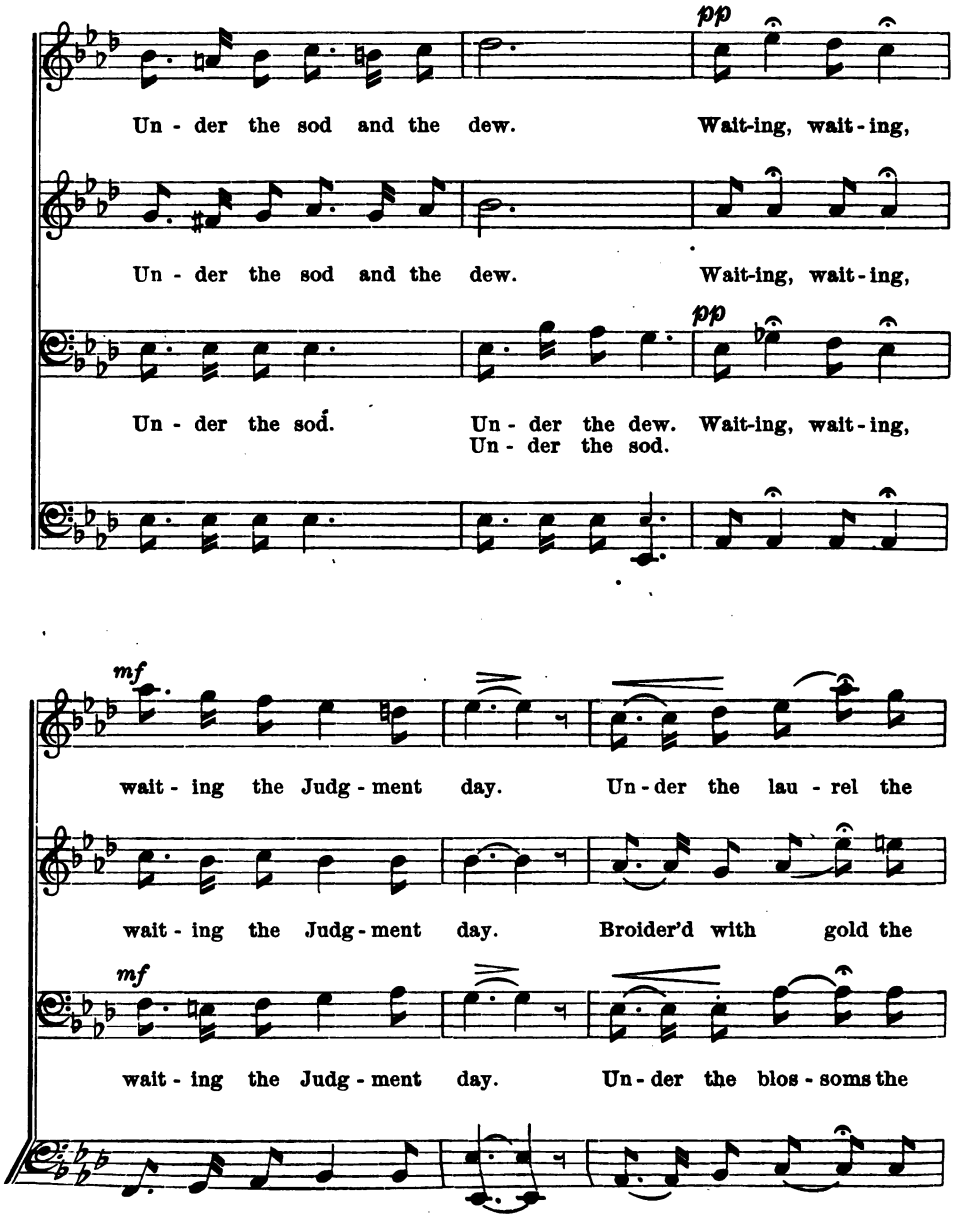
des - o - late mourn - ers go . . . Each lov - ing - ly laden with

wind - ing riv - ers be red . . They ban - ish our an - ger for -


quiv - er . . . A - sleep are the ranks of the dead.
flow - ers . . . A - like for the friend and the foe. . .
ev - er . . . When they lau - rel the graves of the dead. . .
pp
Un - der the sod and the dew. Wait-ing, wait - ing,
Un - der the sod and the dew. Wait-ing, wait - ing,
pp
Un - der the sod. Un - der the dew. Wait-ing, wait - ing,
Un - der the sod.


mf
wait - ing the Judg-ment day. Under the one the blue,
wait - ing the Judg - ment day. Under the ros-es the blue,
mf
wait - ing the Judg-ment day. Love and tears for the blue.
Under the oth - er the gray. 2. These in the robings of glo - ry . .
mf
Under the lil - ies the gray. 4. So with an e - qual splen - dor The
mf
Tears and love for the gray. 6. Sad - ly but not up - braid-ing,
mf


Those in the gloom of de - feat . . All with their bat - tle blood
morn - ing sun - rays fall . . With a touch im - par - tial - ly
gen - er - ous deed was done . . In the storm of the years that are
go - ry . . . In the dusk of e - ter - ni - ty meet . .
ten - der . . On the blos - soms bloom - ing for all, . . .
fad - ing . . No brav - er bat - tle was won. . .


pp
Un - der the sod and the dew. Wait-ing, wait - ing,
Un - der the sod and the dew. Wait-ing, wait - ing,
pp
Un - der the sod. Un - der the dew. Wait-ing, wait - ing,
Un - der the sod.
mf
wait - ing the Judg - ment day. Un - der the lau - rel the
wait - ing the Judg - ment day. Broider'd with gold the
mf
wait - ing the Judg - ment day. Un - der the blos - soms the

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

Blue. . . Under the wil - low the Gray.

Blue. . . Mel - lowed with gold _ the Gray.

Blue. . Under the gar - lands the Gray.

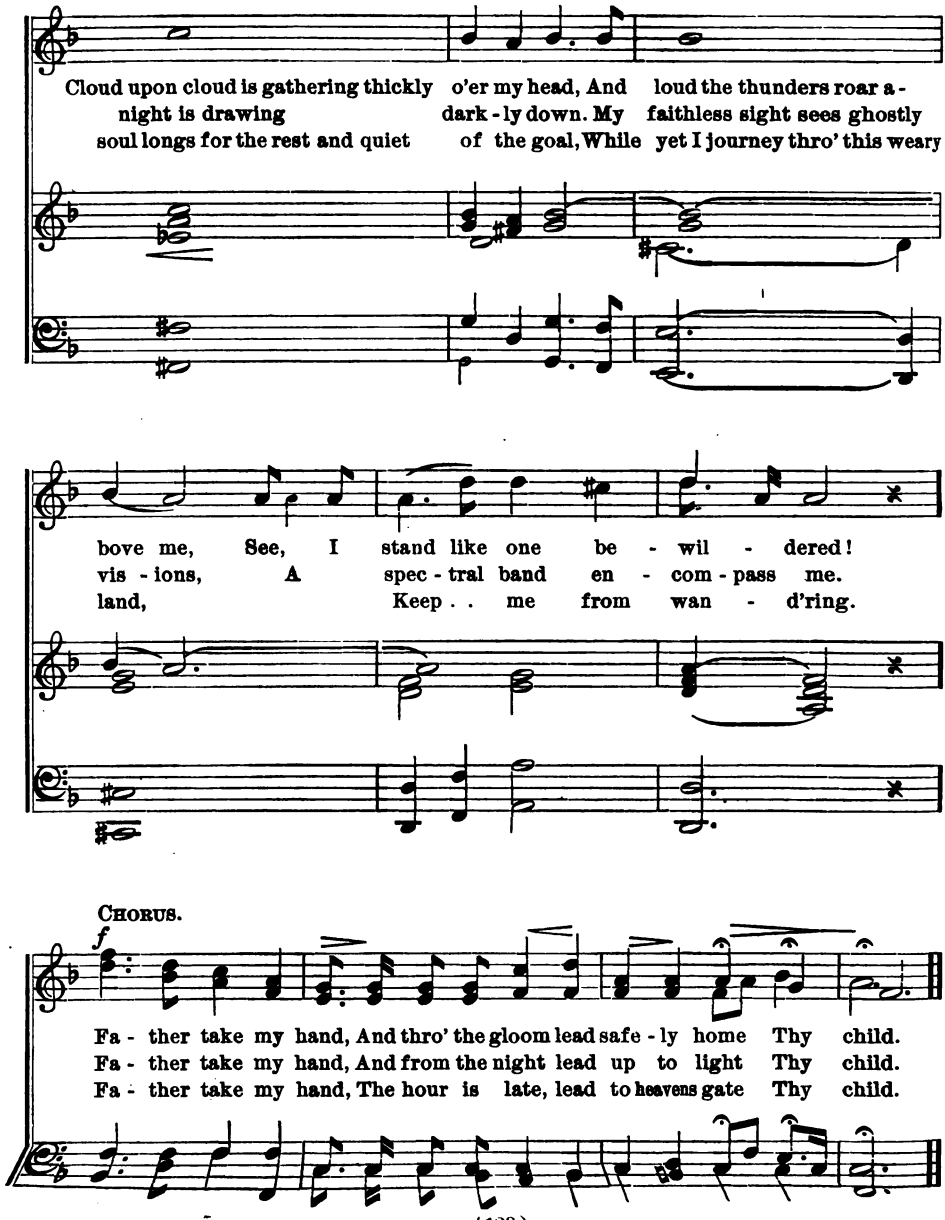
154 THE WAY IS DARK.

W. F. SUDDS.

SOLO. BARITONE.

1. The way is dark, my Fath - er,
2. The day de - clines, my Fath - er, And the
3. The way is long, my Fath - er, And my

p


Cloud upon cloud is gathering thickly o'er my head, And loud the thunders roar a-
night is drawing dark-ly down. My faithless sight sees ghostly
soul longs for the rest and quiet of the goal, While yet I journey thro' this weary
bove me, See, I stand like one be-wil-dered!
vis-ions, A spec-tral band en-com-pass me.
land, Keep . . me from wan-d'ring.
CHORUS.
f
Fa-ther take my hand, And thro' the gloom lead safe-ly home Thy child.
Fa-ther take my hand, And from the night lead up to light Thy child.
Fa-ther take my hand, The hour is late, lead to heavens gate Thy child.

155

HARK! HARK! MY SOUL.

HYMN. ANTHEM.

W. F. SUDDS.

f With spirit.

1. Hark! hark! my soul, An - gel - ic songs are swelling, O'er earth's green fields, And
2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing, "Come, weary souls for

ocean's wave beat shore, How sweet the truth, those blessed strains are tell - ing, Of
Je - sus bids you come," And thro' the dark its ech-oes sweet-ly ringing, The

f

that new life, when sin shall be no more. An-gels of Je - sus, an - gels of light,
mu - sic of the gos-pel leads us home.

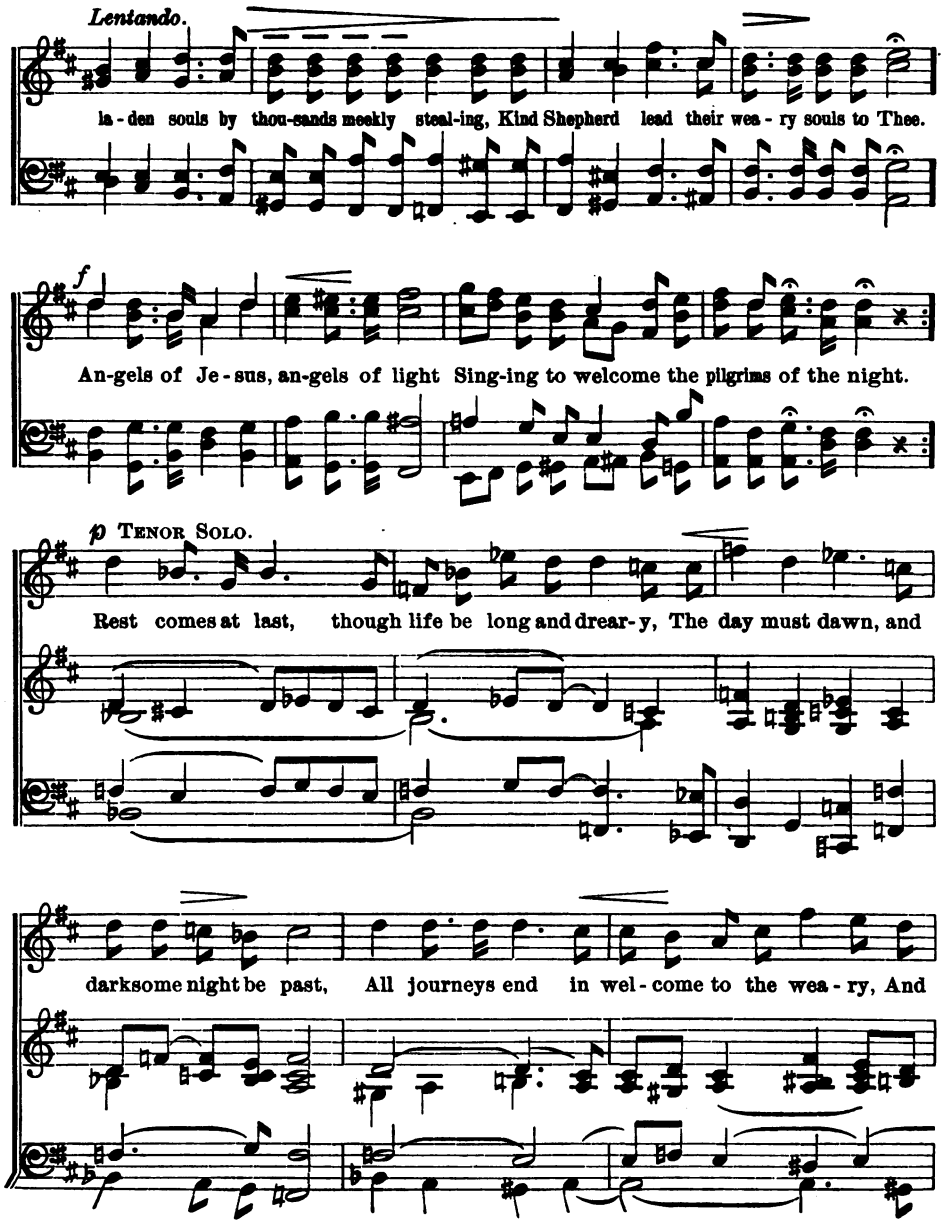
p poco lento.

Sing - ing to wel - come the pil-grims of the night. 3. Far, far a - way, like

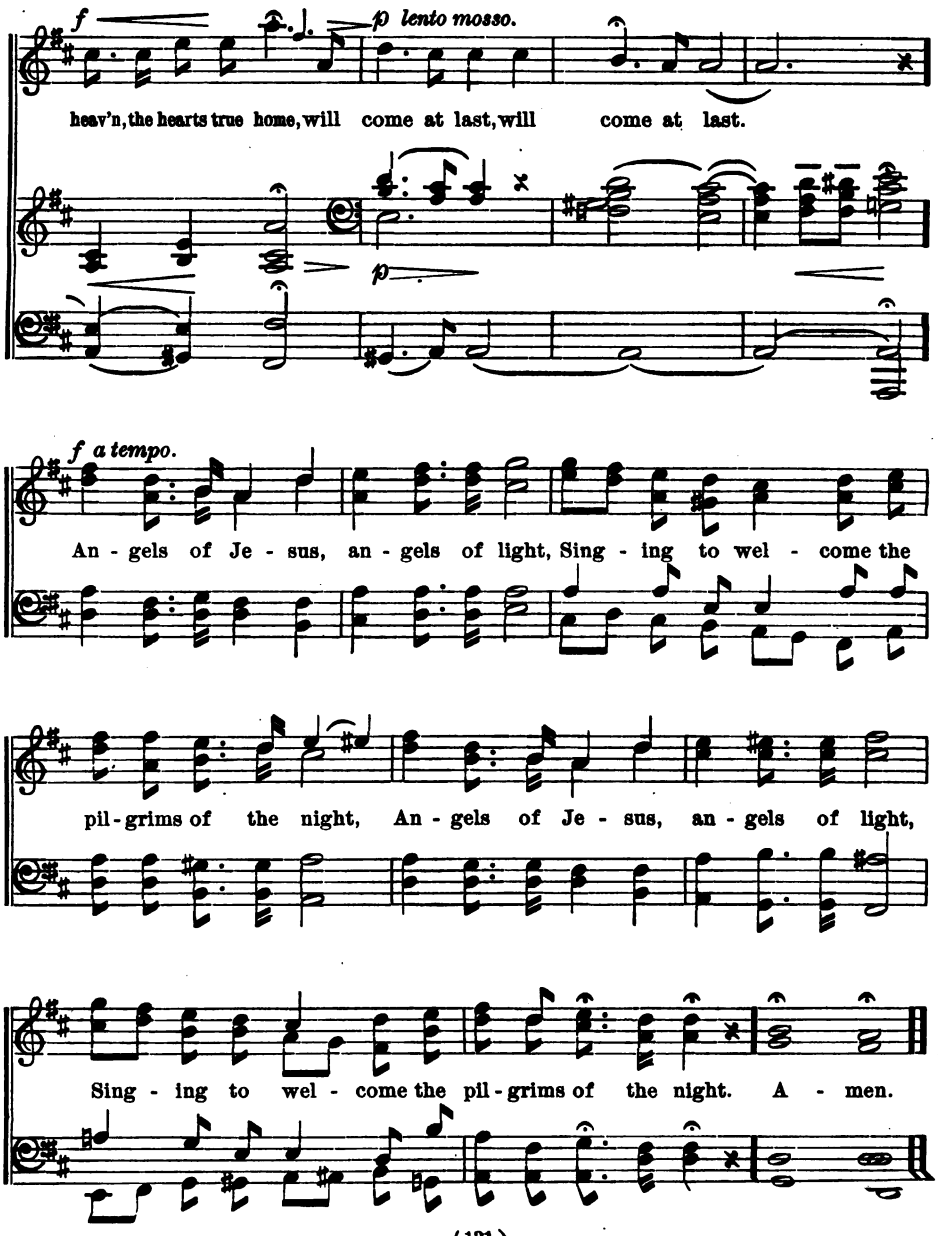
p dim.

bells at eve-ning peal - ing, The voice of Je - sus sounds O'er land and sea, And

HARK! HARK! MY SOUL.



HARK! HARK! MY SOUL.



156 O CLAP YOUR HANDS ALL YE PEOPLE.*

PSALM XLVII.

W. F. SUDDS, Op. 159, No. 4.

With vigor.

TENOR. *f*

O clap your hands all ye peo - ple.

BARITONE.

O clap your hands all ye peo - ple.

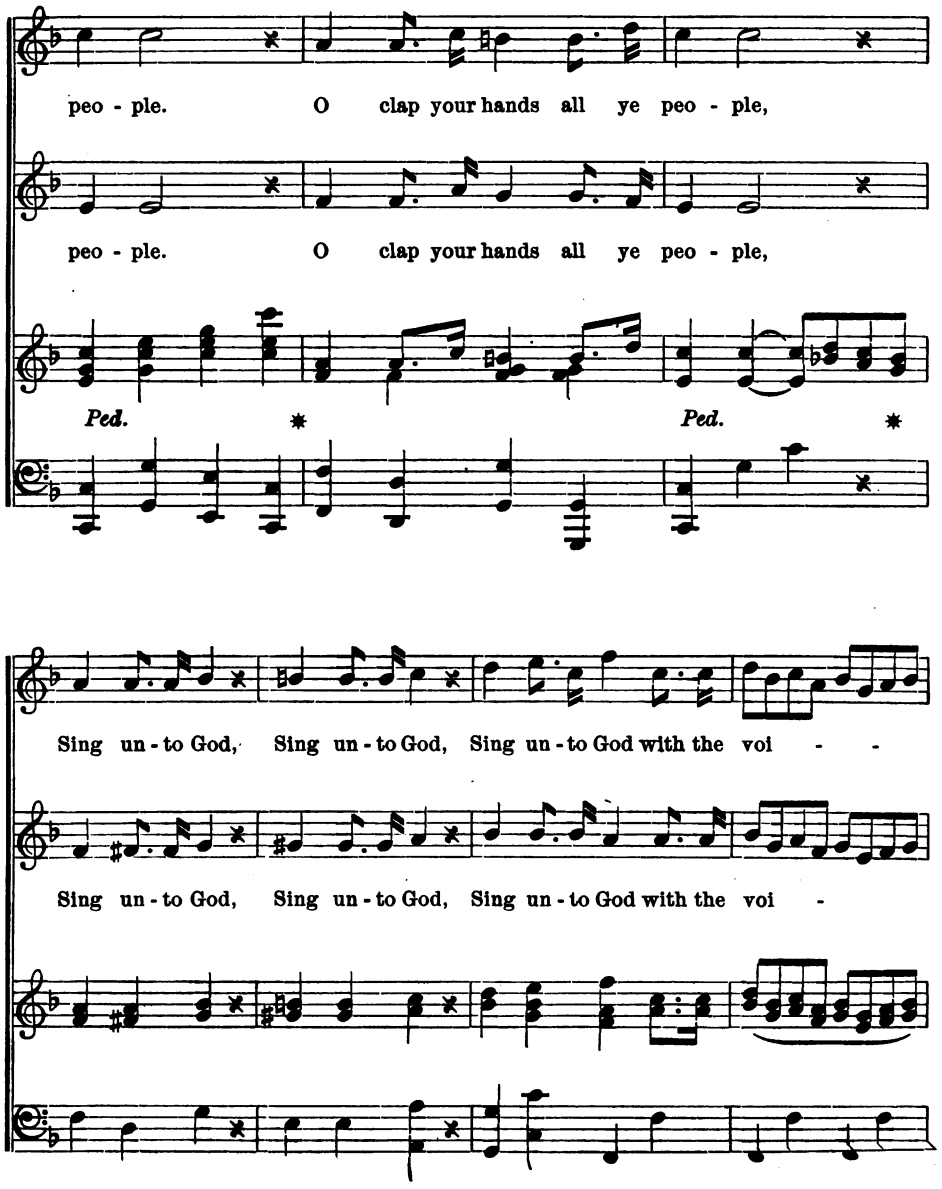
PIANO OR ORGAN. *mf*

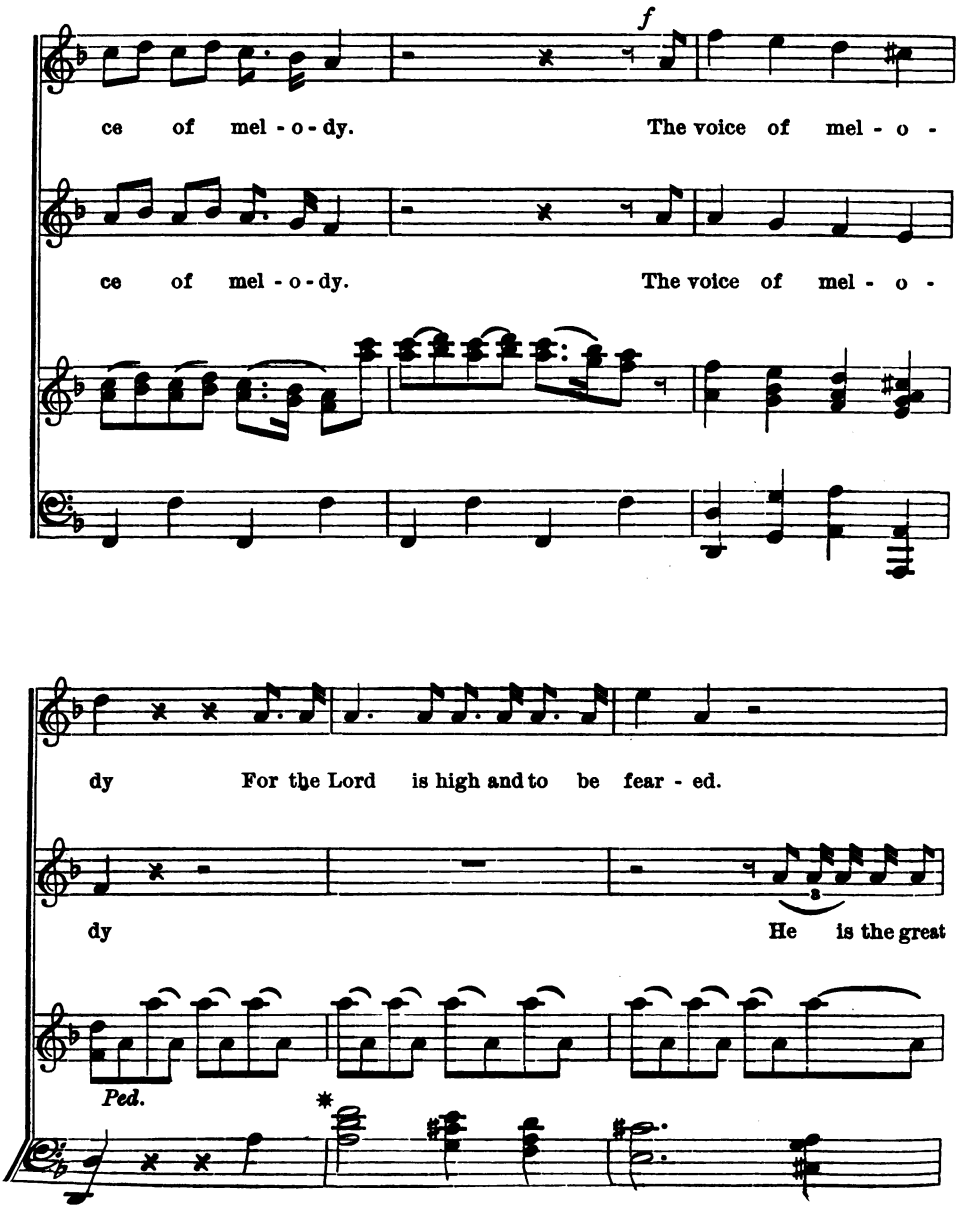
Sing un-to God with the voice of mel - o - dy, O clap your hands all ye

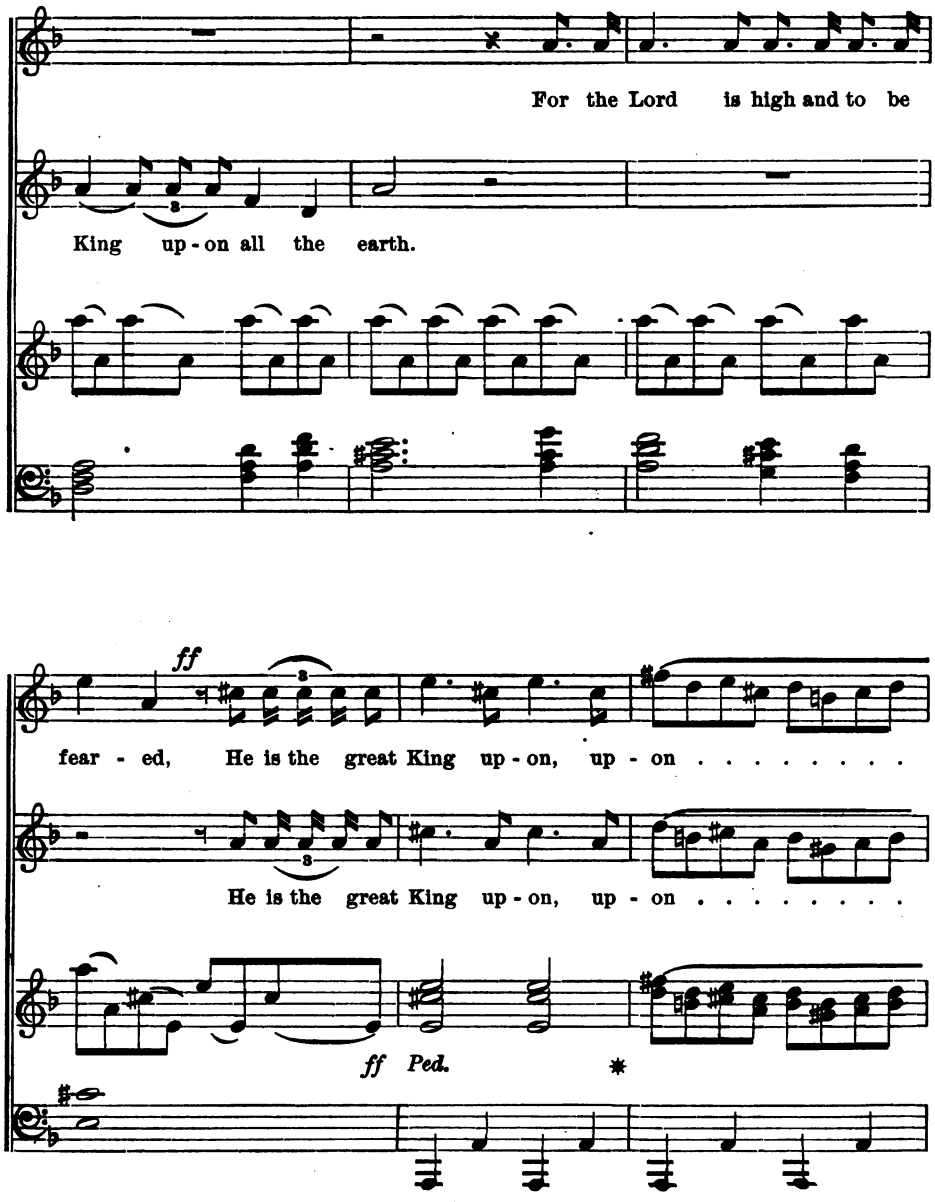
Sing un-to God with the voice of mel - o - dy, O clap your hands all ye

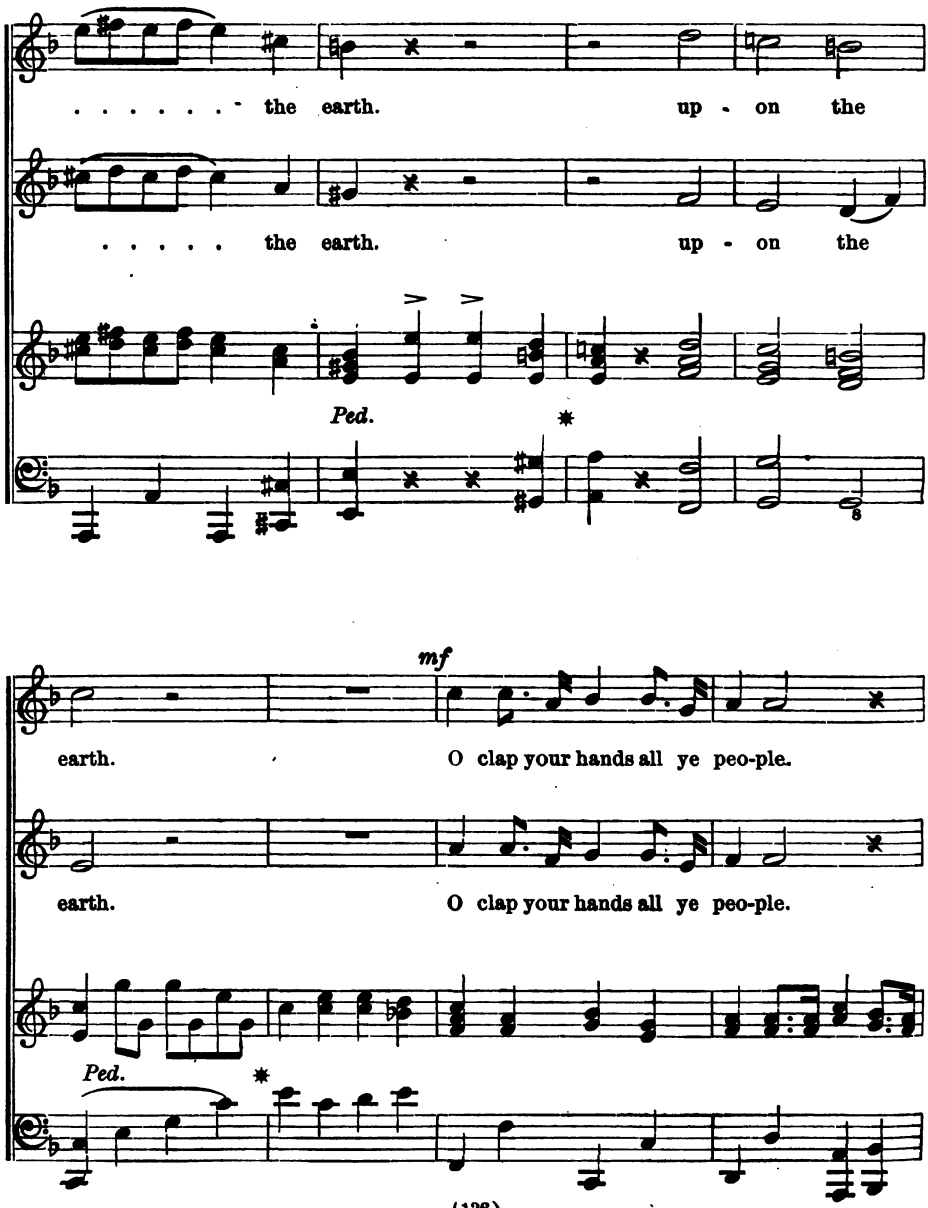
* *May be sung as a two part chorus, in which case a few of the lower voices should sing the small notes in last three measures.*

O CLAP YOUR HANDS ALL YE PEOPLE.

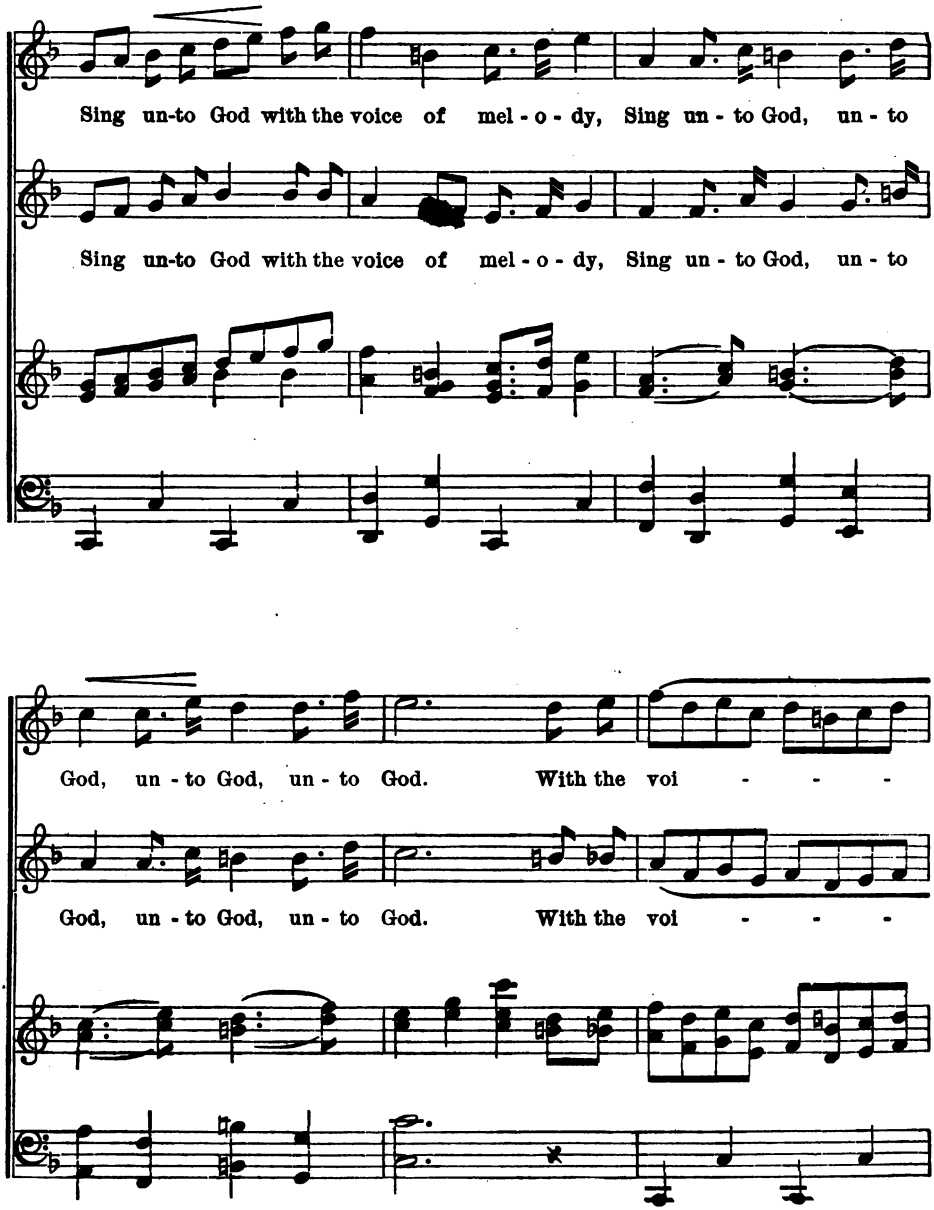


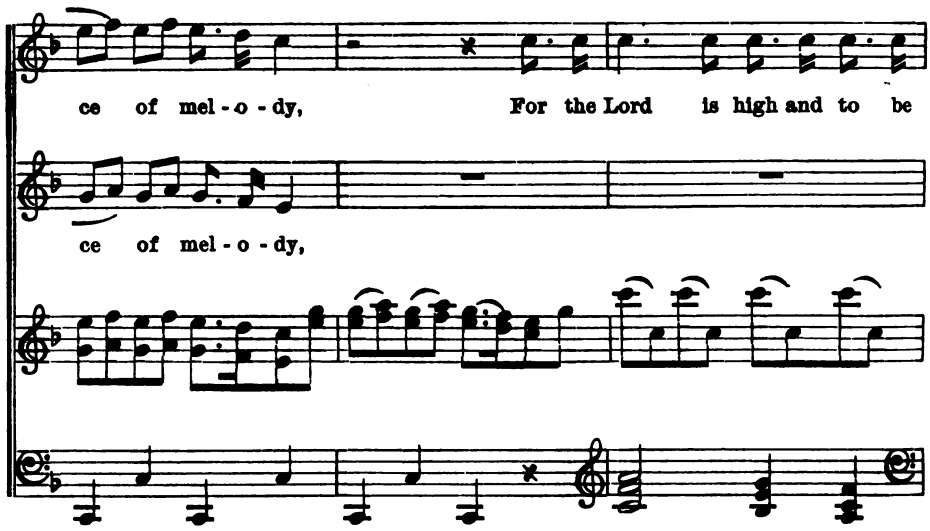

f
ce of mel - o - dy. The voice of mel - o -
ce of mel - o - dy. The voice of mel - o -
dy For the Lord is high and to be fear - ed.
dy He is the great
Ped.
*

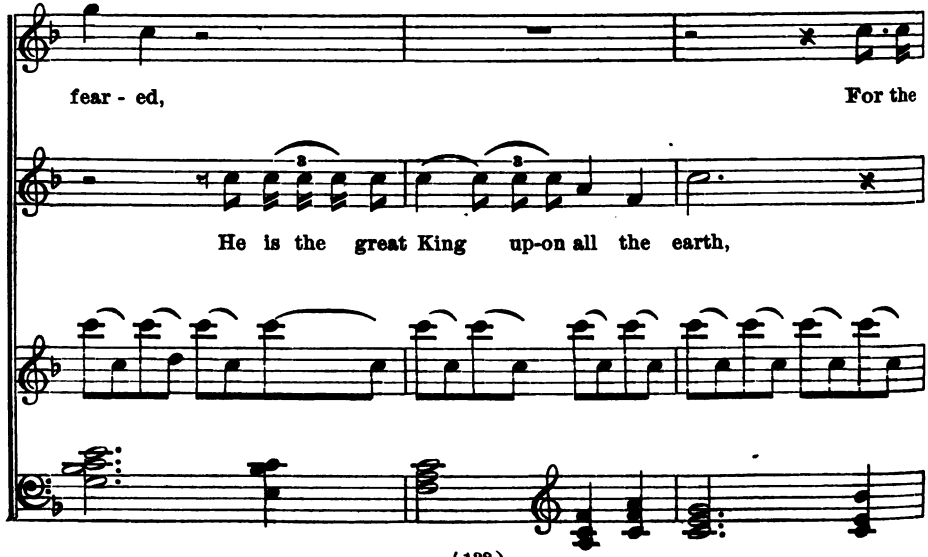

For the Lord is high and to be
King up-on all the earth.
ff
fear - ed, He is the great King up-on, up - on . . . . . .
He is the great King up-on, up - on . . . . . .
ff Ped.


. . . . . the earth. up - on the
. . . . . the earth. up - on the
Ped.
mf
earth. O clap your hands all ye peo-ple.
earth. O clap your hands all ye peo-ple.
Ped.

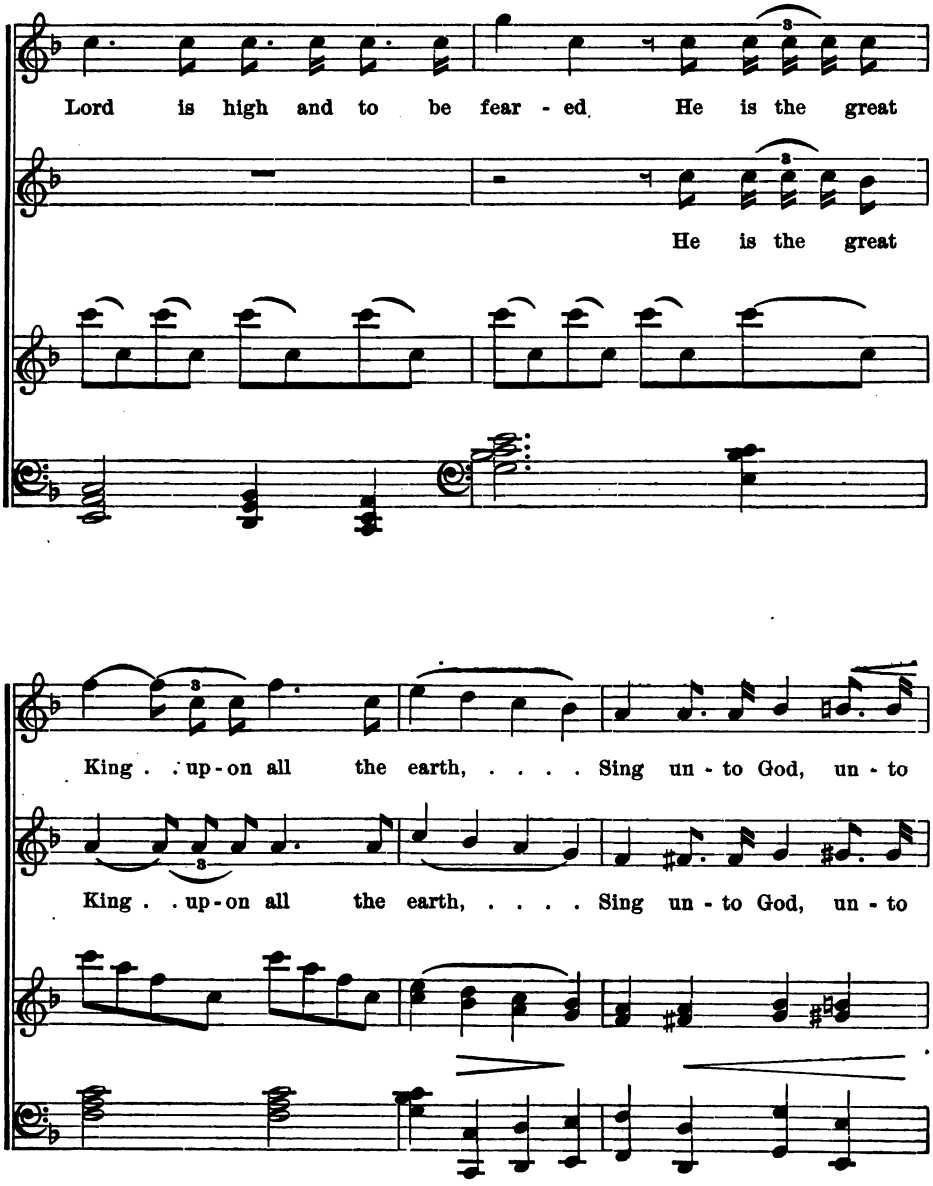
O CLAP YOUR HANDS ALL YE PEOPLE.

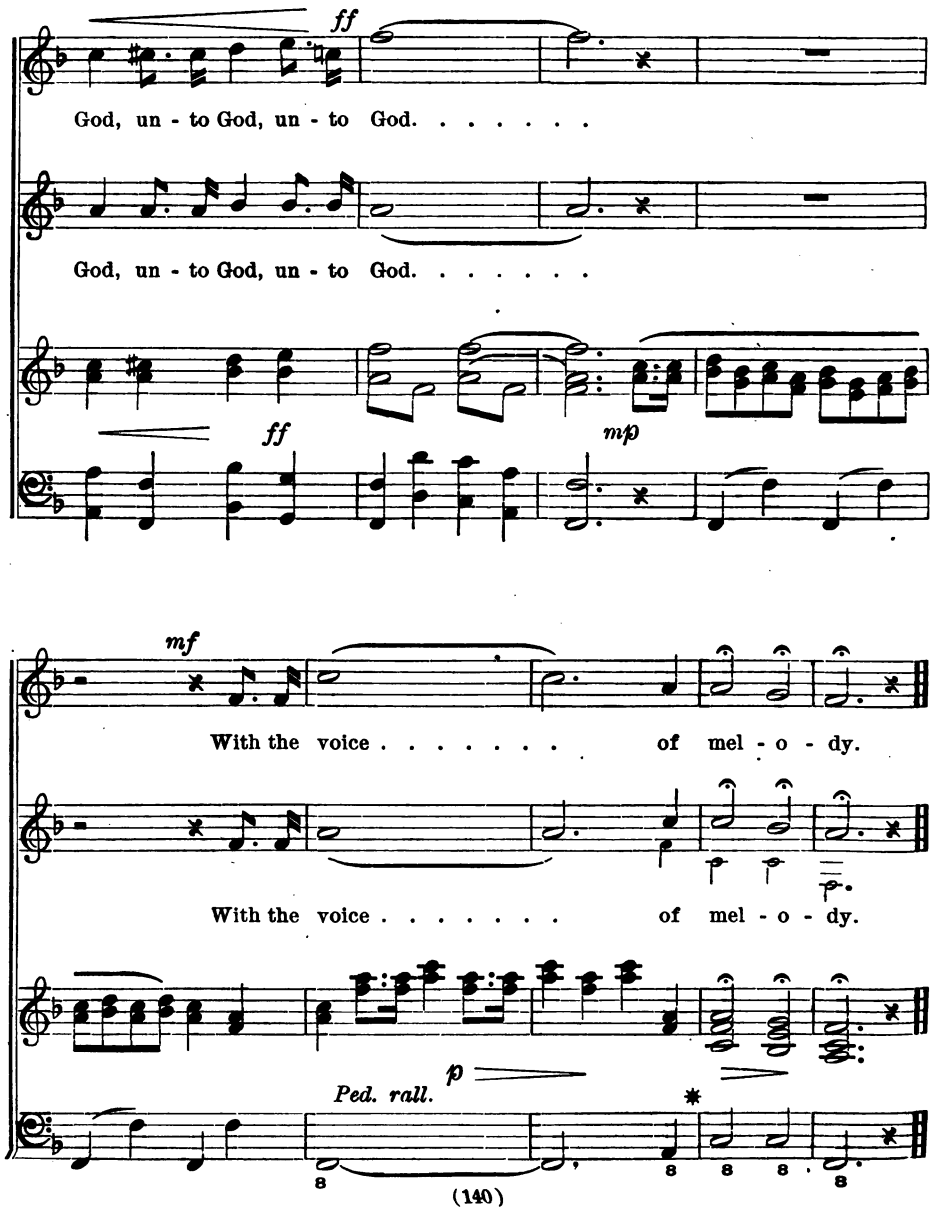



ce of mel - o - dy, For the Lord is high and to be
ce of mel - o - dy,


fear - ed, For the
He is the great King up-on all the earth,

O CLAP YOUR HANDS ALL YE PEOPLE.




ff
God, un - to God, un - to God. . . . . .
God, un - to God, un - to God. . . . . .
ff
mp
mf
With the voice . . . . . of mel - o - dy.
With the voice . . . . . of mel - o - dy.
p
Ped. rall.

157 BEYOND THE SMILING AND THE WEEPING.

W. F. SUDDS.
2nd setting.

BASS SOLO.

p

1. Be-yond the smil-ing and the weep-ing, Be-yond the wak-ing and the sleep-ing, Be-yond the sow-ing and the reap-ing, I shall be soon.
2. Be-yond the blooming and the fad-ing, Be-yond the shin-ing and the shad-ing, Be-yond the hop-ing and the dread-ing, I shall be soon.
3. Be-yond the part-ing and the meet-ing, Be-yond the fare-well and the greet-ing, Be-yond the pul-se's fe-ver beat-ing, I shall be soon.

pp

CHORUS.

pp *mp*

I shall be soon. Love, rest and home, sweet, sweet, home, Lord tarry not, but come, but come.

LIFT UP YOUR HEADS, O YE GATES.

TRIO FOR MALE VOICES, OR THREE PART CHORUS.

W. F. SUDDS, by per.

Moderato. *Vigoroso.*

1st TENOR.

2nd TENOR.

mf

Lift up your heads, O ye

BASS.

♩. = 69.

mf

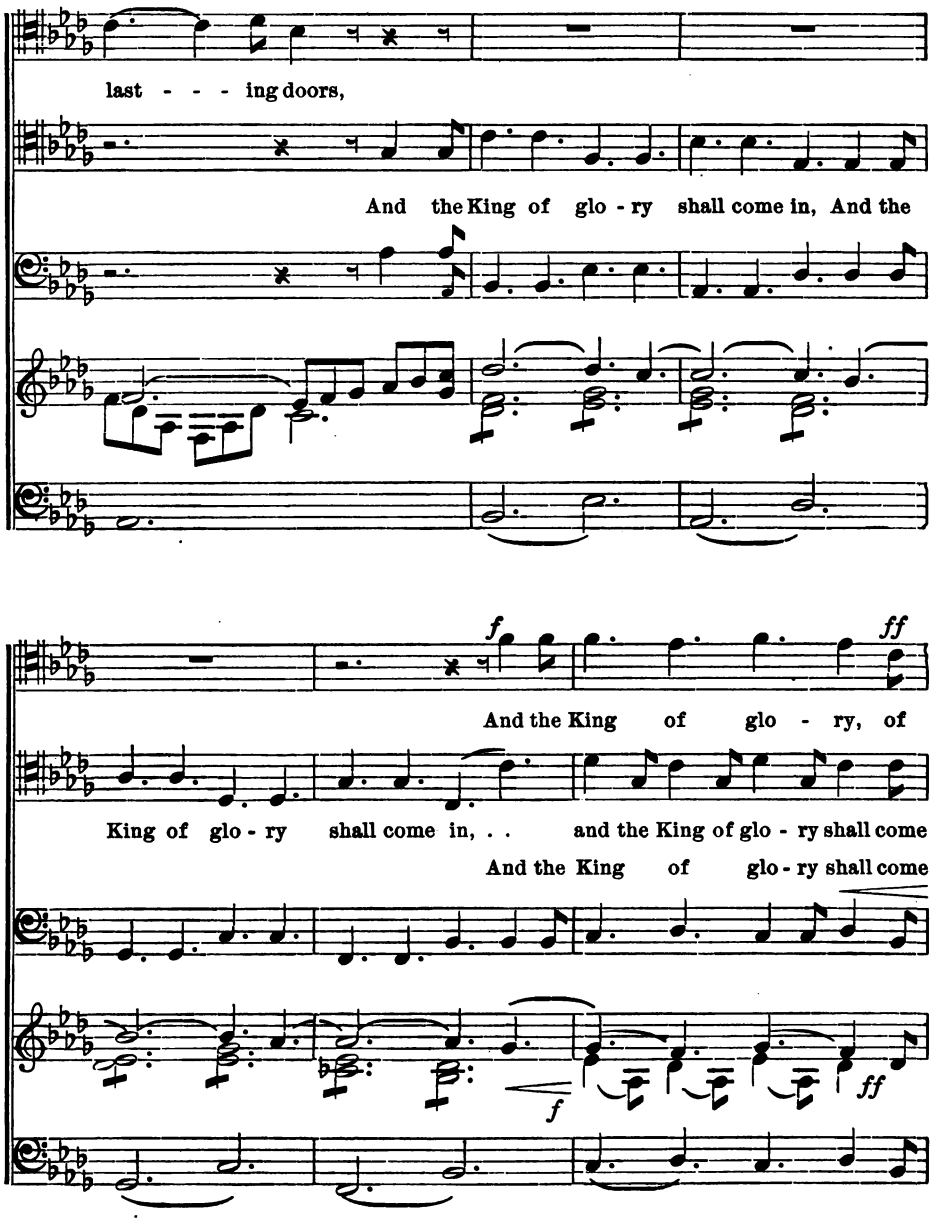
ACCOMP.

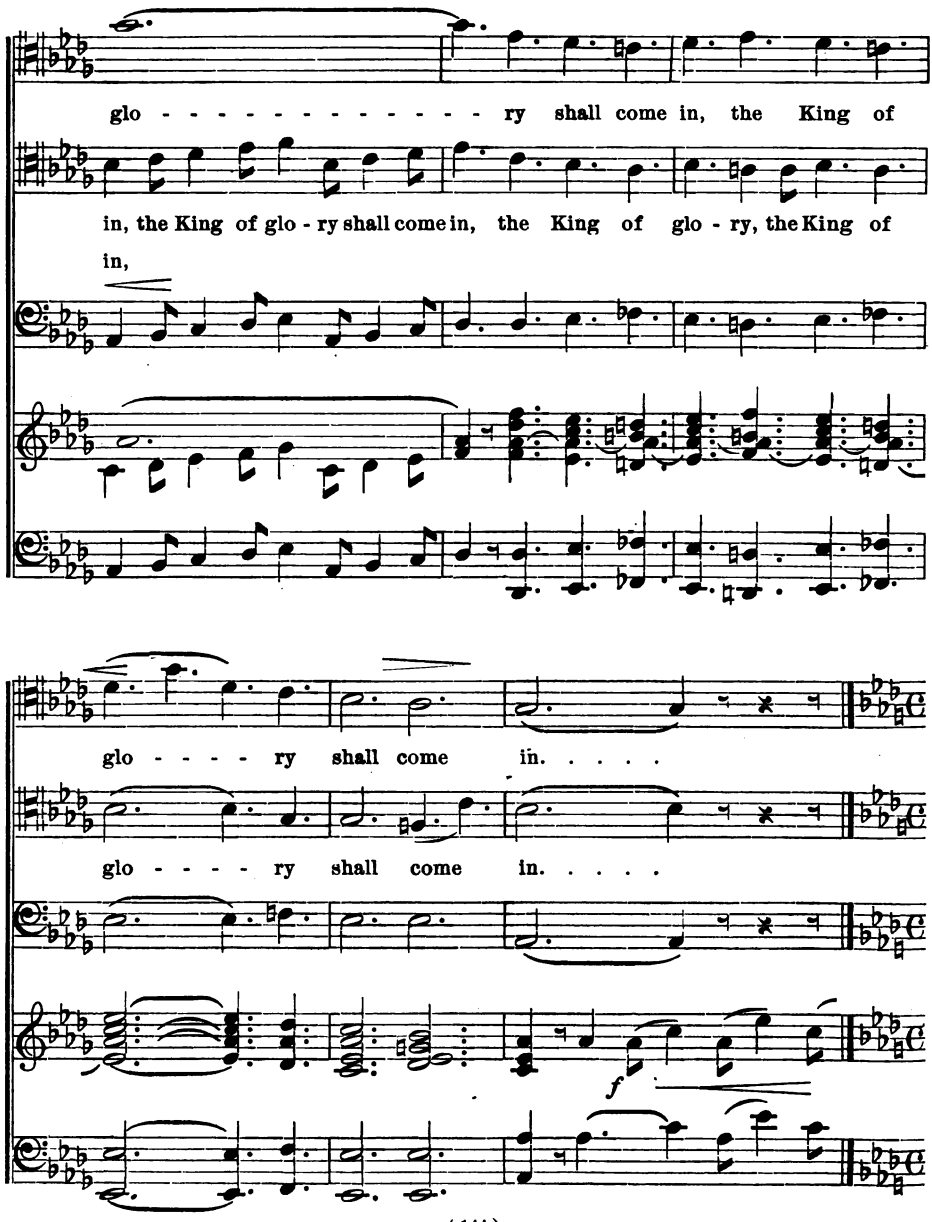
mf

Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye ev - er-

gates, ... O ye gates,

Lift up your heads, O ye gates,


last - - - ing doors,
And the King of glo - ry shall come in, And the
f
ff
And the King of glo - ry, of
King of glo - ry shall come in, . . and the King of glo - ry shall come
And the King of glo - ry shall come
f
ff


glo - - - - - - - - - - - - - - ry shall come in, the King of
in, the King of glo - ry shall come in, the King of glo - ry, the King of
in,
glo - - - - ry shall come in. . . . .
glo - - - - ry shall come in. . . . .
f

mf

Who is the King of glo - - - - - - ry?

Who is the King of

Who is the King of

mf

f *cres.* *ff*

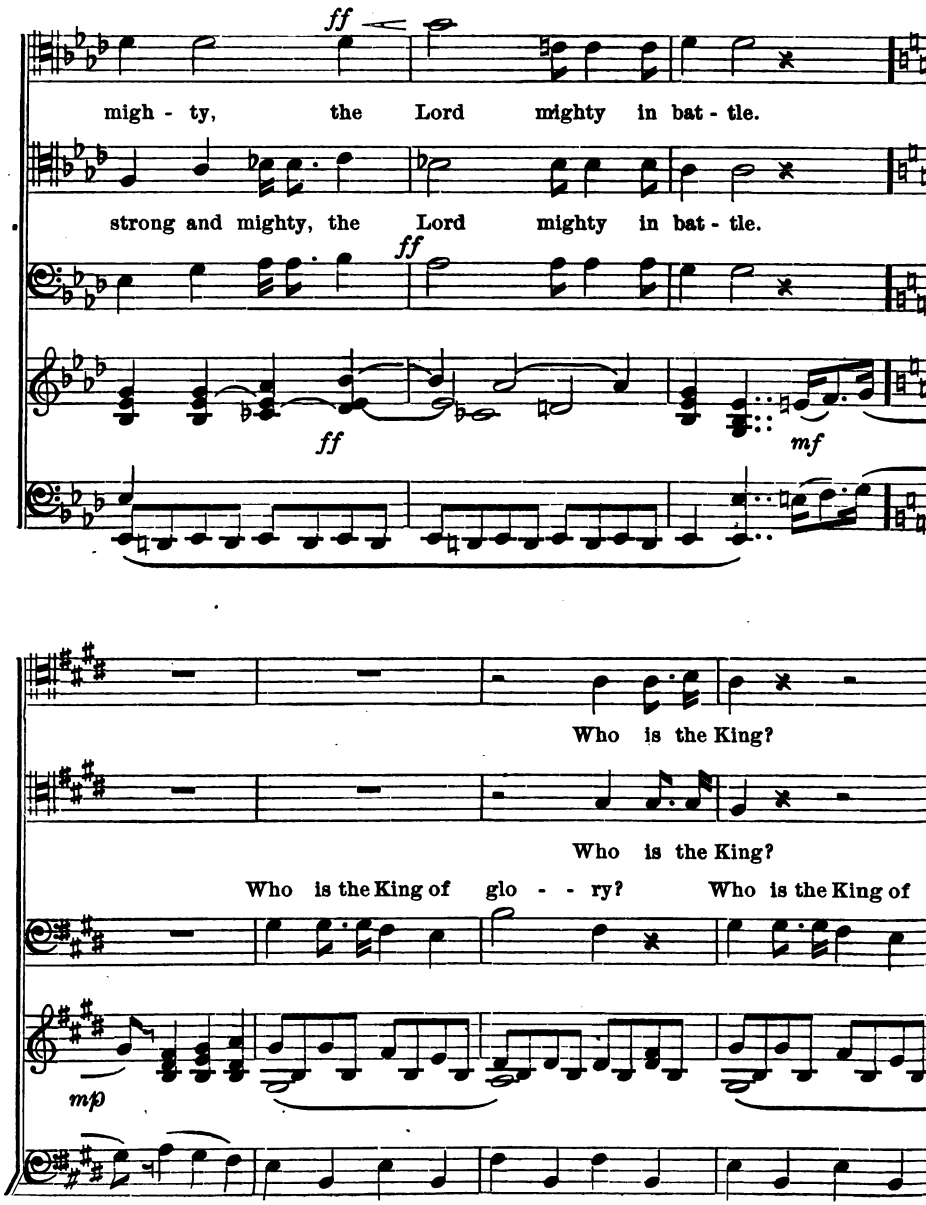
Who is the King of glo - - - - - - ry? The Lord strong and

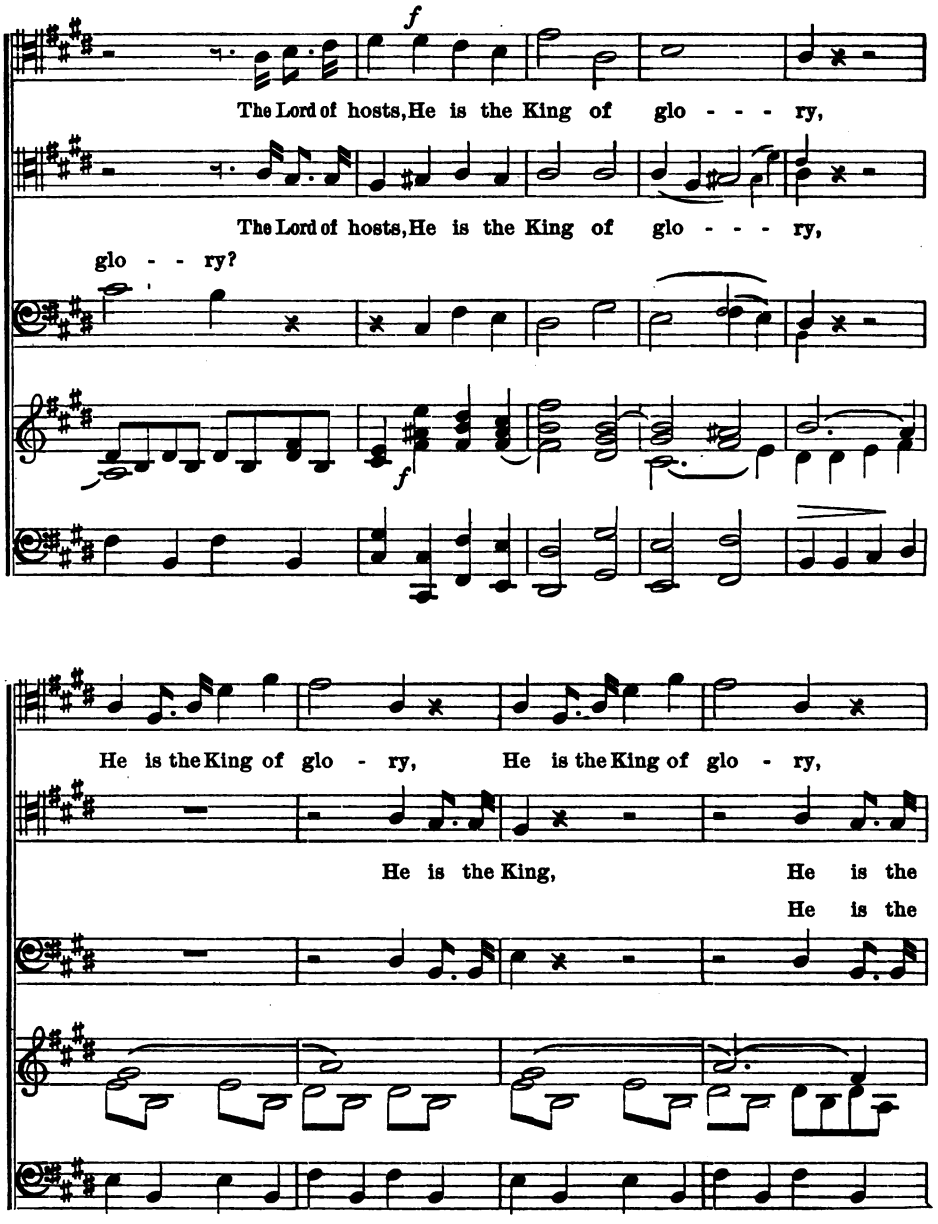
glo - - - - ry? Who is the King of glo - ry? The Lord

glo - ry?

f *cres.*

cres. *ff*


ff
migh - ty, the Lord mighty in bat - tle.
strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in bat - tle.
ff
ff
mf
Who is the King?
Who is the King?
Who is the King of glo - - ry? Who is the King of
mp


f
The Lord of hosts, He is the King of glo - - - ry,
The Lord of hosts, He is the King of glo - - - ry,
glo - - ry?
f
He is the King of glo - ry, He is the King of glo - ry,
He is the King, He is the
He is the

He is the King of glo - ry, the Lord of

King, the King of glo - ry, the Lord of

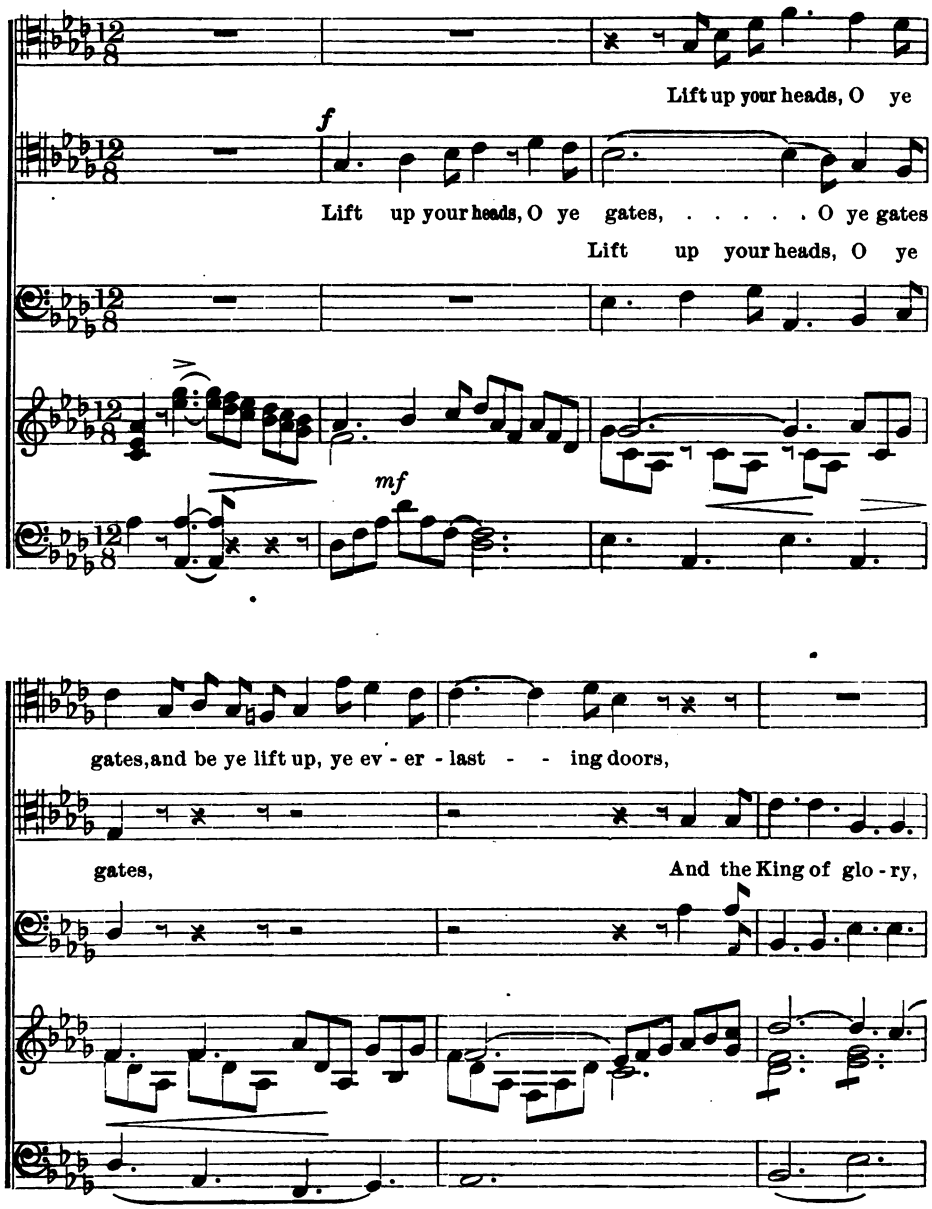
King of glo - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

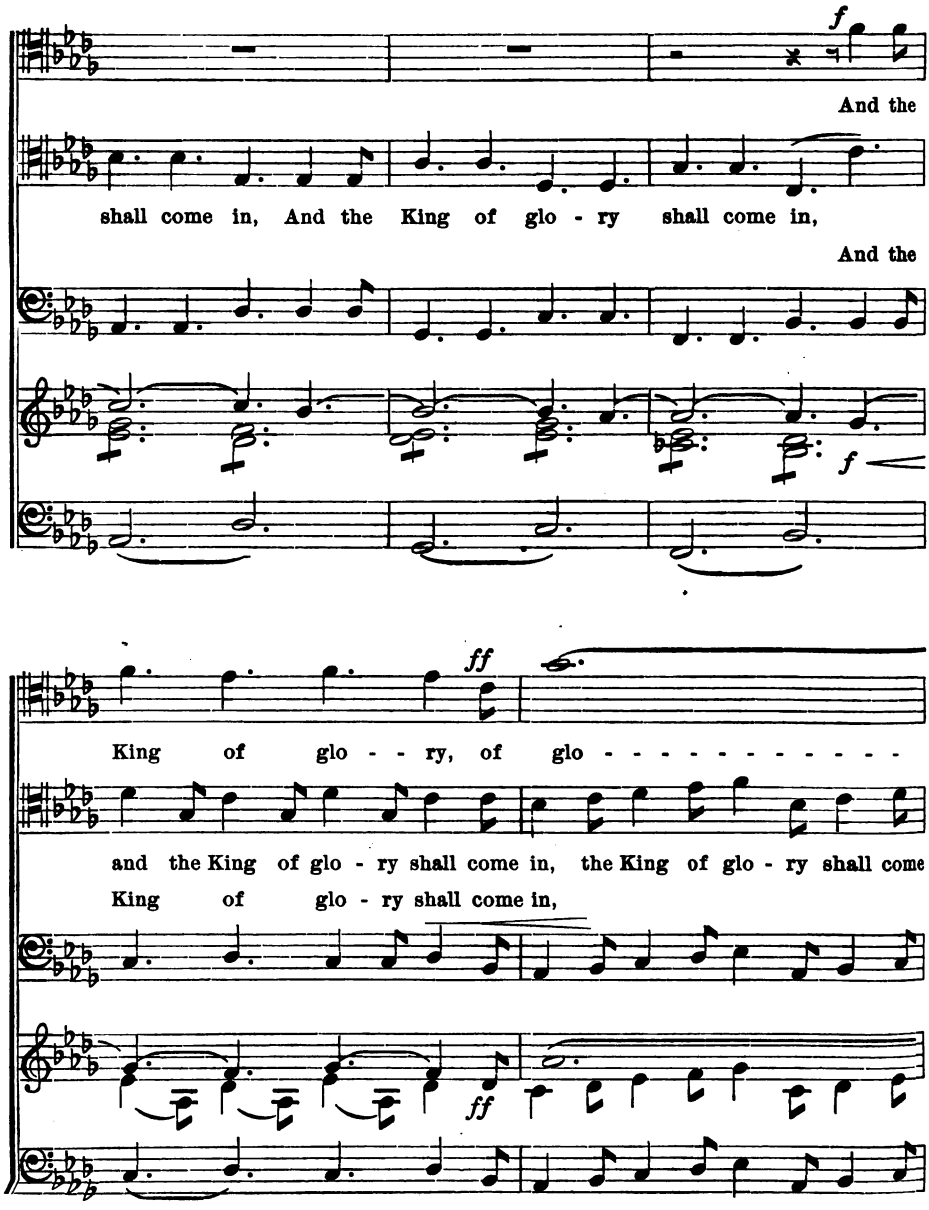
hosts.

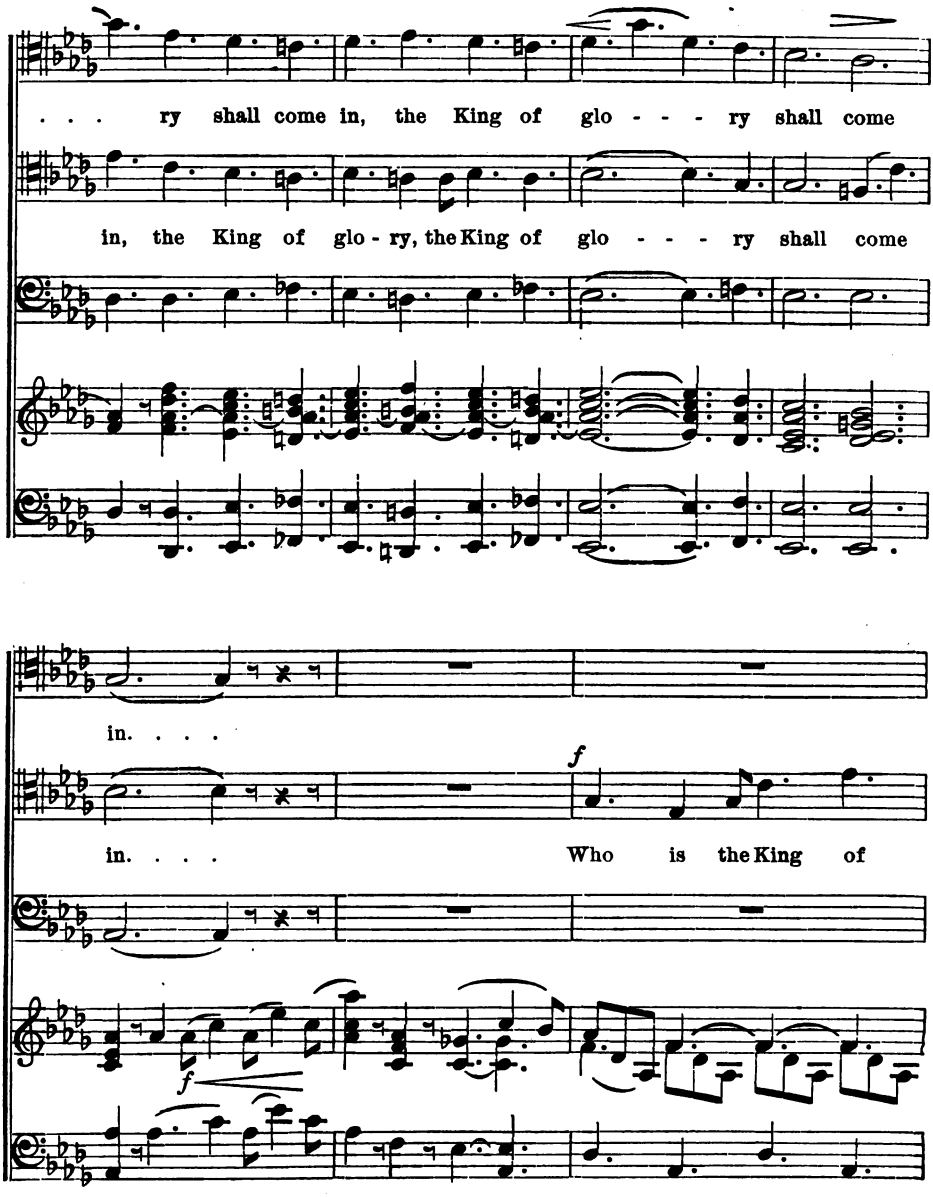
hosts.

ry.

LIFT UP YOUR HEADS, O YE GATES.




f
And the
shall come in, And the King of glo - ry shall come in,
And the
f
ff
King of glo - - ry, of glo - - - - - - - - - - -
and the King of glo - ry shall come in, the King of glo - ry shall come
King of glo - ry shall come in,
ff


. . . ry shall come in, the King of glo - - - ry shall come
in, the King of glo - ry, the King of glo - - - ry shall come
in. . . .
in. . . .
f
Who is the King of
f

f

Who is the King of glo - - ry?

glo - - - - - ry? Who is the King of

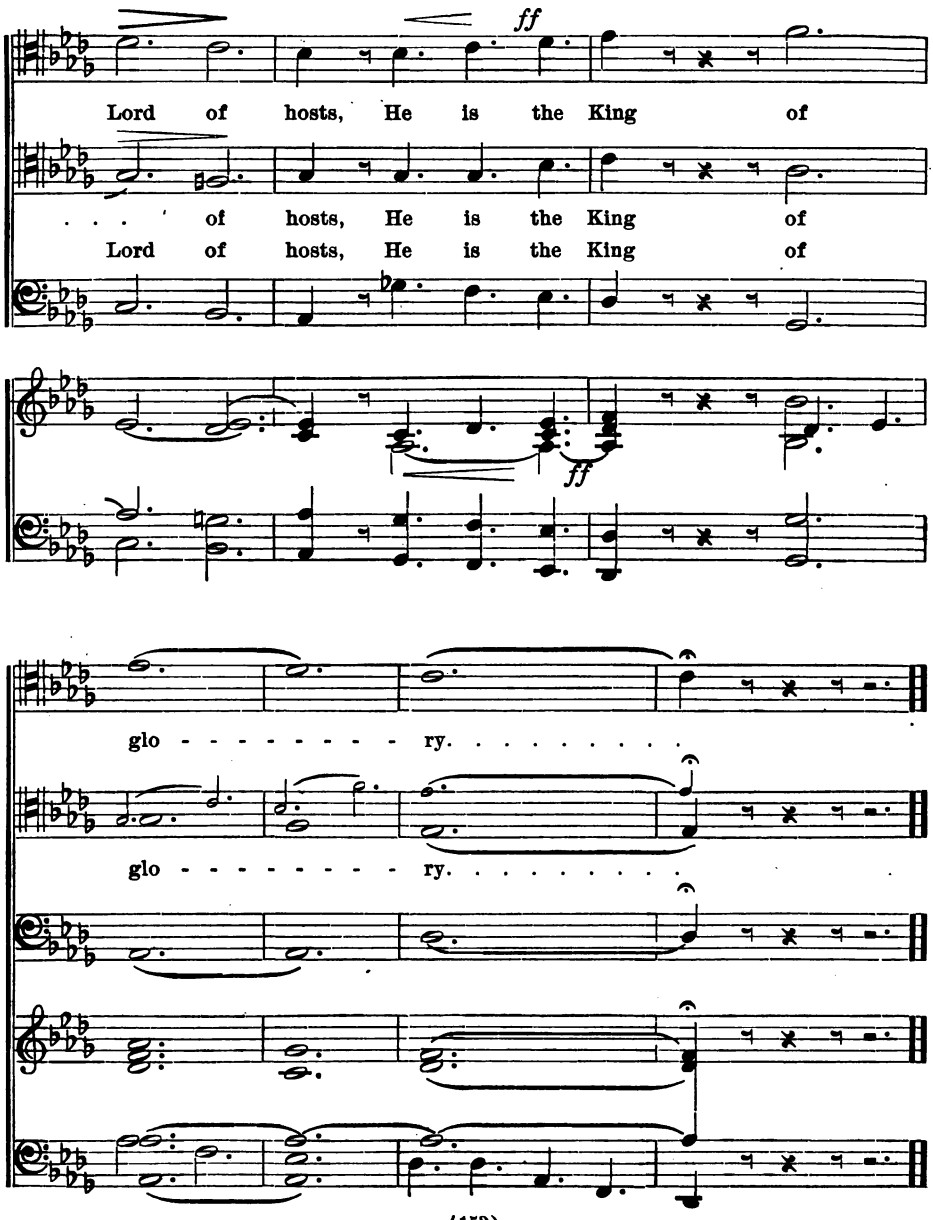
Who is the King of glo - - ry?

cres.

Who is the King of glo - - - - - ry? The

glo - - - - - ry? The Lord . . . . . .

Who is the King of glo - - - - - ry? The


ff
Lord of hosts, He is the King of
. . . of hosts, He is the King of
Lord of hosts, He is the King of
ff
glo - - - - - - - - - ry. . . . . .
glo - - - - - - - - - ry. . . . . .

159 LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

W. F. Sudds.

mp

Lead, Kind - ly Light, Amid th' en - cir - cling gloom, Lead Thou me on, The night is

home, ... Lead Thou me on,

dark, And I am far from home, Lead Thou me on, ... Keep Thou my

on, Lead Thou me on,

home, ...

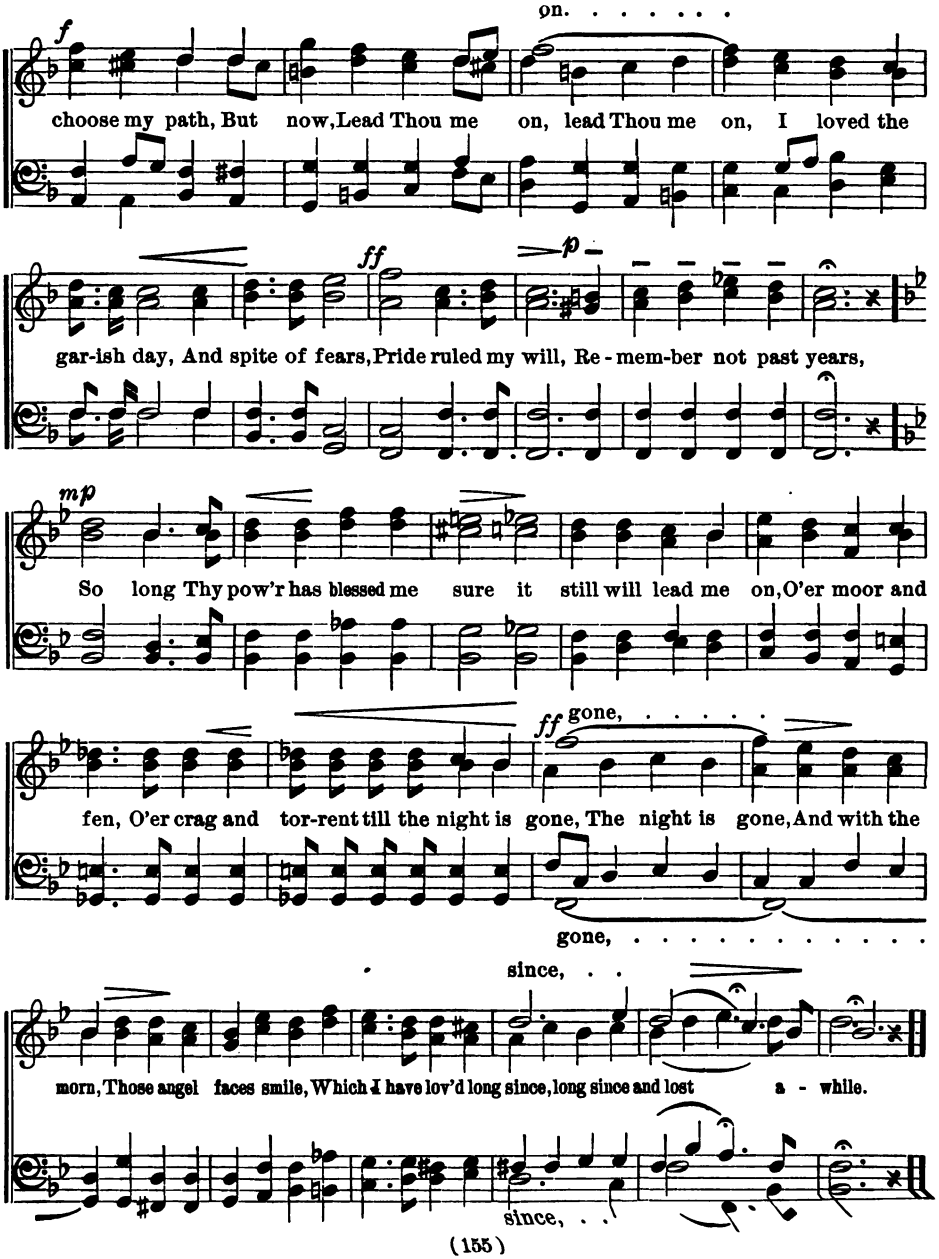
step,

feet. I do not ask to see, The distant scenes, One step, one step e - nough for me.

* *mf*

I was not ev - er thus, Nor prayed that Thou should'st lead me on, I loved to

* *The small note chord is for use with instrumental accompaniment.*


f
on. . . . . .
choose my path, But now, Lead Thou me on, lead Thou me on, I loved the
ff
p
gar-ish day, And spite of fears, Pride ruled my will, Re-mem-ber not past years,
mp
So long Thy pow'r has blessed me sure it still will lead me on, O'er moor and
ff
gone, ...
fen, O'er crag and tor-rent till the night is gone, The night is gone, And with the
gone, ...
since, . .
morn, Those angel faces smile, Which I have lov'd long since, long since and lost a - while.
since, . .

COME UNTO ME.

W. F. SUDDS.

Come . . . un-to me, come un - to me,

Come un - to me, come . . . un-to me, All ye that

un-to me, All ye that

la - bor, and are wea - ry la - den, Come un - to me,

come . . . . un - to me,

come un - to me, un - to

all ye that la - bor, and are hea - - vy la - den And I will give you

me all ye that

Take my yoke up - on you and learn of

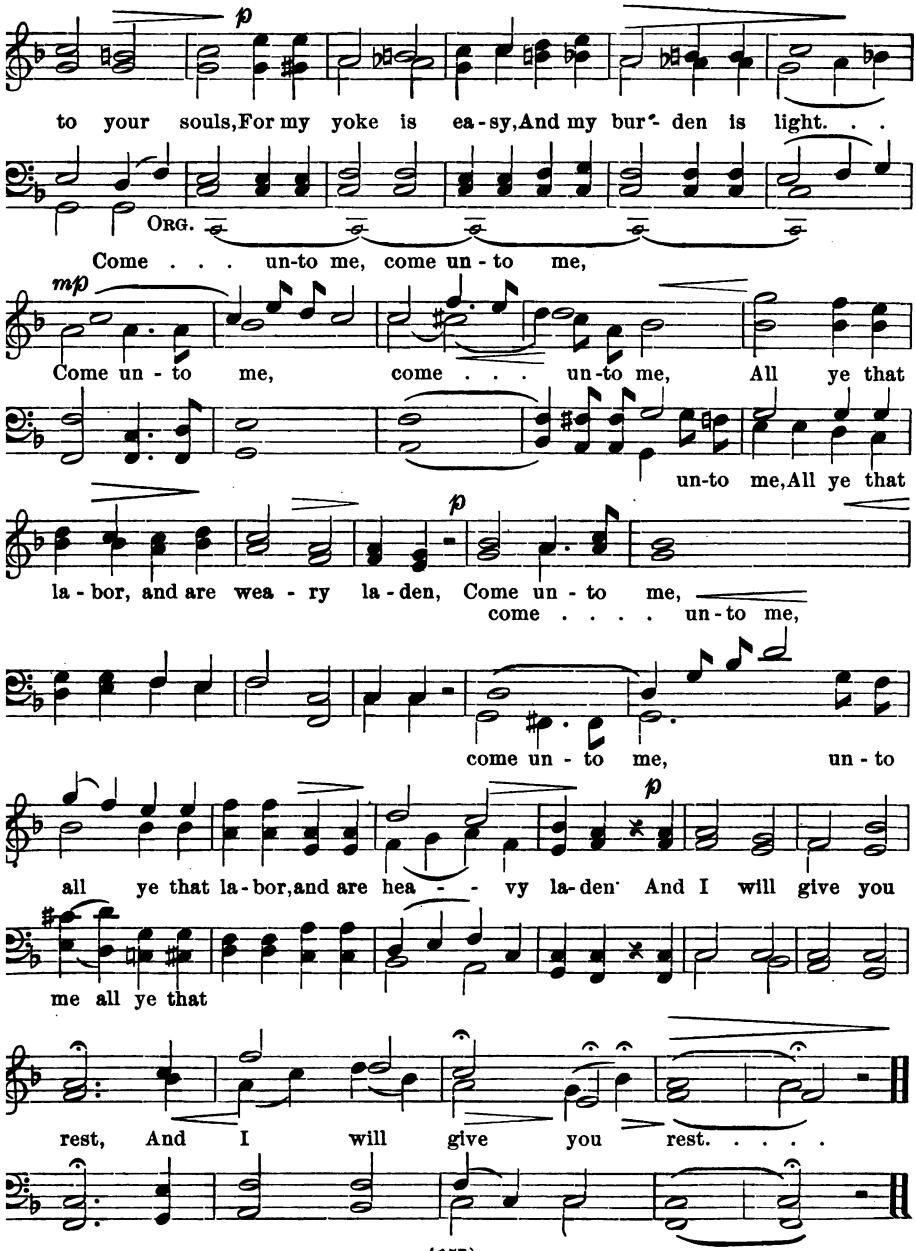
rest, and I will give you rest. Take . . . my yoke up - on you, for

me for I am

Take my yoke up - on you and learn of me for

I am meek and low - ly in heart, And ye shall find rest un -

COME UNTO ME.


p
to your souls, For my yoke is ea-sy, And my bur-den is light. . .
ORG.
Come . . . un-to me, come un-to me,
mp
Come un-to me, come . . . un-to me, All ye that
un-to me, All ye that
la-bor, and are wea-ry la-den, Come un-to me,
come . . . . un-to me,
come un-to me, un-to
p
all ye that la-bor, and are hea-vy la-den And I will give you
me all ye that
rest, And I will give you rest. . . . .

161 IN THE HOLY LAND OF HEAVEN.

Poetry by W. W. Long. W. F. Sudds, by per.

mp

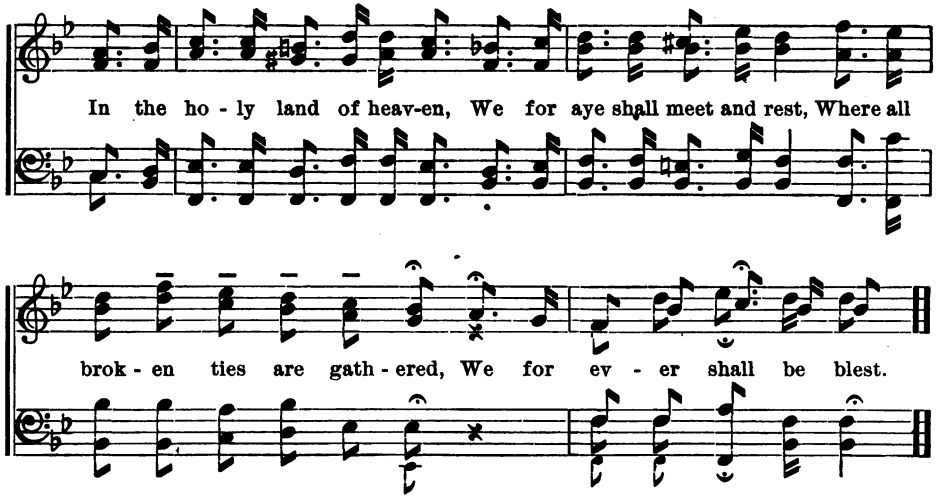
1. Where the fair, bright flowers blossom, Blossom nev - er more to fade, Where the
2. Where the loves that here doth per-ish, 'Neath the blighting scythe of Time, Where will
3. There the saint - ed and the sin-less, Will their ev - ery song pro - long, And the

dark - est skies shall bright-en, Bright - en from the gloom-y shade, Where the
bloom in end-less beau - ty, Grow - ing pur - er in that clime, There the
heaven - ly walls of jas - per E - cho back the ho - ly song, Where we'll

gol - den sun in splen-dor, Drives a - way the mur - ky chill, When each
child will find its moth - er, There the moth - er finds her child, There will
find the bliss of lov - ing, As we nev - er loved be - fore, There each

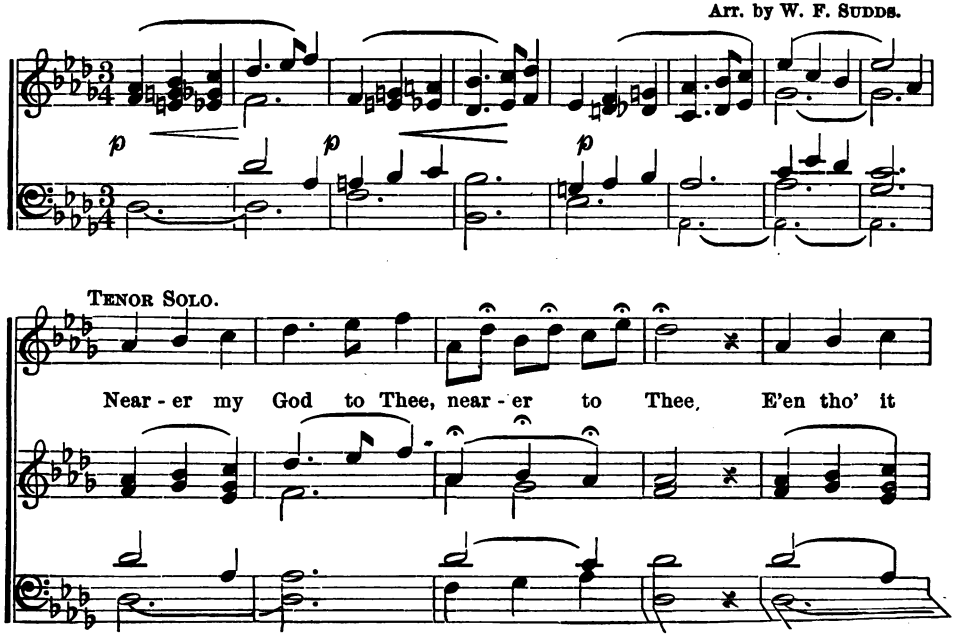
day comes in new beau - ty, Calm - ly qui - et - ly and still.
gath - er shat-tered households, Brok - en in this bar - ren wild.
sin - less face will bright - en, With sweet peace for ev - er more.

IN THE HOLY LAND OF HEAVEN.

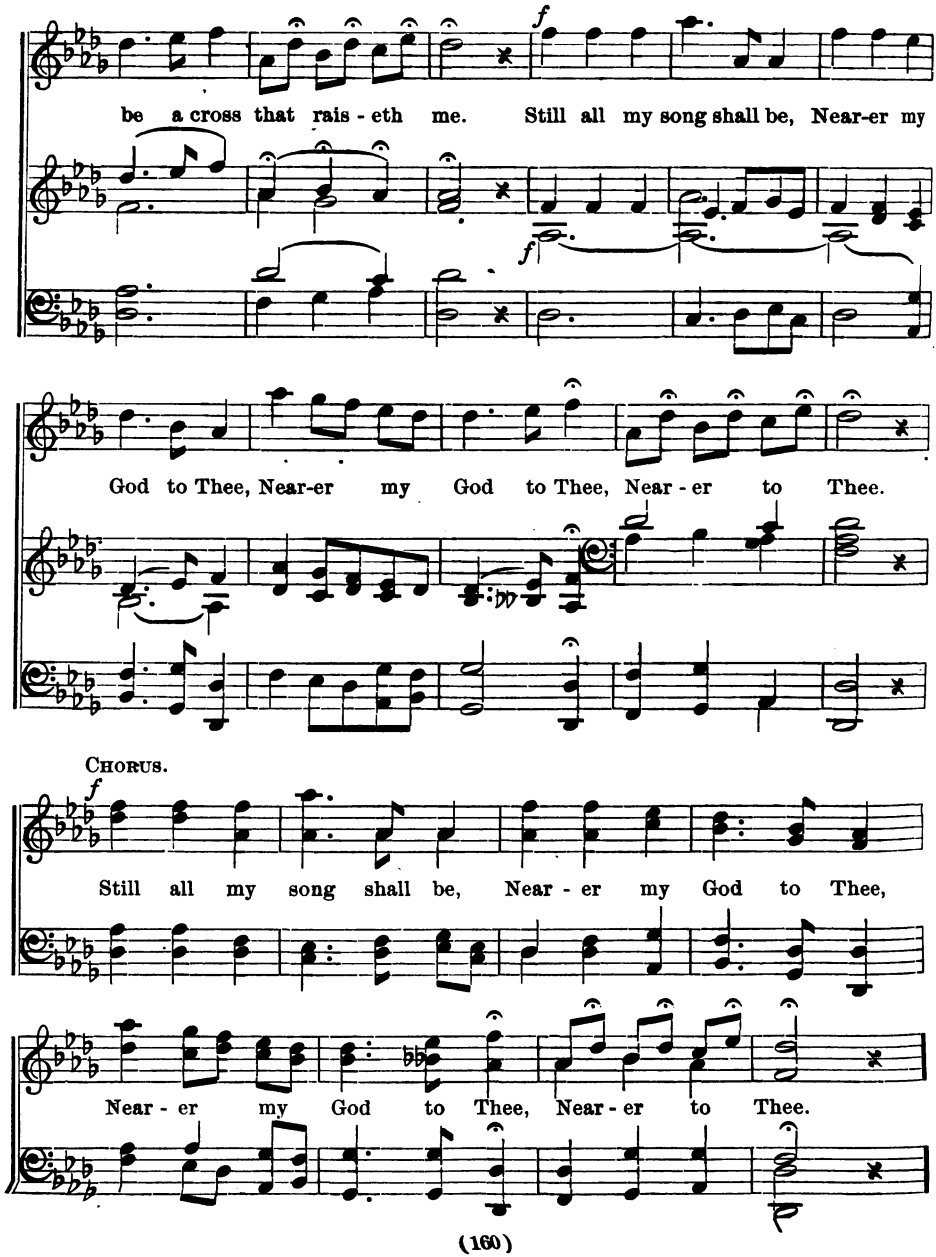


162 NEARER MY GOD TO THEE.

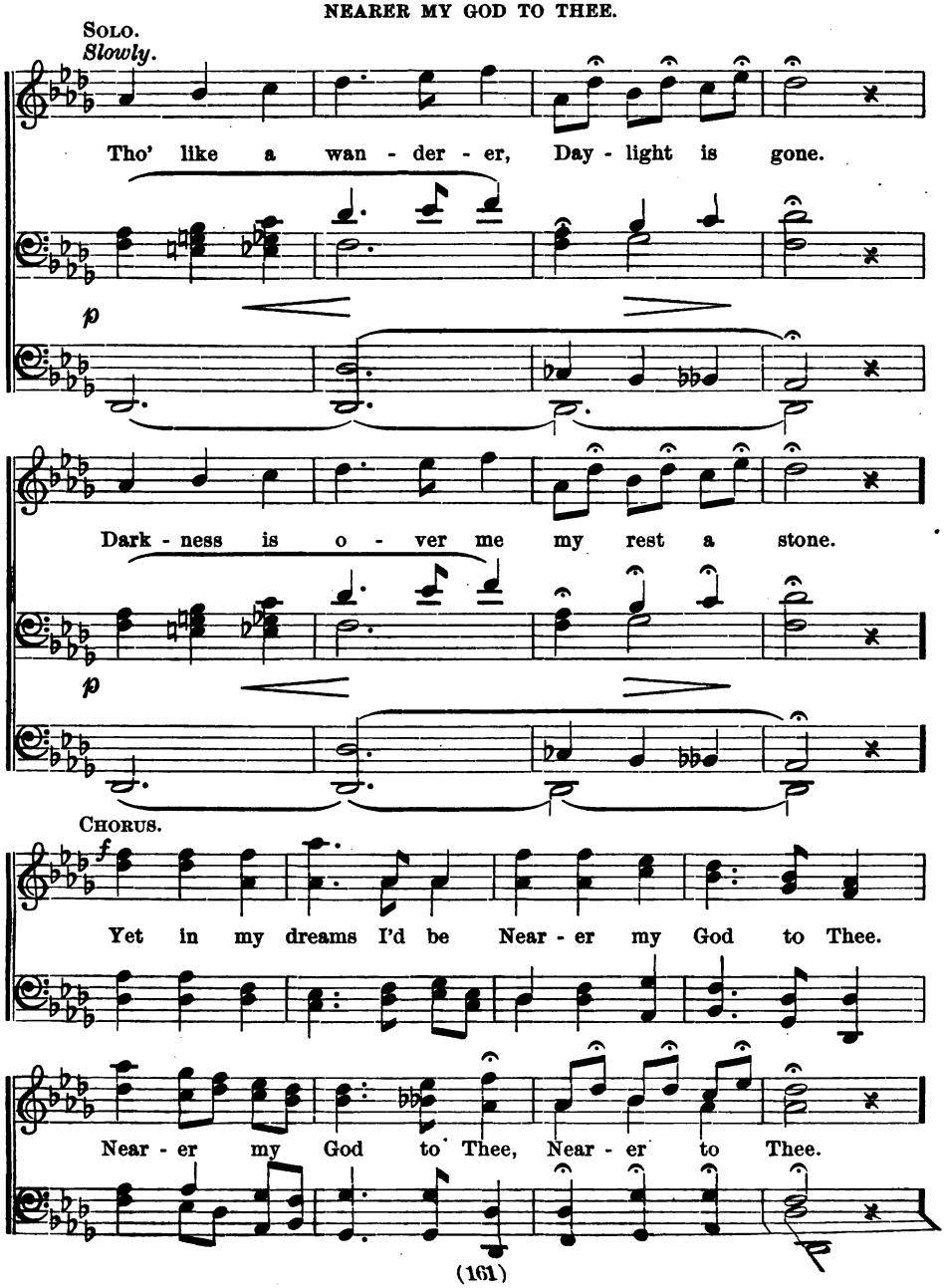
Arr. by W. F. Sudds.



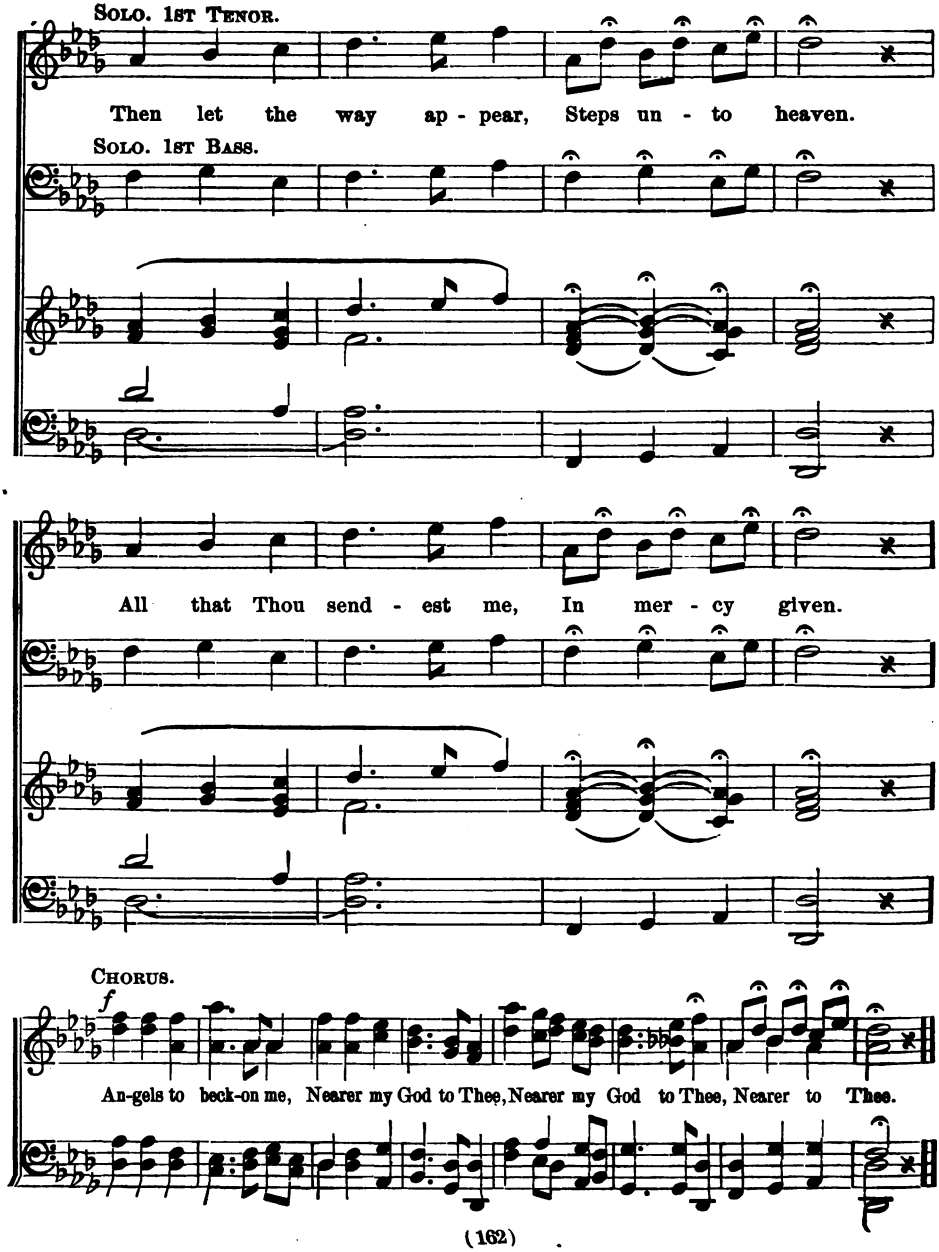
NEARER MY GOD TO THEE.



NEARER MY GOD TO THEE.



NEARER MY GOD TO THEE.



163 TEN THOUSAND TIMES TEN THOUSAND.

W. F. Sudds.

f With much vigor.

Ten thousand times ten thousand, In sparkling raiment bright, The armies of the

ransom'd saints, Throng up the steeps of light, 'Tis finished! all is finished! Their

fight with death and sin, Fling o - pen wide the golden gates, and let the vic - tors in.

mf

What rush of al - le - lu - ias Fill all the earth and sky, What ring-ing of a

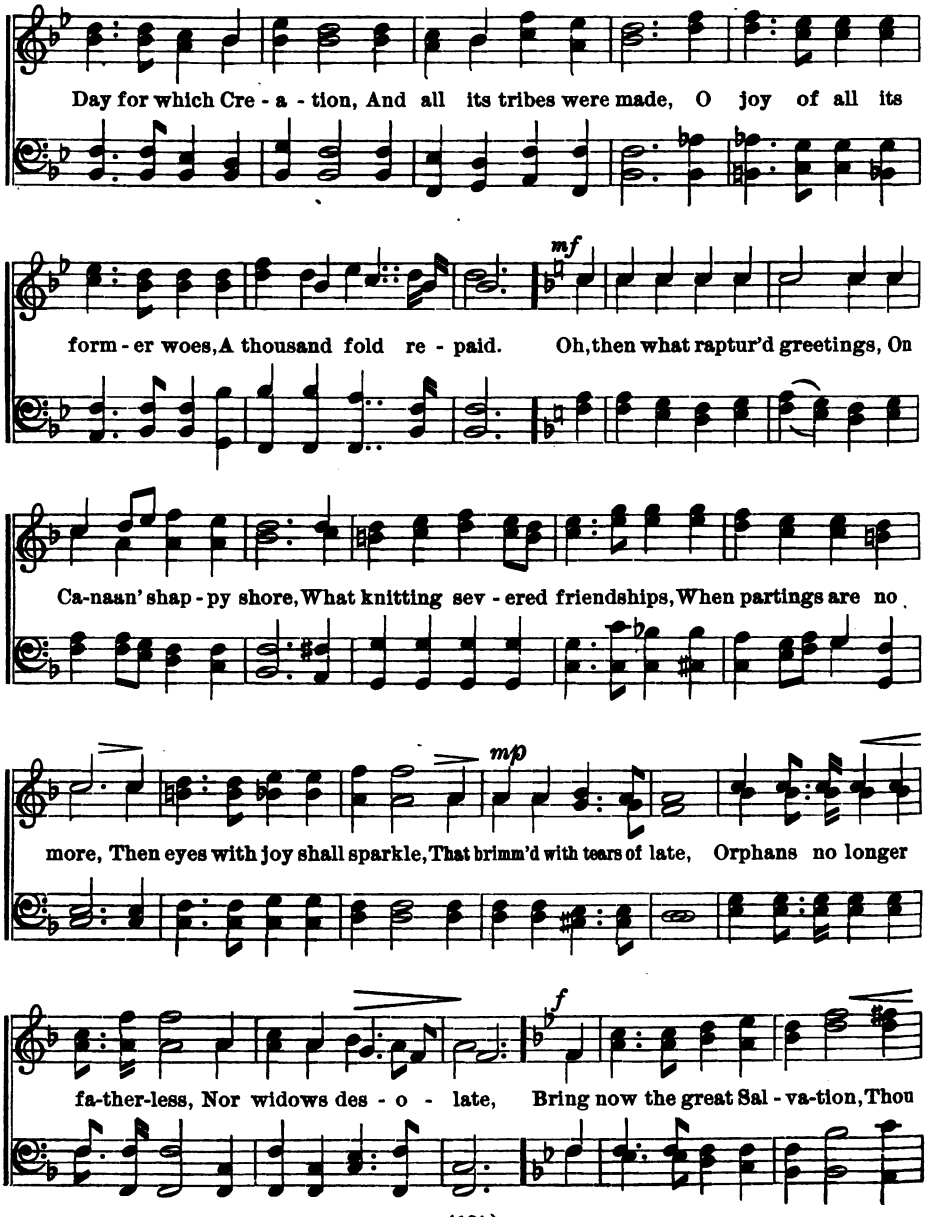
nigh, ...

f

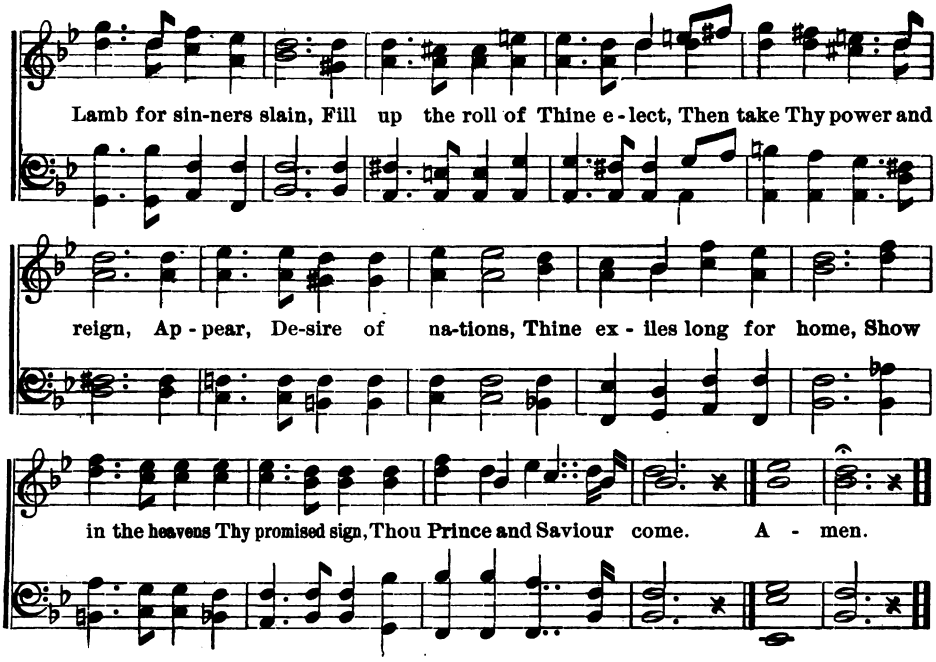
thous-and harps, Bespeaks the tri - umph nigh, Bespeaks the tri-umph nigh, O

nigh, ...

TEN THOUSAND TIMES TEN THOUSAND.

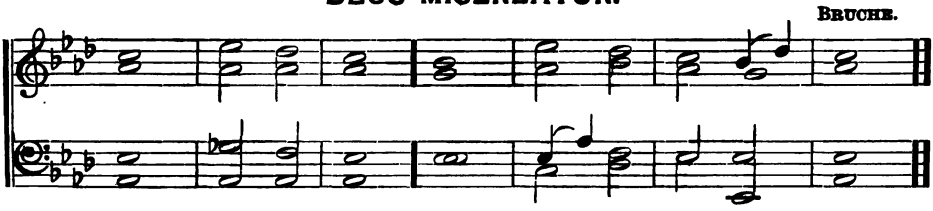


TEN THOUSAND TIMES TEN THOUSAND.



DEUS MISEREATUR.

BRUCHE.

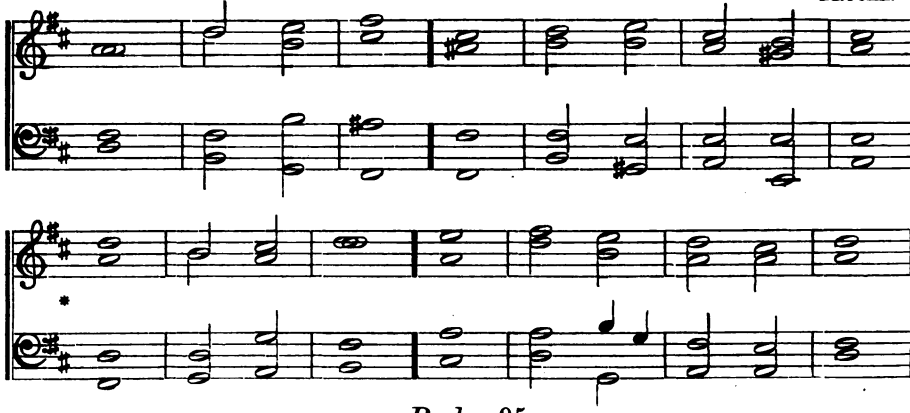


Psalm 67.

1 God be merciful unto | us, and | bless us; || And show us the light of his countenance, and be | merci · · ful | unto | us.
2 That thy way may be known | up · · on | earth; || Thy saving | health a- | mong all | nations.
3 Let the people praise thee, | O— | God; || Yea, let | all the · · people | praise— | thee.
4 Oh, let the nations rejoice | and be | glad; || For thou shall judge the people righteously, and govern the | na · · tions | upon | earth.
5 Let the people praise thee, | O— | God; || Yea, let | all the · · people | praise— | thee.
6 Then shall the earth bring | forth her | increase; || And God, even our own | God shall | give us · · his | blessing.
7 God shall | bless— | us; || And all the ends of the | world shall | fear— him.
8 Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || And | to the | Holy | Ghost; ||
9 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be, || World | without | end. A- | men.

VENITE, EXULTEMUS DOMINO.

BRUCHE.



Psalm 95.

1 Oh, come, let us sing un-| to the | Lord; || Let us heartily rejoice in the | strength of | our sal- | vation.

2 Let us come before his presence | with thanks- | giving; || And show ourselves | glad in | him with | psalms.

3 For the Lord is a | great— | God; || And a great | King a- | bove all | gods.

4 In his hands are all the corners | of the | earth; || and the strength of the | hills is | his— | also.

5 The sea is his | and he | made it; || And his hands pre- | pared | the dry | land.

6 Oh, come, let us worship | and fall | down; || And kneel be- | fore the | Lord our | Maker.

7 For he is the | Lord our | God; || And we are the people of his pasture, and the | sheep of his— | hand.

8 Oh, worship the Lord in the | beauty · · of | holiness; || Let the whole | earth ·· stand in | awe of | him.

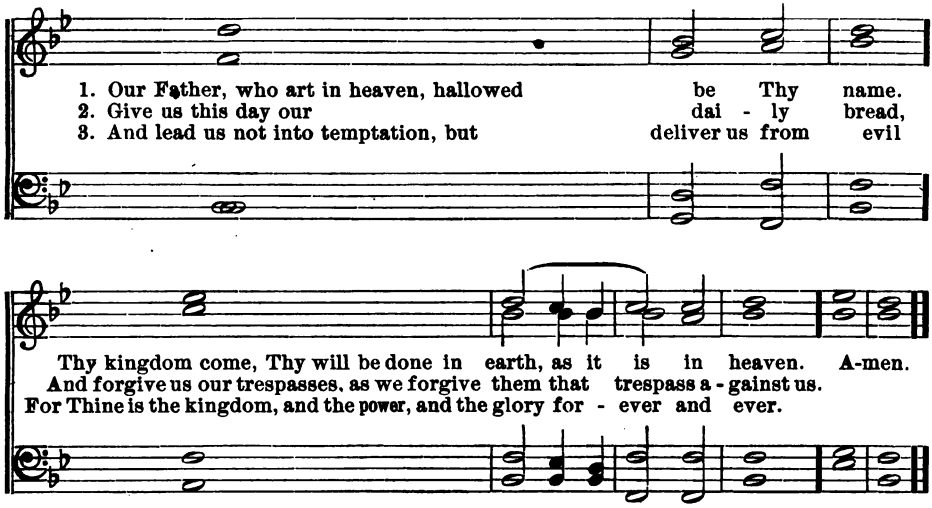
*9 For he cometh, for he cometh to | judge the | earth; || And with righteousness to judge the world, and the | people | with his | truth.

10 Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || And | to the | Holy | Ghost.

11 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever · · shall | be, || World *without* | end. A- | men, A- | men.

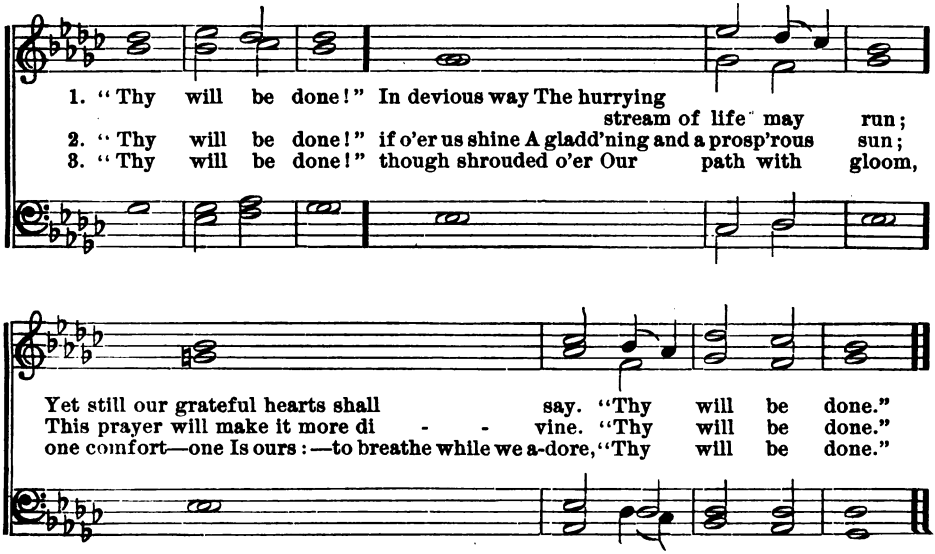
165 THE LORD'S PRAYER.

W. F. SUDDS.



166 "THY WILL BE DONE."

W. F. SUDDS.



INDEX.

Titles in small capitals, first lines in Roman.